

Issue

17



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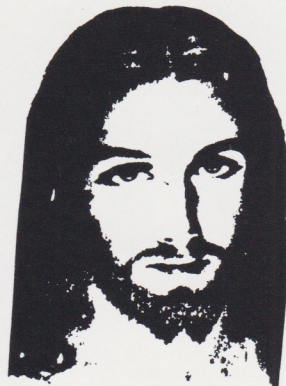
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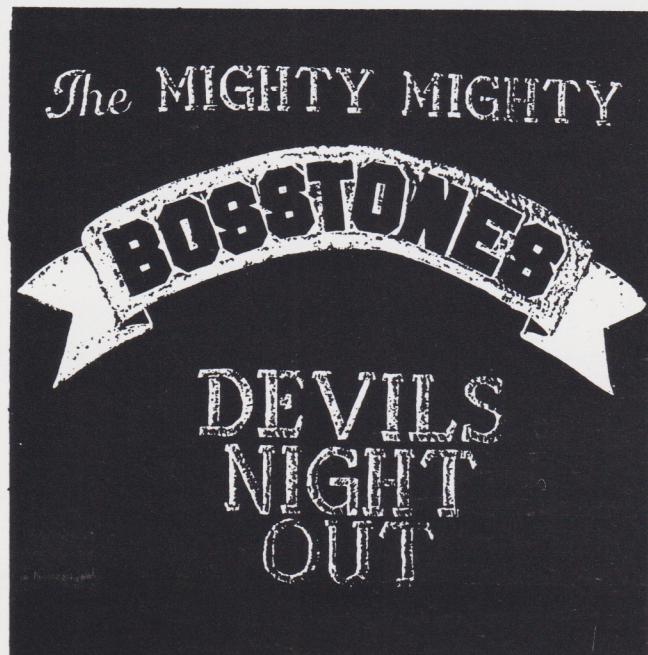
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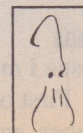
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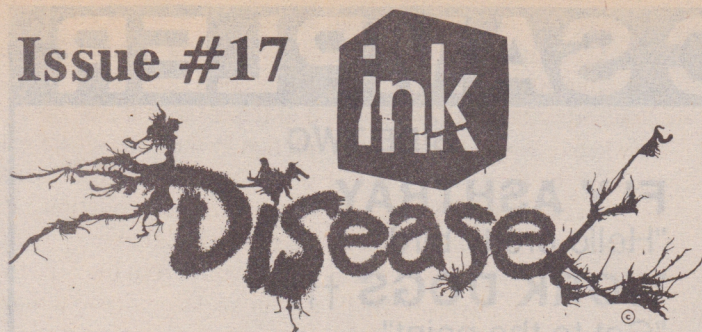
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Issue #17



The Cover Info:

On the front cover is none other than L.A.'s own L-7.
Photo by Charles Peterson.

Editors:

Steve Alper * Antonio Lopez * Richard Rangel * Thomas Siegel * Brian Trudell

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Mindy Alper * Les Belikian * Narod Drol * Robert Rangel * Brady Rifkin * Rocky Sanchez * Rachel Siegel * Mark Walker

Contributors:

Rob Alaniz * Victor Balogh, Esq. * David Binzley * Bob Durkee * Jessica Eckstein * Al Flipside * Liz * Charles Peterson * Rod * Benny Siegel * Mark Thompson * Jackie Wernett * Mark Woodlief

Special Mention:

Richard Rangel for efforts far beyond the reasonable man.

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The Ad deadline for Issue #18 is June 7th, 1991

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Corrections

Last issue I made a few mistakes for which amends must be made. First of all I forgot to give credit to Mindy Alper, staff member, and artist extraordinaire. Many of her draw-

ings can be seen throughout our back issues and definitely have given us an absolutely required originality and vibrance. Her uncredited drawings appear on page 52 and 95 (in the Poobah ad).

Also not thanked for her efforts was Rocky Sanchez. Her name was supposed to appear in the contributors list.

On top of that, several photos were not labeled. On page 54 the photo is of Babes in Toyland. The photo on page 55 is of Bad Religion. Motorcycle Boy's picture appears on page 85 and on page 89 the Bosstones photo is featured.

Sorry, once again and I hope you're all not too bent out of shape.

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Subscriptions are \$7.00 ppd. for four issues in the U.S. and \$10.00 ppd. overseas. Single issues are \$2.00 ppd. in the U.S. and \$3.00 ppd. overseas. Back issue orders at the subscription price are welcome.

INK DISEASE

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Editorial #1

Antonio Lopez, founder and long time supporter of this very magazine you have in your hand, has been dealt a blow that most of us are thankfully spared. He has had his prize record collection stolen. I will spare you the gory details, all I ask you is that you consider donating your slightly worn duplicate records to his collection. I'm not saying give him your rarest stuff, but he'd appreciate any help to rebuild his library. If you send it care of us we'll be sure he gets it. Just think what you would do without your favorite discs, especially if you just moved to a new state like New Mexico. How could you fill your house with those familiar sounds?

Editorial #2

Supporting the Underground

You as a consumer have the vital duty to support alternative music and culture with your economic might. Don't tell me you're a poor pathetic loser. If you can spend \$15 to see Jane's Addiction, or afford a subscription to People magazine you can surely find the extra few bucks to get a Flipside subscription. There are constant cries from bands that they get little support in Los Angeles. Magazines and clubs are taken for granted. "I can go there next week," or "I'll pick up a copy later." Even you so called poor folk find the bucks for the expensive major label crap, while many great underground bands struggle.

So, next time before you go see ZZ Top at the Forum, or pick up the new Spin, before you spend \$7.00 on a lame Hollywood flick, think a second. Buy that Sandy Duncan's Eye single, Sludgeworth e.p., or the Laughing Hyenas album you've been putting off getting. You'll be glad you did and you'll be helping fight the real war.

News:

On the magazine front there are a few good ones not to miss. Be sure to pick up the latest Big Takeover. You can order c/o Jack Rabad / 249 Eldridge St. #14 / New York, NY 10012. As always Flipside is a must, The Bob looked interesting with a Replacements flexi and Buzzcocks interview, and there are plenty of others I'm not going to mention for lack of space. To find out about other great zines check the listings in Flipside or order the best underground literary guide out Factsheet Five (\$3.00 from Mike Gunderloy / 6 Arizona Ave. / Rensselaer, NY

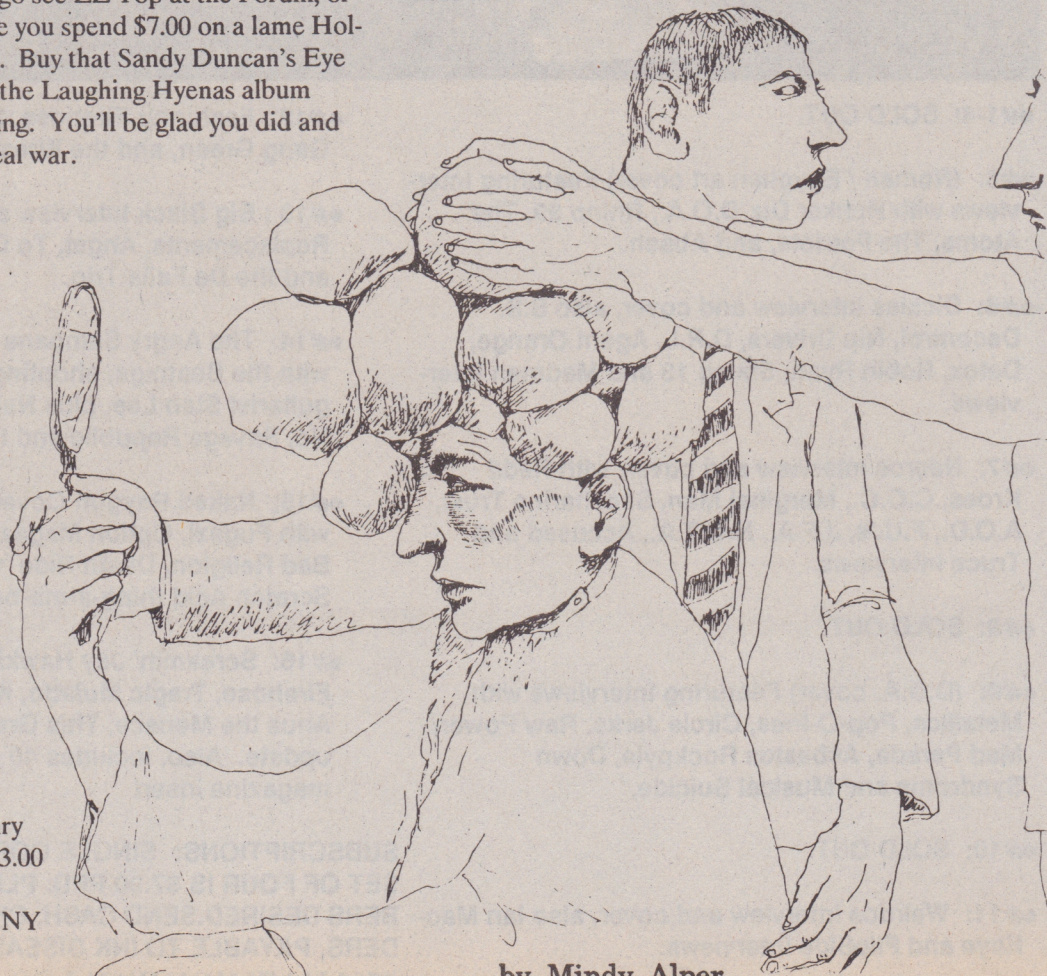
12144-4502). Order a shitload of zines, that sound cool to you. It really doesn't cost that much and you'll have hours of fun. But don't forget there are a few good records too.

Besides the records reviewed in this issue you can look forward to a new Flipside compilation in the near future with most of the happening bands from L.A. and S.F. (see review of "The Big One"). Frontier are releasing a compilation LP of Dangerhouse singles, awesome punk vinyl that only go for collectors prices when you can find them. From the Dils to the Avengers, this stuff will light your socks on fire and make you drool. And they'll also be releasing the long awaited Weirdos compilation, "Weird World Vol. 1." Another mention goes to the Fixtures', whose show at the Shamrock impressed me. They had a new LP for sale. So, don't miss out.

On the reunion front Detox are planning a one off gig. Human, back from his world travels (shoveling gravel in Germany) and feeling healthy again is working with Tony on new songs for a whole new band. They were a great team in Detox and should again make THE sound. I expect much from them.

---Thomas

Wait, there's more. Everyone at Ink Disease would like to congratulate Mike, Ed, and George of FIREHOSE, who at the time of this writing reportedly have a deal with Columbia Records. If anybody deserves it, it's these guys. Rather than prematurely lamenting the loss of a great underground band, why not support them and the possibility of some good major label music? Hearty congratulations to the dudes, and where the hell is the new album?---Richard



by Mindy Alper

You don't have to spontaneously combust to get your Ink Disease back issues!



Photo by David Binzley

●#1-4: SOLD OUT.

●#5: (Roman / Egyptian art cover) Featuring interviews with Husker Du, D.O.A., Rhino 39, The Atoms, The Patriots, and Abash.

●#6: Dickies interview and cover, also S.S. Decontrol, Nip Drivers, D.R.I., Agent Orange, Detox, Robin Ryan, Stalag 13 and Madmen interviews.

●#7: Necros interview and cover, with Redd Kross, C.O.C., Marginal Man, Saccharine Trust, A.O.D., F.U.'s, J.F.A., N.O.T.A., Accused and Truce interviews.

●#8: SOLD OUT.

●#9: (D.O.A. cover) Featuring interviews with Metallica, Pop-O-Pies, Circle Jerks, Raw Power, Mad Parade, Asbestos Rockpile, Down Syndrome and Musical Suicide.

●#10: SOLD OUT.

●#11: Weirdos interview and cover, also Ian MacKaye and FlipSide interviews.

●#12: Featuring Firehose, Sonic Youth, SST, Gang Green, and the Wrestling Worms.

●#13 : Big Black interview and cover, with the Replacements, Angst, To Damascus, Honor Role, and the De Falla Trio.

●#14: The Angry Samoans interview and cover, with the Beatnigs, shooting the shit with Dickies guitarist Stan Lee, plus Naked Raygun, No Means No, Savage Republic and the Screaming Trees.

●#15: Naked Raygun Cover, featuring interviews with Fugazi, Option Magazine, Stiff Little Fingers, Bad Religion, Death Ride '69, Beatnigs and a Scratch Acid thing-a-ma-bob.

●#16: Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Faith No More, Firehose, Tragic Mulatto, Kramer/Bongwater, Anus the Menace, This Great Religion + Dickies update. Also, includes 40 page Emissions magazine insert

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LETTERS

Dear Ink Disease,

...I also enjoyed reading the music reviews in issue #16. I would have to agree about what was said on the new Token Entry album. It really is bad, they should have continued to keep their music in the same direction of their original influence.

Chris Guevara
Pasadena

Hi Chris,

Thanks for your letter. Nice to hear someone who agrees with me about the Token Entry record. I've gotten a lot of grief over that review from a fellow Ink Disease staffer, who shall remain nameless, but who thinks my negative opinion simply reflects my hatred of the white funk clone genre. Not true-as you know, I was disgusted with Token Entry's rather abrupt switch to a currently "hot" trend. Yes, that genre is shit, but that was not my point. Anyway, I immediately showed the Reviewer Who Can Not Be Named your letter, and though he hasn't changed his mind, I took some small satisfaction in your words. So thanks again.

Richard

Hello Richard!

Dan here from "The Original" A Priori, from N.J. Gosh, I was about as surprised as you to find out about another band with that name. As it turns out, there is at least one more, too--a speed metal band. That could

make a great package tour -- three bands called A Priori, three different types of music. Actually, one concept for the band was for us to franchise the name A Priori to local bands, send them lyrics and music (for a mandatory subscription fee, of course) and then A Priori could appear simultaneously in many cities. A sort of Monkees for the 90's (except we thought of the idea in the '80's). Our band called it quits a few months ago, we're all spread out across the Eastern seaboard and busy with school, etc. Perhaps some or all of us will be doing something musical together at some point. Still available: A Priori 2 sided t-shirt, black/red/white for \$5.00 ppd. Thank you.

Dan Mackta

A Priori / 108 Skyline Dr. / Morristown, NJ 07960

Hello Dan,

Thanks for writing. Sorry to hear about the band's breakup, but we all know how that goes. At least you made it onto the Shredder comp. I still listen to it, by the way. Be sure to let us know if you guys get around to anything in the future. And hang on to that franchising idea-sounds like a moneymaker to me.

See ya,
Richard

Send us your love letters, your words of wisdom, your questions, your thoughts and your hate mail. We appreciate your words of encouragement and criticism. WE might even print them.

The address is

Ink Disease

4563 Marmion Way
Los Angeles, CA 90065

THE LAUGHING HYENAS

Slightly reluctant to be interviewed, they showed no such hesitation on stage-the Laughing Hyenas were a manic whirling dervish at Raji's. Representing the Diseased dudes were Bob Durkee, Thomas, and Brian. These precedings took place 11-11-90

**John Brannon sends his warmest regards to Hollywood, California-
"Take that-you blow-dried,
sun-baked, Booger Heads!"**

ID: So, you're from Michigan?

Kevin Strickland: (Bass and Abe Lincoln Beard)

I'm from Detroit. Most of the band is from Detroit, except for Jim, the drummer. Jim is from Ann Arbor. We formed in 1985, January. We all moved our practice space to Ann Arbor so we wouldn't get our shit ripped off. In Detroit we've all had stuff stolen. My father's house has been ripped off five or six times. Strats, Gibson guitars-a lot of nice equipment was taken. The club house that John works at and used to live at, in the Caste Quater area, one time somebody drove up and put a chain around the door and just drove off with the door and took everything. (They) raided the whole place, got mixing boards, and all kinds of equipment. It was time for us to move out so we could get some work done. So, we moved out.



ID: How did you get on Touch and Go? I know two of you were in Touch & Go bands.

Kevin: Corey (former Necro and now Head of Touch and Go) used to do shows at the Greystone. His history (is) in Michigan and Ohio. He's always been good friends with everybody in the band. Originally we were reluctant to send him a recording. We didn't want to put pressure on him to record the band, simply because of our own friendship with him. It worked out that he got ahold of the tape of our first recording and liked it. He wanted to know why we hadn't gotten in touch with him about it. So, we ended up doing the first record with him and continued to do the last two and we couldn't be more happy, as far as a record label we want to be on.

ID: How did the band members get together? I know your sister plays guitar.

Kevin: Right.

John: I don't think it is a good idea to get exclusive information from this dude. Because first of all he's not in the band. This guy has got a twin. Did you ever hear about the Monroe Twin Syndrome? This guy fucking acts like he's in the band. He's got the tattoos, he's got the fucking attitude, but the fucker ain't in the band. So, anything the guy has to say is bullshit. Take it with a grain of salt.

ID: You guys are pretty intense up there. Are you always that way?

John: The gig! Huh, I thought it was pretty laid back. There was nobody we felt we had to like kill in the audience. You get to a point where you just want to kill somebody.

ID: Who do you usually want to kill?

John: It could be any selected motherfucker in the audience. It's usually Kevin, because he has the hat and shit, and the sunglasses. I wouldn't say we judge anybody, because I wouldn't want to judge anybody. Kevin, man he saw Exquis and got off on it. He thought he was a cowboy. Hey, I don't swing with the trip. I just try to do the gig... I'm going to split. It's going to get real sick now.

Kevin: I used to drive a cab... John and the rest of us moved to Ann Arbor, like I said, to get away from Detroit. Jim the drummer got in my cab. He wasn't fully loaded. He told me he was playing in a band.

ID: He just happened to tell you?

Kevin: ...because he was talking a lot. So, we pretty much hooked it up like that. I was driving and he came out of club and told me he played drums. Unfortunately we had another band together, it was Nigger Lover—that's a completely different story though. It was like Western & Country gone awry. Sort of like if Scratch Acid was really from Texas. I've got some fucking wicked hangnails here.

ID: How did the "Life of Crime" L.P. come about? Why did you pick that song?

Kevin: We wanted to do a cover. We just recently did this Alice Cooper cover "Public Animal No. 9" for Sub

Pop. We're doing a double single with Sonic Youth, Gumball and These Immortal Souls. We wanted to do another cover that was somehow different from the music we were playing, but still we could really appreciate. We've always been fans of the Weirdos.

Jim: Originally it wasn't supposed to be on the record. It was just going to be on the B-side of the single, "Here We Go Again." But we had one tune we weren't happy with in the studio so we threw that song out.

ID: So, the single and the album were recorded at the same time?

Kevin: Right... Well, "Candy" was recorded at a different time entirely. It was only released on a flexi disc. We had a different mix for that single. We didn't want to release the "Sexy Rocker" jam that we were going to lay down for the album.

ID: Is this your first time out here?

Kevin: With the band, yes. I was out here when I was like fourteen. I was looking for a job selling crack.

ID: You didn't get it?

Kevin: I wasn't good enough looking.

ID: Have you done any sightseeing on this trip?

Kevin: No, we were only here a half hour before we loaded up.

ID: Have you been anywhere else?

Kevin: We played San Francisco twice, Seattle, Portland, Eugene, Austin, Houston, Dallas, New Orleans... We're touring the whole United States.

ID: Do you guys want to kill each other yet?

Kevin: We're just one big happy family. We get our aggressions out on stage.

ID: Have any unusual things happened to you on stage?

Kevin: We lit the stage on fire in Seattle. It was sort of an accident. We borrowed this guitar from one of the opening bands. The Puritans (he's not sure)... They were a great band. We were staying with some friends I knew from Ann Arbor who had borrowed it from (that band), and we borrowed the guitar from them. Things got a little bit out of hand. The guitar got broken and somebody ended up throwing lighter fluid on the stage. Bruce had his cigarette lit already. It went off, caught on fire and John picked the thing up and just started spraying the thing all over. The owner came out, and eventually just hosed the whole place down with a fire extinguisher. Nobody could breathe on the stage. It was worse than the flames. Everything was safe. Nobody got hurt, except some skinhead guy pulled a knife on somebody because they were dressed up like a woman.

Jim: That's actually how it happened. It sounds crazy.

ID: What really inspired you guys to continue on, to keep writing more songs, and to go on the road for Godawful lengths of time?

Kevin: Drugs.

ID: Drugs? What makes you want to go out and do it everynight?



**Larissa Strickland, guitar goddess extraordinaire.
A sonic delight!**

Kevin: It's really not funny, because we don't get shit.

ID: That's what I'm getting at.

Kevin: What else are we going to do, work at 7-Eleven?

ID: You tell me?

Kevin: I'm sure we could all probably find day jobs if we wanted to, but why waste your life like that. You might as well be poor and happy.

ID: Are most of your songs based on personal experiences?

Kevin: All of them are based on personal experiences, of one person in the band or another.

ID: Does John write most of the lyrics?

Kevin: John writes most of the lyrics. Larissa has written a lot of the lyrics. John uses a lot of Larissa's lyrics. He's used some lines I've given him, or just ideas. I throw things out to him all the time. It depends how responsible he's being in his lyric writing-if we're on a deadline or not.

ID: When you write songs does somebody come in with a finished song musically, or do you work it all out in jam sessions?

Jim: Everybody puts there own part into it.

Kevin: Jim writes all his own parts. I write all my own parts. John writes all his own parts. Larissa does her thing. It's a collective. We just have too much respect for each other to be telling each other what to do.

ID: What do you do at home when you're not in the band?

Kevin: I don't have a home. When we get through with the tour, I've got a brother in Scotland, I'm probably going to go visit him for Christmas. Then I'll probably go visit a friend of mine in Boulder. Then we'll work on the next tour. I've been living at peoples' houses.

Jim: I probably won't have a job when I get back.

ID: What are your future plans?

Kevin: Probably another European tour, another U.S. tour. We're going to put out another single, then probably a full album, a video...we'll see what happens.

ID: Do you feel you do better in Europe or here?

Kevin: Europe was great-Germany and Austria. In Vienna we had about 800 people at the show. So I

guess that is a little better than tonight, but the audience was just as enthusiastic tonight as they were in Vienna. It was great. (As music blasts Guns & Roses, Kevin mockingly says,) We love L.A. I've really never been to a more pretentious place in my life, but that doesn't mean I don't like it.

Donita: (of L-7) Keep that interview rolling.

Kevin: We're doing a tour with L-7, by the way. I think it's going to be the Snuff and Muff tour, 1991. That's sort of the tentative title. It's going to be mostly Canada.

John: You have to come to the D.O.A. gig for the fucking whole scoop. Axl Rose in the background is fucking up the interview.

ID: I heard you (John), on stage, screaming to play another for the youth, the kids.

John: We really do it for the kids. We played a show at Berkeley the other night, that was definitely for the kids-at Gilman Street warehouse. We do it for the punks and the kids, punk kids. If you're fifteen years old and got a mohawk we

get you in through the back door automatically. We never judge our audience about anything. It doesn't matter to us who likes us. We don't need a cool audience. (Just) people who enjoy what we're doing.

Don Bowles (Celebrity Skin drummer and former Germ): See you later, you guys were incredible.

Larissa: God, this guy (Don) looks so light I could pick this dude up.

Don: If you could pick up a guitar you could pick me up.

John: Larissa, answer like five questions.

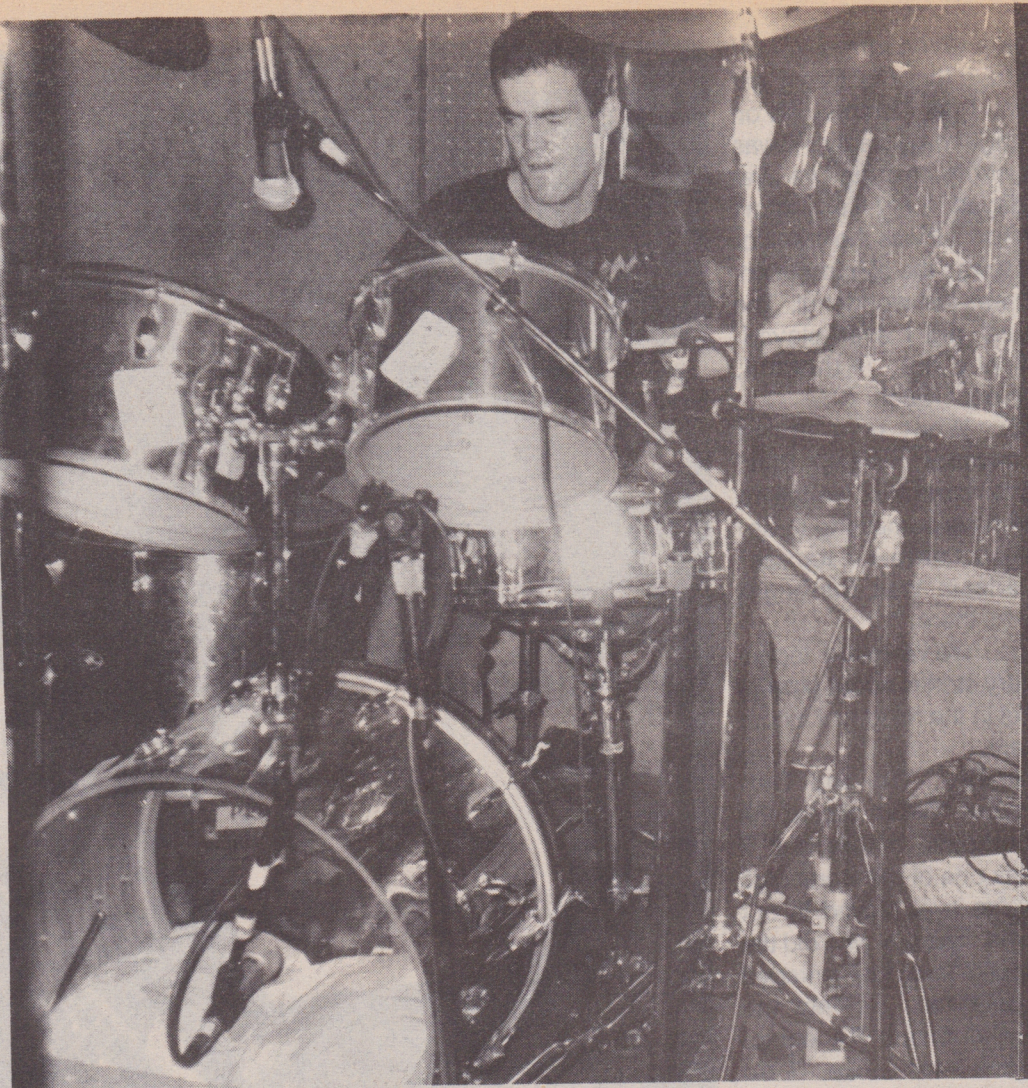
Larissa: (The music is too loud for her) I have a very bad hearing problem, from playing. I'm sure I have tinnitus.

ID: You were in L-Seven.

Larissa: Yes, I used to sing in a band ten years ago in Detroit. It's not the L-7 now.

ID: You're brother is in the band?

Larissa: Yes, my younger brother. We've never made it out west.



Jim, rides the thunder machine at Raji's.

ID: What inspired you to be in a band?

Larissa: I started going to shows when I was fourteen in Detroit and New York. I used to read Creem magazine in '74 when I was like fourteen and hang out at gigs. It was the thing to do. Detroit, back in the early 70's, was really crucial at one point. Then around '78 I saw bands like the Cramps, Suicide, PIL. I said, "Wait a second. This is like more important than anything else in the world." I said, "I have to do this too," and I just started playing. I've only been playing guitar for about five years. When we started this band is when I picked up a guitar. I never played before-when I was a kid.

ID: Where have you played on this tour that you really liked?

Larissa: The favorite place that I've ever played in my life is Berlin. Berlin was hot. It was just way out of control, and Vienna was very good. On this tour tonight was good, really nice, but I thought CB(-GB's) at the beginning of September was really good. The best gig was in Lawrence, Kansas. It was sold out. Someone

had given me a lot of drugs that night as a gift and I got electrocuted on stage really badly. It was just the best gig I've ever played in my life. I don't know if it was the crank or if it was the electrocution. It was just wonderful. The best gig I ever played. Really hot. I thought, "Wow." Ouch.

ID: What is it about Lawrence, Kansas? Band after band that we talk to all have something to say about Lawrence, Kansas.

Larissa: Well, Burroughs lives there.

ID: We've heard legendary stories about playing out in the middle of a corn field.

Larissa: Oh, the Out-house. We've played the Outhouse before and it was one of the worst gigs we've ever played in our lives. The guy who did the sound was just enraged about us. He had the Radio Shack PA equipment. He's like, "I do sound for Prince and Bob Seger, and you guys really suck." We were like, you got to be joking. The other show there was great. All the Sonic Youth dates we did were really good: The Houston, Dallas, Austin, San Francisco and Lawrence, Kansas shows were really good. They invited me on stage to do feedback on "Silver Rocket" and that was a lot of fun. Break those guitars. I think my biggest

fans are like Thurston and Lee. They hear what I'm doing and it really sets them up, they love it, and that makes me play even better too. I thought tonight was really good though. I enjoyed it a lot. I like LA.

thought I was going to hate it, but I really like it here. It's nice. Because, I hated London.

ID: Really, what was so bad?

Larissa: "It was just empty." The context is...



Kevin Strickland, a Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde on bass.

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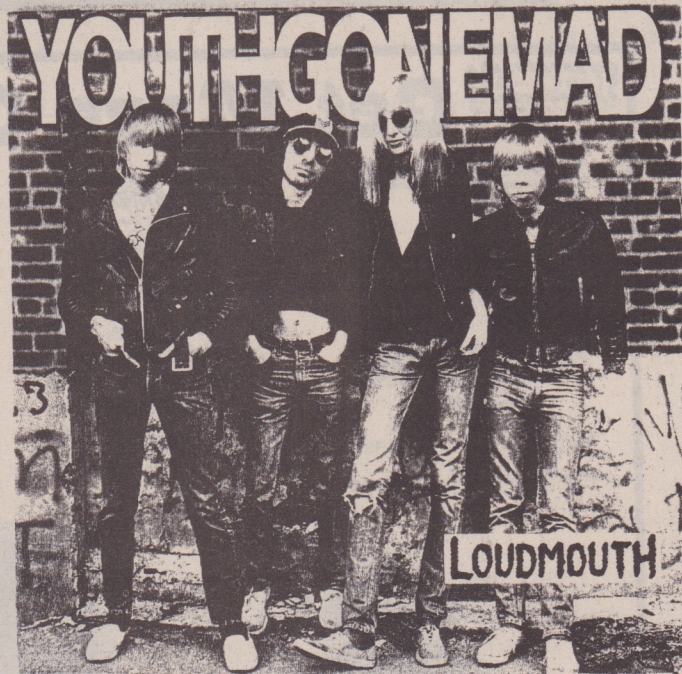
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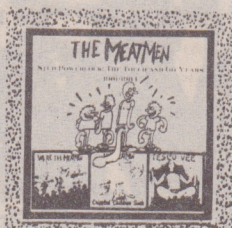
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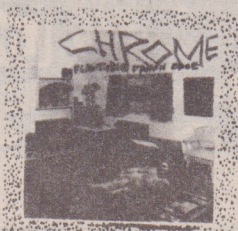
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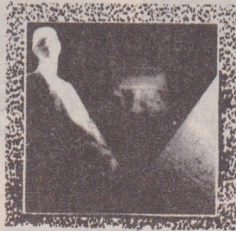
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Standards of Justice

by Richard S. Rangel



"It takes a certain type of person to watch a man die," said the warden, his voice little more than a whisper.

And the other voice, the one that spoke to him in the warden's more reflective moments, asked, "What type of person? A special person? A special man?"

"No--" answered the warden, shaking his head as if to physically demonstrate the point--" No, not special. I would not say that. But unique, yes...and cold. Cold enough to efficiently discharge his duties, without pause."

"Are you that man?"

"You know I am not."

"What makes you different?"

"I feel. I--feel. I know it is wrong... I believe it is wrong...if someone must be in this position, is it not better that I at least understand, that I care?"

"The system continues, nonetheless."

"Yes, but, at least I know the system is wrong. I'm a link in the system, but I realize it is wrong. Does that not count for something?"

"Yes," answered the other. "It does."

As he always did at this point, the warden began to relax, just slightly. Only now did he notice the hot sting of perspiration in his eyes, and as he closed them he addressed the voice once more.

"Thank you" was what he said.

Minutes-or hours-later, the warden was pacing about in his office. He meandered this way and that, pausing briefly when he thought he had detected the muffled sound of approaching footfall. As the sound neared the warden's office it reached its crescendo and quietly decayed, following its conductor down the hall. The warden resumed his pacing.

He checked his watch; it read 8:57 P.M. The next applicant was due at any moment now, and the warden decided to return to his desk and wait out the remaining minutes. Presently a new set of footsteps became evident, stopping outside of the warden's office this time. The visitor knocked.

"Please come in," said the warden, eager to be done

with the encounter.

The applicant entered the room. He was a nondescript man with nondescript features; if he were to rob a bank in broad daylight one would be hard-pressed to identify him. The warden gestured to a chair, and the applicant sat.

"Let's get right into it," said the warden. He placed the applicant's file on his desk and opened it, thumbing through to better formalize the interview, although his eyes never once left those of the applicant. The warden spoke again. "There are several points I'd like to cover. As you know we leave certain areas unaddressed until the actual interview. From what I understand, your application thus far looks very good."

"Thank you," responded the applicant. He was doing his best to stay cool and collected. But tonight was the big night-in more ways than one-and he found it a bit difficult to remain in check. "I have an extensive background in the prison system, although of course I've never been involved in an operation of this size. I am confident, however, that I can serve the state well."

"Well, that's nice to hear," said the warden, "but a couple of points need to be brought onto the table first. For example- "...The warden broke off, as if something had just occurred to him. "One moment, please," he said to the applicant. The warden punched a button on his desk's intercom unit. "Lucy, has the prisoner arrived yet?"

Lucy, from wherever she was, responded, "No, sir. There was a minor delay with the police escort, but they are en route and should arrive within twenty minutes."

"Thank you," the warden answered. "Do let me know when they arrive, would you?"

"Yes, sir." Lucy clicked off into oblivion.

The warden's attention returned to the applicant. "Twenty minutes," the warden said. "Uhh...did you have any questions for me before we get further into this?"

The applicant fidgeted slightly. The warden noticed, and added in his best pleasant tone, "It's okay. You've reached the last part of the application process. If you have any questions, now's the time."

The applicant spoke up. "I do have one question, warden. Is it true-well, I understand that, since this...this position..."

"My position. You can say it."

"Very well. Since your position became open, you have seen dozens of qualified applicants, and have rejected all of them. Why? If I may ask."

"You may. None of them were right. Some closer to it than others, but none were close enough. There is one quality, one character aspect I have been looking for, and I have not found it."

"May I ask what that is?"

"I'll know it when I see it. You need not concern yourself." This last came out slightly sharper than intended, and the warden stood up, turning his back on the applicant and drawing a deep breath. This is my hell, he thought. Being somewhere that I cannot escape.

seeing a hundred others who would gladly take my place, only my gut won't let them. This is my hell.

The warden pulled a cigarette out of his shirt pocket, and turned back toward the applicant. As he lit up, the warden offered to the applicant, "Cigarette?"

"No, thank you, sir," answered the applicant. "I don't smoke."

"You're better off. I'll get down to it, now. Tell me, how do you feel about the current execution system? I want to know where you stand."

Now we're getting there, thought the applicant. Now is the time to maintain control. This was the speech he had practiced endlessly. And now, he thought, it's showtime.

"The state," he began, "has determined capital punishment to be an effective deterrent, and as long as it is the law I will support whatever the state considers to be--"

The warden cut him off with a wave of one hand, the one with the cigarette. "That's the police academy version," he said. "Tell me what you think. And don't waste my time." He had grown tired of this. He had already made up his mind-this one was not right, either. Would not do, not at all.

The applicant seemed to sense the warden's impatience, and he didn't like it. To hell with control, he decided. It would all come out eventually.

"Execution for capital crimes is essential, and it is justified. And I am damned proud to live in a State where that is understood and acted upon. Is that what

you wanted to know?" The applicant was exhilarated. He thought he saw the warden's motives, now. He wants to make sure I wouldn't break under the pressure. Well, far from it. "Does that tell you what you need to know about me?"

"Yes," the warden said slowly, "Yes, it does. All too well." There was sadness in his voice, and that sadness completely defused the short but intense exchange. The applicant was bewildered. "You wouldn't care, you could never care," the warden was muttering, "you could never care, and things would never change..."

"Warden? Sir?" ventured the applicant. "Is everything all right?" It sounded stupid, given the situation, but he did not know what else to say. Perhaps the warden was collapsing under the strain of running a maximum-security prison, of overseeing hundreds of executions a year. You had to be tough, the applicant reasoned, and if this old man couldn't hack it anymore, maybe it was time to pass on the mantle. Good pay and a certain status came with the position, and the applicant saw neither as particularly distasteful.

These musings were interrupted by the electrically conveyed voice of Lucy, over the office intercom.

"Warden," she said, "the prisoner's party has arrived. They are reporting to chamber 4778."

The warden and the applicant looked at each other. Now was the part of the interview that the warden had been dreading, and the applicant anticipating. Their gazes remained locked as the warden answered, "Thank you, Lucy. Tell them we will meet them there."

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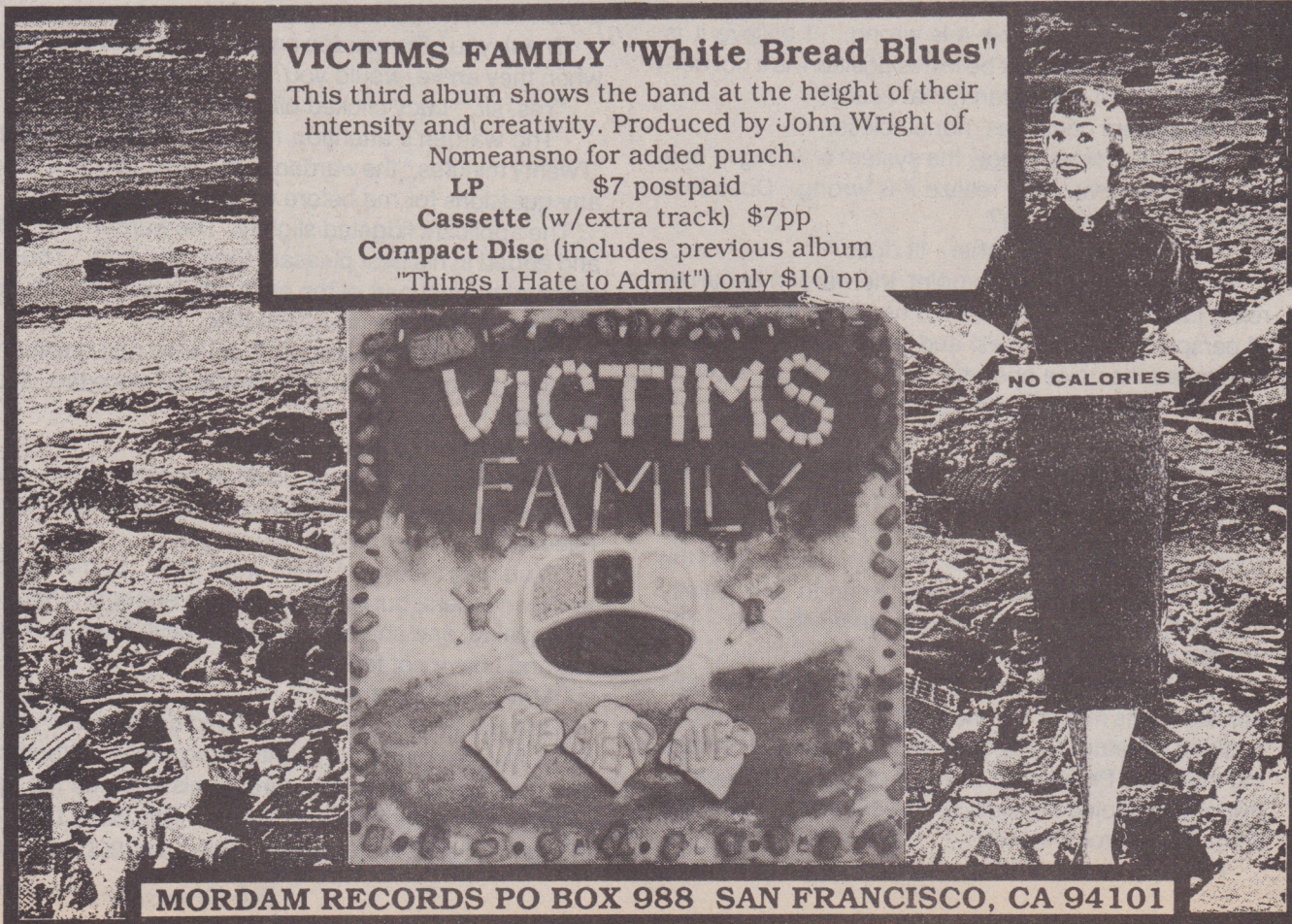
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Lucy returned to oblivion.

The warden closed the applicant's file and picked it up. Both men walked to the office door, the applicant exiting first.

As they walked through echoing corridors, the warden asked, more to break the silence than out of genuine interest, "What do you know about our current execution methods?"

The applicant responded, "Well, what everyone knows, which isn't much. The exact methods are not made public knowledge, no press or outside people are allowed to witness-it, and...oh yes, the family of the criminal's victims is usually present, is that right?" They rounded a corner and began descending a staircase.

"Yes," answered the warden, "the family is always present. A judge declared seven years ago that 'the formal viewing by the family of the criminal's just punishment is an essential initial step in dealing with the familial loss.'" He said it as if by rote.

"Yes, that's basically what I had heard. Does it work?"

"That point is debatable. However, good or bad, that is what sets our institution apart. We have taken that position and used it as the core for our systems, including a few experimental programs, one of which you are about to witness."

The applicant's voice betrayed his enthusiasm. "Yes, I am sure this will be...interesting." Oh, just say it, he thought. "I'm looking forward to it."

The warden looked beaten, and tired. "I have no doubt," he said, and then stopped.

They were at chamber 4778.

The two men entered, with the warden stopping to sign them in with with a security guard. The applicant was impressed with the chamber-it was neat, clean, and organized. In the center of the chamber was a small room, perhaps twenty by twenty feet, with glass windows on all four of its sides. An examining table, with restraining straps hanging off to either side, was the only furnishing.

Lethal injection, the applicant supposed. Nothing very experimental about that.

The warden had caught up with him, and they proceeded to sit at the nearest of the stadium-like spectator benches that surrounded the central chamber-within-a-chamber. As they sat, two uniformed officers entered the auditorium, dragging between them a thrashing and weeping man in prison fatigues. This was the convict, the man of the hour. As he was dragged past them, his eyes locked with the applicant's, and he muttered, "Please, don't let them kill me, don't let them..." The applicant felt a touch of his resentment for this sort of garbage rise in his chest, but fought it down. He would enjoy seeing this whimpering waste die.

"What was his crime?" he asked the warden.

"He bludgeoned an elderly woman to death. He stole her purse, which had two dollars cash and another ten in food stamps. He says he wouldn't have killed her if she hadn't resisted."

"Bastard," the applicant growled through clenched teeth.

"Over there," pointed the warden, "that's the victim's family."

The applicant watched them, could read the grief in their faces. He began to mentally assign each a relationship to the victim. Older man-probably her husband. Younger man-a son, or perhaps son-in-law. Younger woman-daughter, or daughter-in-law. Two kids, a boy and a beautiful little girl-must be grandchildren. Christ, there ought to be some limits, thought the applicant. The kids don't belong here.

The convicted murderer was now in the central chamber, being restrained upon the examining table. He appeared to have worn himself out, but he was not quite still. His head lolled from side to side, saliva running out of his mouth, mucus staining his cheeks. He began to speak, again, but so quietly that no one could hear him.

"Warden, does he know how he is going to die?"

"He knows. He was told just before they brought him in."

"Warden," asked the applicant, "is it lethal injection, or what? I don't see any gas apparatus in there, but I also don't-" He stopped short. Tears were rolling, slowly, deliberately, down the warden's face. They creased his cheeks as if running through well-traveled paths, and the warden's eyes were pained. The applicant turned back toward the murderer in the chamber. His jaw dropped open.

A police officer was escorting the family members into the prisoner's chamber. A second officer armed each, one by one, with various weapons: a rusted claw hammer for the older man, a crowbar for the younger man, a baseball bat for the boy, and a pair of scissors for the little girl.

The applicant was horrified. He grasped the warden's sleeve, and croaked, "Warden, w-w-what the hell is this..."

"You're a legal witness," intoned the warden, "you have to watch."

Oh, Jesus, thought the applicant. He forced himself to look back.

A palpable tension filled the chamber, black and ominous as a thundercloud ready to break. The family circled their whimpering prey. Uncertainty mixed with a feverish bloodlust washed over their faces. The younger man suddenly bellowed, "You bastard!" and he slammed his crowbar across the convict's face, splattering blood onto his wife's cheek. At once



everyone joined in, the ice being broken. Screams—many more than that of the convict alone—came for a long while as the man's body was shattered. The small boy was smashing with his bat at the convict's kneecaps, as the little girl was snipping, one at a time, the fingers off the convict's restrained hands.

The applicant tried to rise—his legs were numb, and he collapsed. He grabbed at the warden, who helped him back up and began to explain the carnage.

"The older man, her husband (ah, I was right! the applicant managed to think) is using the same hammer that the convict used to murder the old woman. Whenever possible, we do it that way."

"Jesus Christ, I can't watch this!" screamed the applicant. "How can you do this?"

"This," said the warden, turning to face the weeping applicant, "is justice. Isn't that what you called it?"

"I can't do this!" garbled the applicant through a mouthful of bile. He found his legs, and he ran out of the chamber.

No one stopped him.

It was becoming increasingly difficult to see into the room through the blood-streaked windows. No matter—the convict was long dead. A police officer entered the room and began to collect the weapons in a plastic bag. Another officer had to assist the older man in dislodging his hammer from the convict's skull. The family filed out of the chamber now. Some were weeping, but

some were not. The little boy was rattling away excitedly to his father.

The warden got up and began walking to the exit. A security guard was ushering in a cleanup crew, calling orders out.

"Come on, move it! Get that room cleaned up for the next one! Hello, Warden."

The warden stopped, and shook hands with the security guard.

"Warden, what happened with your applicant?"

"He couldn't do it. He wasn't right." The warden looked to the bloodstained chamber, already almost pristine again. "He could never have cared."

The security guard looked at the floor. "How many is that now?" he asked.

The warden sighed. "One hundred and seven. But none were right. Not one."

"Warden...sir, you can't do this job forever."

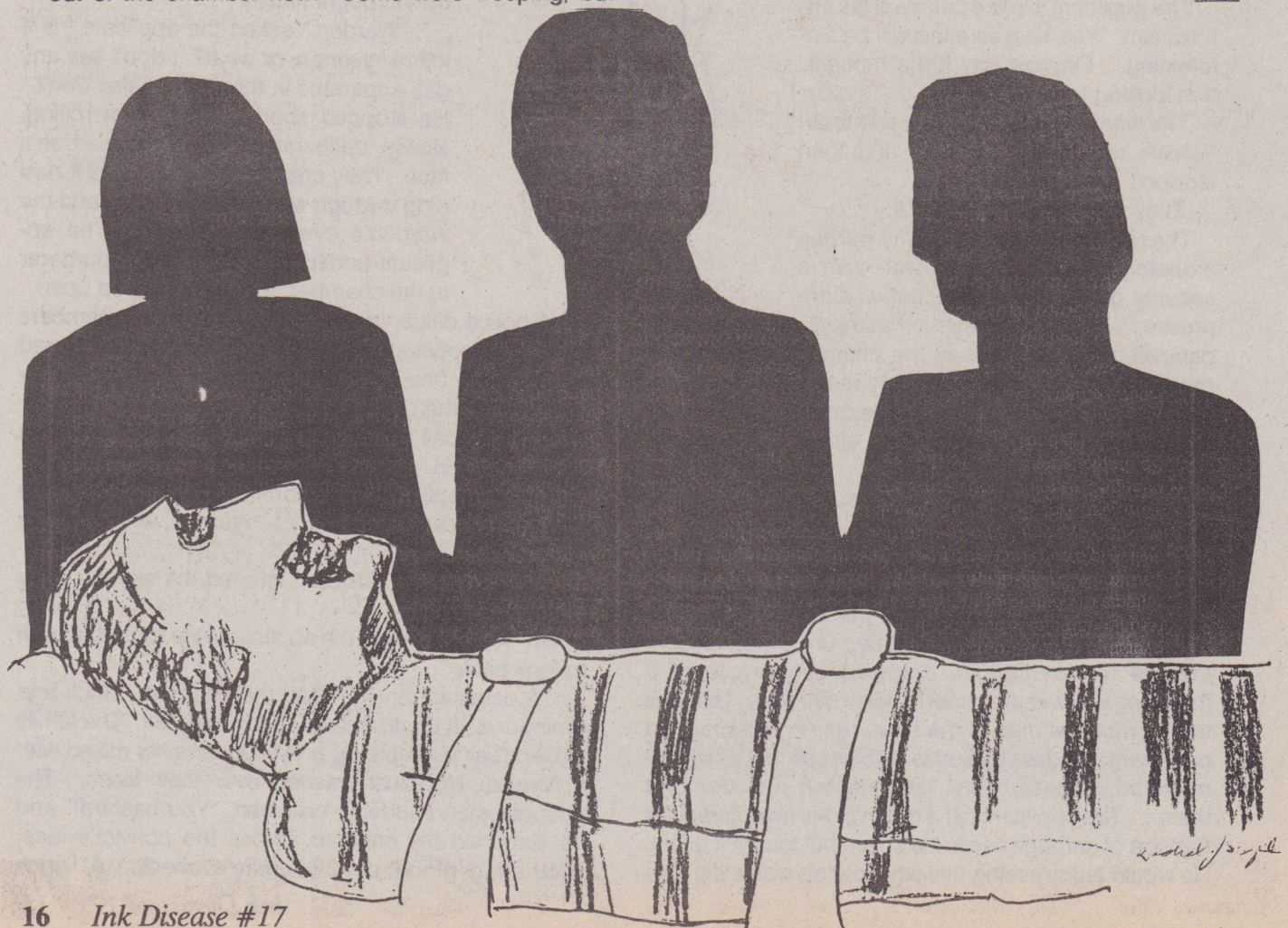
"I know," answered the warden. He walked away.

On the return to his office, the warden spoke again. "I know that this is wrong. I know, and as long as I know, or the person after me knows, then there is a chance for change. Isn't there?"

No response. He tried again.

"Isn't there?"

But the voice was silent, leaving him alone with his thoughts.



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S a n d y
Duncan's Eye had always been a vague concept lurking in the dark recesses of my mind. For years they've played clubs and industrial warehouses on the outskirts of L.A., gigging with groups like Popdefect, Savage Republic and other noise monsters that make this city seem almost livable. It wasn't until their inclusion on the Flipside "City of L.A. Power Compilation" that I knew our paths were destined to cross. That fact was hammered home when a friend

and music critic who I have great respect for called their track on the lp an insult to all the other groups on the comp. With that recommendation the scene was set. Sandy Duncan's Eye were interviewed by Thomas and Steve in the heart of the homeless capitol of the world, downtown Los Angeles, at 2:00 am, Halloween. Oh yeah, Mark was also there grilling them about the profound effect that Mott the Hoople has had on them and life as we know it.---Steve Alper

Ink Disease: How did you meet?

Roberto: Dave and I met at the Zero Club, which existed in the outskirts of Hollywood, a couple of years back. Campbell and I met at Al's bar. Primarily we met in the downtown area.

ID: Are you all originally from L.A.?

Roberto: No, actually all of us are from some place else.

Dave: Roberto's from a semi-rural area of Washington. Campbell's from Seattle, and I'm from Detroit.

ID: How did you end up in L.A.?

Roberto: I moved down here to go to school. That didn't pan out very well. I stopped going to school and

around that time I met Dave and decided to start playing music.

Dave: I came out here to audition for Public Image, become a rockstar. I became a rockstar with these guys.

ID: You turned them down?

Dave: Yeah, I said "Fuck you Rotten! You want Steve Vai--no way."

ID: Roberto, is it true, as a youth you were in a Menudo type band?

Roberto: That's exaggerated. When I was a kid, my brothers and I performed down in Mexico. It was on national television.

ID: Did you have a showbiz parent?

Roberto: My mother always encouraged my brothers and I to perform in front of people in situations where we really didn't want to. I've kind of grown accustomed to that.

ID: All these years later, has your mother seen your band?

Roberto: No. I don't think she'd like us. We've gone up north on tour and stopped at their place and every single time I'd get a lecture, "When are you going to stop this music stuff and get into some real business?"

ID: That sounds like the response I get when I tell my relatives I put out a magazine



Campbell, Roberto and Dave gathered around the barbeque pit on Halloween night.

Photo by Thomas

called Ink Disease.

Roberto: At first they didn't realize what Sandy Duncan's Eye meant. A year later my mom confronts me, "Why do you want to insult her?"

Dave: Tell them the Lorimar story.

Roberto: I work for a company that deals with her show, "The Hogan Family," and the doorman comes up to

eventually just call yourself The EYE.

Dave: Roberto had an idea for a new name once Sandy gets cheesed.

Roberto: We always thought the name was going to be a very terminal thing. We never expected to actually be playing at this point. We thought before we ever reached a point before Sandy would ever know, we'd



Campbell, the drummer.

Photo by Thomas

Campbell (at one of our shows) and said "I really wanted to see you because I work as a doorman on her show."

Dave: This is a pretty moot point, the whole thing about our name.

ID: Have you ever played with Vic Morrow's Head?

Roberto: No. I have noticed that a lot of Hollywood bookers do try to put body part shows together or vegetable shows or scary shows.

Dave: It's pretty stupid because not much of what we do, nothing as a matter of fact, of our material has anything to do with the name, Sandy Duncan's Eye. It's basically something we came up with just to be obnoxious fucking punk idiots.

ID: Did it work?

Dave: Yeah, I guess it didn't backfire totally.

ID: As you get more famous and commercial you'll

be broken up or sooner or later she'd just ask us to change our name. We saw it as a finite thing...

Dave: Here we are four years later.

ID: What do you think of the '70s revival?

Roberto: I hate it!

Dave: Somebody give me a cigarette, Jesus.

ID: What do you think of Mott The Hoople?

Roberto: I was never a very big fan of music in the '70s. I definitely don't understand why people want to have a revival of it right now.

Dave: I disagree, but I think me and Roberto are complimentary...with the shit I was listening to when I was in high school and junior high. It's sad to see it resurrected now. It reminds me of Sha-na-na.

ID: How do you feel about the L.A. music scene?

Roberto: We've never been really big fans of most of

the bands we've seen in town. Music in Los Angeles for us has never been a really great influence on what we do. In fact, one of the reasons we've developed the way we have is the stifling effect that Los Angeles does have on you creatively. If we had lived some place else like Seattle, I think our sound would be quite different.

ID: What would you sound like if you were from Seattle?

Dave: The Dwarves. We'd be idiots.

Roberto: One of the things that has been very nice about living in Los Angeles is the fact, even up to this point, everybody says "No, no, no, don't play, what you're doing now is totally wrong." It's nice to go up against the grain that way sometimes.

ID: What L.A. bands are you repulsed by?

Roberto: Almost all of them. There are very few bands in Los Angeles that I like. I would say that Los Angeles is one of the worst places to be a local band from.

Dave: I have to say, I heard Clawhammer the other day and I was pretty darned impressed. I didn't expect to be.

ID: Have you toured?

Roberto: We've done two tours so far, up the West Coast and to Arizona.

ID: In the four years you've been together you put out a single and had a song on the "City of L.A. Power" compilation.

Roberto: We've been very poor.

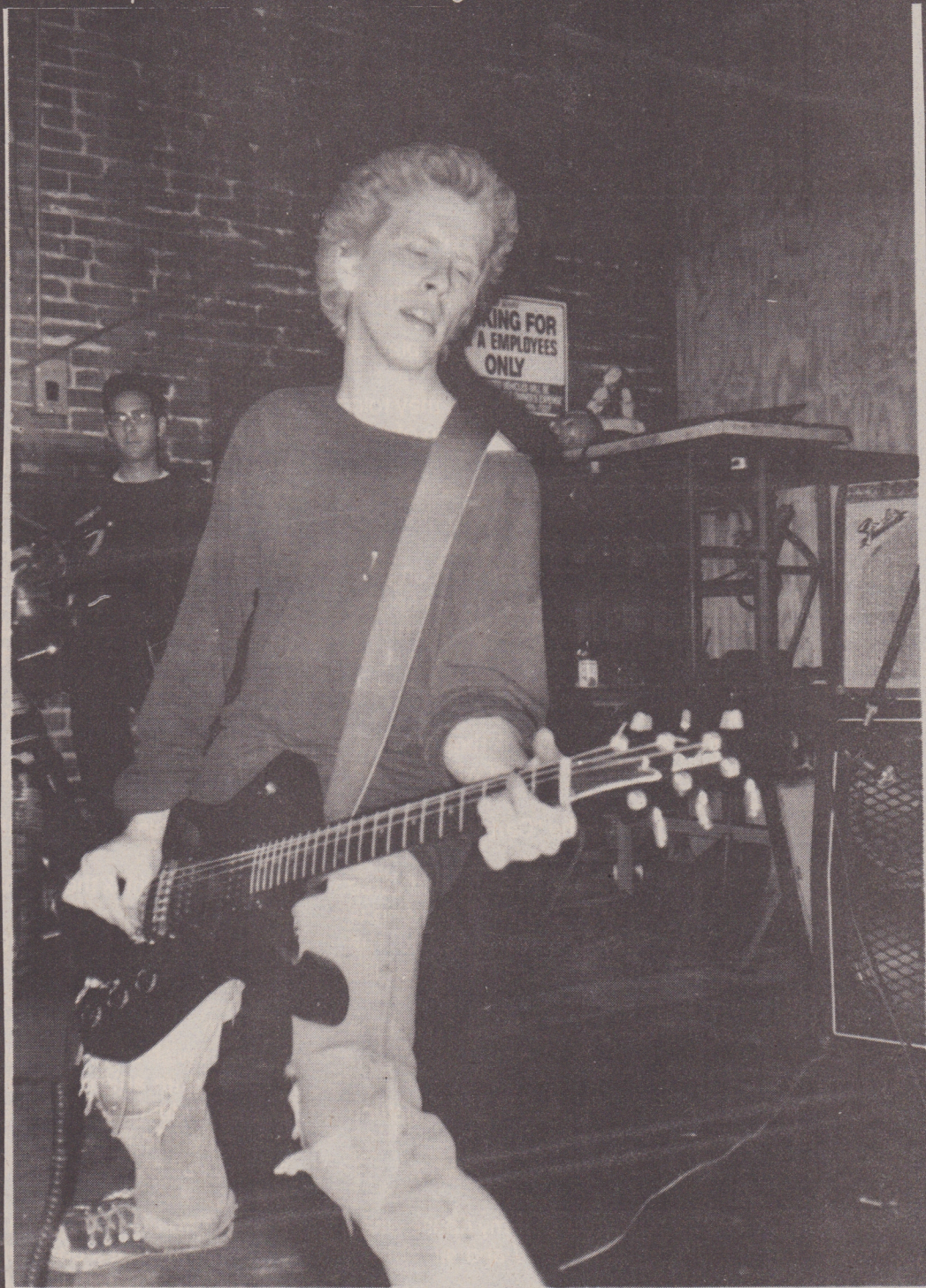
Dave: We are also picky about what we release. We have recorded a lot, but not much of it is worth releasing.

ID: Do you have a lot of songs?

Roberto: We have a good amount of songs that you probably will never get to hear. You have to understand, by the time most people get to hear our material we've probably heard it 50 to 100 times. So for us, it sounds like shit. The bearable

point for us is very low. We try our best to keep it interesting for us, but it doesn't stay interesting for very long.

ID: I just saw a band record in the studio and they must have played the same song 50 times, I can see how you get really sick of playing the same song even when you like that song.



Dave, guitar maniac on the loose.

Photo by Thomas

Dave: We can't do that. Anything we've done in the studio; if we don't get it in two takes, it doesn't seem fucking worth it.

ID: Releasing a record then doesn't seem to be a

priority for you?

Roberto: We've wanted to release one a lot.

Dave: It is coming out.

Roberto: It's not that we haven't wanted to—we've been very unemployed for the last several years. It's a difficult thing to do when you don't have very much money.

Dave: We go through cycles. When the band started out, I was working and Campell and Roberto weren't. There is always somebody unemployed.

ID: If you're employed then there is a hindrance of having time to play, tour and living the rock and roll life style.

Roberto: We try to coordinate our working schedules.

ID: Have any of your songs gotten airplay?

Roberto: "Dick Tracy" has gotten quite a bit of airplay at KXLU.

ID: I heard you say that the song wouldn't get played on the radio because of one line.

Roberto: When Flipside brought it to KROQ, they told Flipside our song wouldn't get airplay because of one word, "tit."

ID: Didn't the Beatles use the word in a few songs?

Dave: Yeah, I am the wal-tit. It's fucking totally innocent for us. I mean, tit?! So KROQ doesn't play it.

Roberto: They play other band's cuts off the compilation, so I don't think it's a desire not to play Flipside material. They just decided on certain songs which they thought had offensive material in them and those were the ones they said they weren't going to play. Our song happened to be that.

Dave: If we got requested enough I think they'd play it. I don't think "tit" is so offensive in light of what's being said on t.v. these days.

ID: I wanted to ask you about the "Cartwright" line in your song?

Roberto: On the A side of "525 NTSC" the second verse is "Alright Cartwright I will be your wife." The song is about the mass marketing of television and the Cartwright stigma of Bonanza. It's about being married to mass media.

Dave: Perfect Roberto, total full of shit evasion of the question, yeah!

ID: Is it about any Cartwright in particular?

Roberto: Little Joe was the gentleman that was getting married off the most.

Dave: I think it was the Chinese cook, Hopsing.

ID: Do you watch MTV?

Dave: We used to always sit around at my house when the band was first starting watch MTV and say "I hate this," then we'd go practice.

Roberto: For us, things like MTV we view more as a joke as opposed to things of serious nature. Instead of thinking these guys really suck, to us it's a big joke.

Dave: Yes, considering where we practice. We practice in the midst, as Cosmo says, "the best unsigned bands in Los Angeles." It's all fucking heavy metal hair bands. The next Def Leppard.

We have to deal with that.

ID: Do you see five years from now there still being a Sandy Duncan's Eye?

Dave: Yeah.

ID: You can all tolerate each other?

Dave: No. We'll probably be in prison from beating each other over the head, but yeah, I see it.

Roberto: Being in a band is a very difficult thing. You have to look beyond being friends. You try to understand each other and do the best you can between the three of you. What one person does, does not solely affect that person, it affects everybody. When someone does something that others may not like in the band, it doesn't just go away. You just can't turn your back on it. You sit down and talk about it. It's like this canker sore that just will not leave.

ID: Who is the most sensitive member of the band?

Dave: Roberto. Certainly the least sensitive is Campbell.

ID: Maybe it's that edginess and conflict that keeps you going, keeps you creative.

Roberto: I know that anger plays a very definite role in our music.

ID: It's a great motivator.

Roberto: Sometimes I'm paranoid I'm becoming too happy. People always ask you that mythical question in the rock'n'roll business; "Do you think you're going to make it?" For me that's always a sketchy comment, because I really don't understand what "making it" means. If that term means not having to worry about your financial things anymore, I always wonder how that will affect the music that we write or the places that we are or the things we do and see. I think it would affect it quite a bit.

ID: Do you think Sonic Youth have had to compromise themselves?

Dave: I don't think they've had to compromise a single bit.

Roberto: You kind of wonder where they can go at this point.

Dave: That's what Geffen's wondering.

Roberto: The further they go, the further it is for all bands. I wish them the best of luck.

ID: I read an article that talked about the three most popular independent bands; Sonic Youth, Jane's Addiction and Sound Garden, and about how they had to sell 350,000 copies of their record just to be considered successful.

Dave: Two of the bands in that equation equal being retro-hippie, that's unacceptable to me. Playing Led Zeppelin licks, I can't accept that. I just want to spit it out when I hear it. I don't want to kick anyone's ass, but fuck all those idiots.

ID: They inspire you.

Dave: Yeah, but so does Warrant and everybody else on the Sunset Strip. They inspire us in their own special way. I come from that same era of guitar playing, I guess hearing that crap makes me want to play even

more idiotic, retarded guitar shit.

ID: Do you think an evening is successful if an audience is pissed off by your music or do you feel a need to entertain?

Dave: It goes both ways. I wouldn't be able to play if I didn't want to entertain. Also, I don't want to go up there and play the same old shit. The same old shit becomes a narrow field, especially as cynical as we are. We like so little. I don't even know what I like.

ID: You seem to be defending Sonic Youth.

Dave: No, not really.

ID: What is the most you've ever been paid for doing

reasons for coming out here. If a band like the Minutemen can exist in L.A. I have a place. Then D. Boon died, the big asshole.

ID: They definitely had a following in L.A. What do you think of FIREHOSE?

Dave: No comment.

ID: How often do you go out to see bands?

Roberto: I try as much as I can because Los Angeles is the town that most bands come through. One of the big things I have a problem with is certain clubs, the area they're in or the type of club that it is. If I disagree strongly with the type of bands a club books, even if there is a band playing there that I like a lot, I still will not see them solely because I don't like the club.

ID: What caused you to stop playing the Anti-Club?

Roberto: This was before the whole pay to play thing. They consistently put us in bad situations where we were destined to make no money and have very little following. They would do things like split up a show half and half, boot everybody out after the first two bands and make them pay again to see the next two bands. We thought it was an unethical thing so we stopped playing there.

ID: Do you prefer to play alternative shows like tonight where you're playing a warehouse downtown?

Roberto: They asked us to play Al's Bar tonight and we asked them for a certain amount of money and they said no. They asked us to play


this show tonight and they didn't promise us any money whatsoever. To play a

show like this has much more worth even though it's free. We can relax more. People

don't have the stipulation of having to buy beer. It's more like a party, the kind of thing we'd go to.

ID: Any final comments?

Roberto: I have a really hard time with the music business. Music is just a weird business. They don't care about caring about music in this business. Each and every day I get up and ask myself if I should continue doing this. I've tried to quit many times. When I moved down here to Los Angeles from Washington I told myself I wasn't going to play music anymore. I unfortunately got back into it because I would go see bands around town and I was so frustrated by not seeing things that would entertain me, that I thought if nobody else is going to try I will. At least once a week I think, are we really any better than all these dumb bands that we see around town. Are we just some more idiots that are deluding ourselves, thinking what we're doing is going to have an effect on anybody. I'm definitely not after the house in the Hollywood hills and the Blazer with a big stereo to drive around in. Despite what Dave said I question if we will really be around five years from now. I know that I enjoy doing it right now, it makes me very happy.



Roberto, the bassman.

a show?

Roberto: Five hundred dollars up in Seattle, pretty sad. The least was at the Shamrock (in Hollywood) seven bucks.

Dave: The Anti-Club gave us an envelope with Sandy Duncan's Eye written in gold marker on it. Me and Campbell opened it up and there was two five dollar bills.

ID: The Minutemen played something like their first 35 shows without ever being paid.

Dave: The Minutemen, everybody hated them out here. L.A. was totally stupid to them. That was one of my big

PUNK AIN'T DEAD - IT'S ON

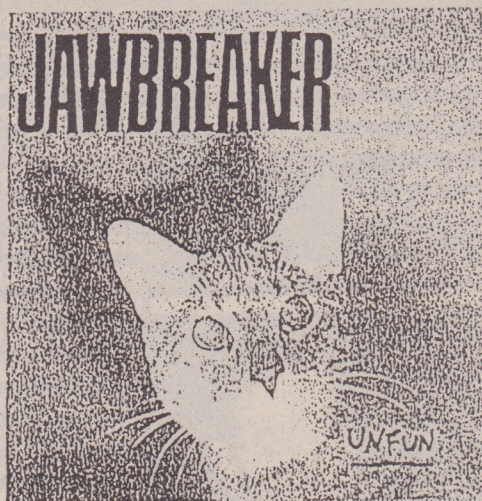
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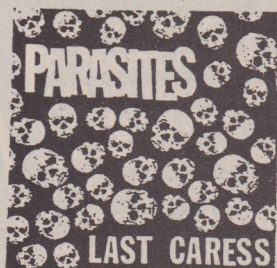
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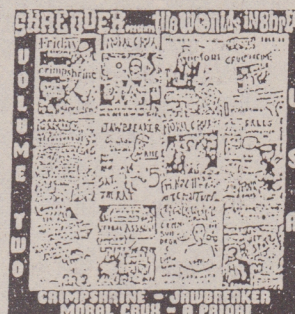
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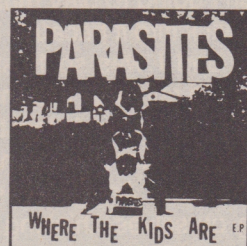
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Bubble Gum PROPAGANDA

by Antonio Lopez

Sometime after October of 1986, "Terrorist Attack: America Strikes Back" trading cards began mysteriously appearing in various baseball card and comics stores across the country. By all accounts, the product appeared to be legitimate: they were packaged like any other set of baseball cards, or, as card dealers call them-- "non-sports theme trading cards." But the alarming subject matter-- that of international terrorism-- quickly embroiled the product in controversy.

Unlike baseball cards, "Terrorist Attack" trading cards feature a macabre roster of international pariahs and alleged "terrorists." Instead of Reggie Jackson, Catfish Hunter, and Johnny Bench, eerie paintings of Idi Amin, Charles Manson, Abu Nidal and Hitler decorate the set. By focusing attention on Palestinian and Arab "terrorists" (despite the apparent attempt at "balance" by portraying the IRA and Sikh militants as well), the cards fail to mention state terrorism supported by U.S. military aid in countries such as Guatemala and Israel. Like the Reagan presidency, the cards have a weighted obsession with Muammar Qaddafi. With three cards devoted to him (one titled, "No More Muammar!"), the cards' accompanying text either encourage future bombings of Libya or celebrate the past U.S. air raid on that country.

Other cards cover topics ranging from hypothetical terrorist attacks (including "Poison Gas Attack," "The End of New York," "Target U.S.A." and "Missiles in Space") to bloody depictions of past terrorist incidents, including the suicide car bombing of the U.S. Marine com-



pound in Beirut. One particularly gory card, called "Run, Children, Run," has a Los Angeles mother's torso being shot out in front of her children by an Arab-looking man with a machine gun (he's affiliated with a fictional group called "A Bunch of Mean Guys"). Buyers are cautioned, on another card, that the only way to protect themselves from terrorism is to keep "faith in God, our country, and a well-stocked personal arsenal."

By grouping Cuba and Nicaragua together with countries described as "nations which train terrorists how to kill unarmed tourists and workers," and advocating military responses to terrorism (including one that proposes the U.S. "to nuke [countries that support terrorism] until they glow"), the set, through its cynical caricatures of world leaders, seem to be an attempt to champion U.S. foreign policy under the Reagan/Bush administration. In the vein of classic propaganda, the cards also try to justify a militant response to terrorism through their dehumanization of the "enemy." One card, for example, describes the "average terrorist" as an "ig-

norant and illiterate slime who has difficulty using a fork, much less operating a machine gun or rocket launcher."

This set of trading cards is about one of the most talked about and important subjects of our time: international terrorism. Terrorism is when one group uses random violent acts in order to scare and intimidate another group into doing what they want. For example, a terrorist's group might carry out a series of surprise bombings all over a city. The people who live in the city become afraid to do anything or go anywhere in case they may be hurt. The terrorists usually promise to stop the bombs if the people will do whatever they say. The problem is that if the people of the city give in to the terrorists once they may come back again and again.

There are terrorists in many countries, but the chance of you ever seeing one is very, very small. These days it seems we hear more about terrorists from the Mid East and Arab world, but that is just because they have been more active lately. In this set, you'd find people from all parts of the world.

Understanding terrorists is not easy. They do what they do because they are desperate people. They feel that they cannot change the world any other way to make it like they would like to see it. This is sad, but people all across the world are working together to make this type of war a thing of the past. We hope you learn a little from these cards.

1987
PIEDMONT CANDY COMPANY

Because of the jingoistic views presented in the "Terrorist Attack" cards and the mystery surrounding their origins, some observers believed the cards might have been surreptitiously produced by a right-wing group. Initial confusion about the

cards stemmed from the fact that Piedmont Candy Co., the distributor listed on the card's packaging, was unlisted in any business or phone directories; the only clue of origin was a Michigan address on the packaging of the cards. Several baseball card dealers interviewed said they view the names of trading card distributors as a trade secret, and refused to divulge the card's origin. Two dealers, replying only after numerous inquiries, responded, "The company doesn't exist."

The search for the nonexistent Piedmont Candy Co., however, ended up being a short one. Public records obtained from the Michigan Department of Commerce show Piedmont Candy Co. to be an assumed name for a company that produced baseball card supplies, headed by a Charles Mandel. Although Mandel's num-

ber was unlisted, he was contacted with the aid of a Michigan phone operator.

Despite his initial secrecy, he talked openly about his project in a phone interview. He stated emphatically that he was not connected to any political organization or the government, and was simply a businessman thriving on the resurgence of the baseball card hobby. Explaining that he worked on the cards with a baseball artist and a lawyer, he says "we probably took a stance a little further to the right than actually reflects our personal view, but we were trying to make a point"—that terrorism has a long history and it is here to stay.

Mandel says he was inspired by past sets of trading cards. Most interesting to him was a controversial set of cards called "Mars Attack." Produced in 1964, Mars Attack cards were released under a false name by Topps Bubble Gum, a giant company with a baseball card monopoly at the time. The cards were quickly pulled by Topps after a flood of criticism assailed the

cards for being too gory. Depicting aliens coming down to attack the Earth, "Mars Attack" shared the same symbolic paranoia about a dehumanized enemy which dominated sci-fi flicks of the early cold war; it also shared the same vein of "outrageousness" that attracted Mandel.

But what Mandel viewed as the "outrageousness" of his own set of cards exacted its price. He was attacked by people from both right and left for either promoting terrorism or being overly militant. Mike Orth, a baseball card dealer in San Francisco, accused him of "printing gore to make money." Another critic went so far as to say the cards were no different than a set depicting car accidents.

An indignant Mandel, however, responds to his critics by stating, "Our cards are no more violent or sensationalistic than the evening news, or any programs on prime time television. There are more deaths depicted on one evening on one station than there are



Sabry Khalil Bana is a shadowy figure who may be the deadliest terrorist alive. He is better known as Abu Nidal, which means "Father of Struggle".

Over the past twelve years, Nidal has molded his Fatah Revolutionary Council into a fanatical group responsible for more than 100 terrible terrorist attacks. These include a November, 1985, hijacking of an Egypt AIR jetliner that left 59 dead, and attacks the next month in Rome and Vienna that left 19 dead and 112 injured.

Most of his efforts have been directed at fellow Arabs.

Originally a member of the P.L.O., he broke from that organization in 1974 and tried to murder its leader, Yasir Arafat. Disgusted, the P.L.O. has sentenced him to death.

Muammar Kaddafi, the "mad dog" of Libya, is the leader of both Libya and a worldwide terrorist organization. Kaddafi is popular within Libya, despite several attempts to overthrow the government. Kaddafi is articulate, charismatic and intelligent. These traits make him a dangerous enemy.

Kaddafi was behind a number of terrorist incidents and is considered to have been behind the murder of Libyan dissidents and students who lived in the U. S. When the United States bombed Libya, Kaddafi at first threatened to begin a global war. Since then, little has been done by Kaddafi forces.

Has Kaddafi stopped his terrorism because he fears further attacks by the United States, or is he waiting for the right opportunity to strike?

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- 3 -



Bizarre stories about Idi Amin, the deposed dictator of Uganda. Amin is considered one of the most colorful, illogical and cruel leaders of the twentieth century.

Rising to power with a military group in an African nation torn by economic and tribal strife, he quickly replaced key government officials with unqualified henchmen loyal only to himself. The end result was an unresponsive and inefficient political organization that did little but plunder the wealth of his nation.

Once firmly in power, he played out many of his sadistic fantasies. It is reported that he kept entire rooms filled with the body parts of political opponents. Crocodile populations increased in the Capital due to the large numbers of bodies found in its rivers. Often he drank human blood — sometimes directly out of the arms of donors.

The fear he created was immense. Often he would participate in basketball games where no one could score points but himself. Similarly, he set up boxing matches which he understandably never lost. Once he offered to become King of Scotland and was reportedly disappointed when the request never materialized.

By 1979, the economic and social fabric of Uganda was virtually destroyed. It is estimated that he was responsible for the deaths of as many as a million Ugandians, with many more fleeing the country. Mercifully, he left the country that year after a coup. It is believed that he resides in Libya, hoping to return soon.

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- 6 -

on the whole set of cards." He also expressed a concern that children are inadequately educated about the issue of terrorism. "Kids should know what's going on in the world at large," he says, and later adds, "It's a frightening subject, but kids have every right to learn something about it."

Unfortunately, rather than educating children and the public, the cards inadvertently echo dangerous stereotypes of Third World "terrorists" which serve as symbolic enemies often demonized in the popular culture by government and media propaganda. Nonetheless, Mandel insists that the cards are an important "time capsule" of the decade-- whether we like it or not. In twenty years he hopes people will see the set of cards and learn something about our time. What will the cards say about the Eighties?

"That's a good question, it's one I can't answer," Mandel ponders. "Hopefully they will say we have all those problems behind us."

What would happen if a terrorist organization exploded a nuclear bomb right in New York City? The devastation would be incredible. More than a million people would die immediately from the direct effects of the blast. Many would be vaporized on the spot. Others would have their flesh burned off and would die soon afterwards, and still many more would die weeks later from radiation sickness.

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- 29 -



CHILDREN'S CRUSADE AGAINST COMMUNISM

When The Bombs Fall

(Original Art For Card No. 23)

If there is ever an atomic war, great cities like New York will be among the first targets. The exploding bombs will shake the whole island of Manhattan. The Empire State Building, and the other skyscrapers, will be bent into twisted bits of steel. People not caught in the falling debris will die in the heat and flames.



**FIGHT THE
RED MENACE**



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CHILDREN'S CRUSADE AGAINST COMMUNISM

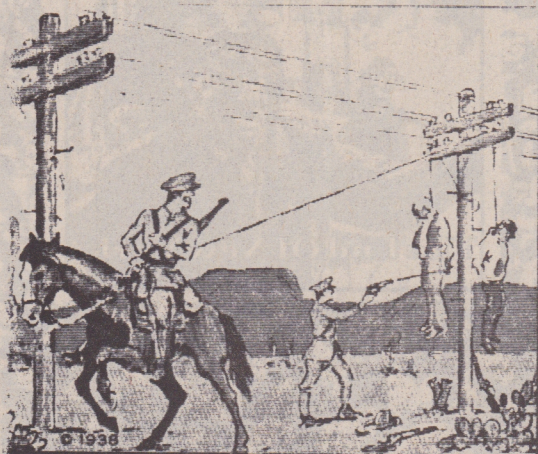
16. Negro GIs Hold Line

Negro GIs repeatedly drove off North Korean Reds who were attacking an important ridge near the Hungnam beachhead. Finally the Reds bayoneted their way into an American trench. They captured a machine gun and turned it against our defenders. But the GIs made a do-or-die stand and held the ridge. This may teach the communists a lesson. They try to *divide* us in America by reminding us of how we may happen to differ. They will learn that under the white star we are all *one* in our love and defense of God's freedom.



**FIGHT THE
RED MENACE**

Reprinted 1985 WTW Productions



Bandits Hung on Telegraph Poles

A CLASH between farmers and what was believed to be bandits occurred on June 4, 1938, near Tehuacan, in Mexico, and was quickly put down by the Mexican soldiers who captured eight of the bandits.

Ropes were tied around the necks of the captives and they were hung by being pulled up on telegraph poles. After they had killed the bandits the Mexican soldiers took turns shooting at the dangling bodies.

Bets were placed on who could shoot the eyes out and jeers sounded as a Sergeant missed seven straight shots. Soon tired of their gory fun the soldiers rode off, leaving the bodies swaying in the breeze for the vultures to eat, and as a warning to others.

Even America is not wholly free from "Lynch Law." But we stand for law and order.

DON'T LET IT HAPPEN OVER HERE

Do your bit—get all the cards and show them to everyone
International Chewing Gum Co.

Cambridge, Mass.

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No. 6

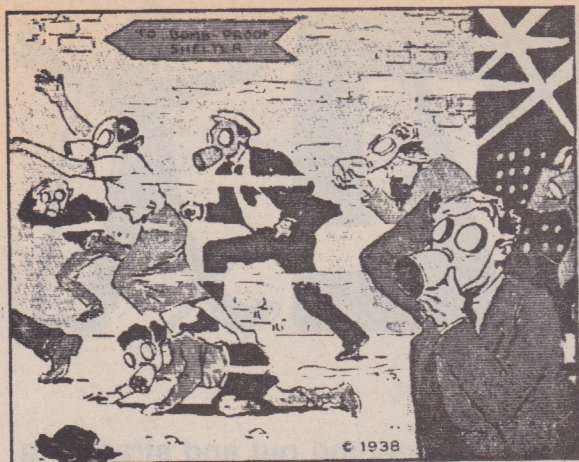
The creation of a set of cards like "Terrorist Attack" is not entirely original. While working on his cards, Mandel tapped into the American pop culture lexicon which features themes of invasion, paranoia and attack. Here is a brief survey of a few sets of trading cards manifesting these themes:

- A set released in 1938 called "Don't Let It Happen Over Here" sensationally portrays violent atrocities committed by political groups and governments throughout the world. Cards with themes like "Communists Shot Like Beasts," "Bandits Hung on Telephone Poles," "Death Rides in the Sky" and "Palestine—An Armed Camp" end with moralistic statements, inadvertently attempting to undermine isolationist sentiments of that time. One card closes with: "The American Airforce [sic] does not fight mothers and children. They love and respect them. The world revolts from such wholesale murder. DON'T LET IT HAPPEN OVER HERE."

- A 1939 set called "Horrors of War" depicted Nazi atrocities, reflecting similar sentiments expressed in the "Don't Let It Happen Over Here" set. In reprinted form, this set has recently become a popular item with card hobbyists. Ironically, a vendor commented that it's not the historical value of the cards that seem to interest people, but the cartoon-like gore of the cards.

- A set released by Bowman, Inc. in the early '50's called "Fight the Red Menace" used the Korean War as a vehicle to promote McCarthy-like anticommunist hysteria. To enhance the sense of fear of global communist takeover, the set also includes cards covering other world events such as the Indochina front (artwork renders insurgents as shirtless primitives with typical evil facial expressions), the Berlin airlift, the Greek civil war, war in Malaya and labor unrest in French shipyards (this last card inserts a little diatribe stating, "If Red action squads ever try to do such damage in American ports, our longshoremen will pin their ears back."). Other cards with anti-communist themes include "Slave Labor," "When the Bombs Fall" and one with a ghostly portrait of Stalin, while additional cards glorify America heroism, including one unusual card that celebrates the heroism of black soldiers ("Negro GIs Hold Line"). Finally, each card bears a heading which states: "Children's Crusade Against Communism."

A.L.



Chemical warfare has been banned through international treaties since World War I. Poison gas is universally regarded as one of the most horrible weapons devised; gas offers no chance of surrender, killing all who try to breathe it. Unfortunately, poison gas can be made by those with even a high school background in chemistry, and it is exceedingly cheap to produce. It seems that poison gas will be a natural weapon for the terrorists, since the terrorists are not bound by international law. Terrorists could also easily implicate the Bhopal disasters by infiltrating into chemical plants with lax security.

What is that funny smell?

© 1987
PIEDMONT CANDY COMPANY
- 32 -



Poison Gas the Unseen Killer

GAS MASKS for baby, mother and father is the law in Great Britain today, as she trains her people for air raids. 26,000,000 Gas Masks are now stored throughout the British Isles, ready for use.

Air raid shelters have also been built for emergencies. People are being taught to rush for these bomb proof shelters whenever the air raid siren sounds.

Games are played for the benefit of the smaller children, called, gas masquerades, in order that proper fitting of the masks may be quickly had.

Any time the skies may rain sudden death in the form of poison gas bombs on these innocent people, so Great Britain now prepares for the emergency that found her wanting in the World War of 1914.

Mighty Britain, with the world's greatest Navy, and upon whose Empire the sun never sets, lives in daily fear of the unseen killer, Poison Gas.

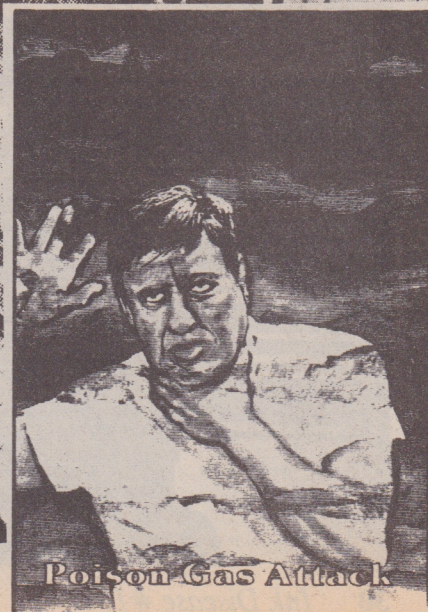
DON'T LET IT HAPPEN OVER HERE

Do your bit—get all the cards and show them to everyone

International Chewing Gum Co.

Cambridge, Mass.
© 1938. Printed in U. S. A.

No. 11



Poison Gas Attack

SCRAWL

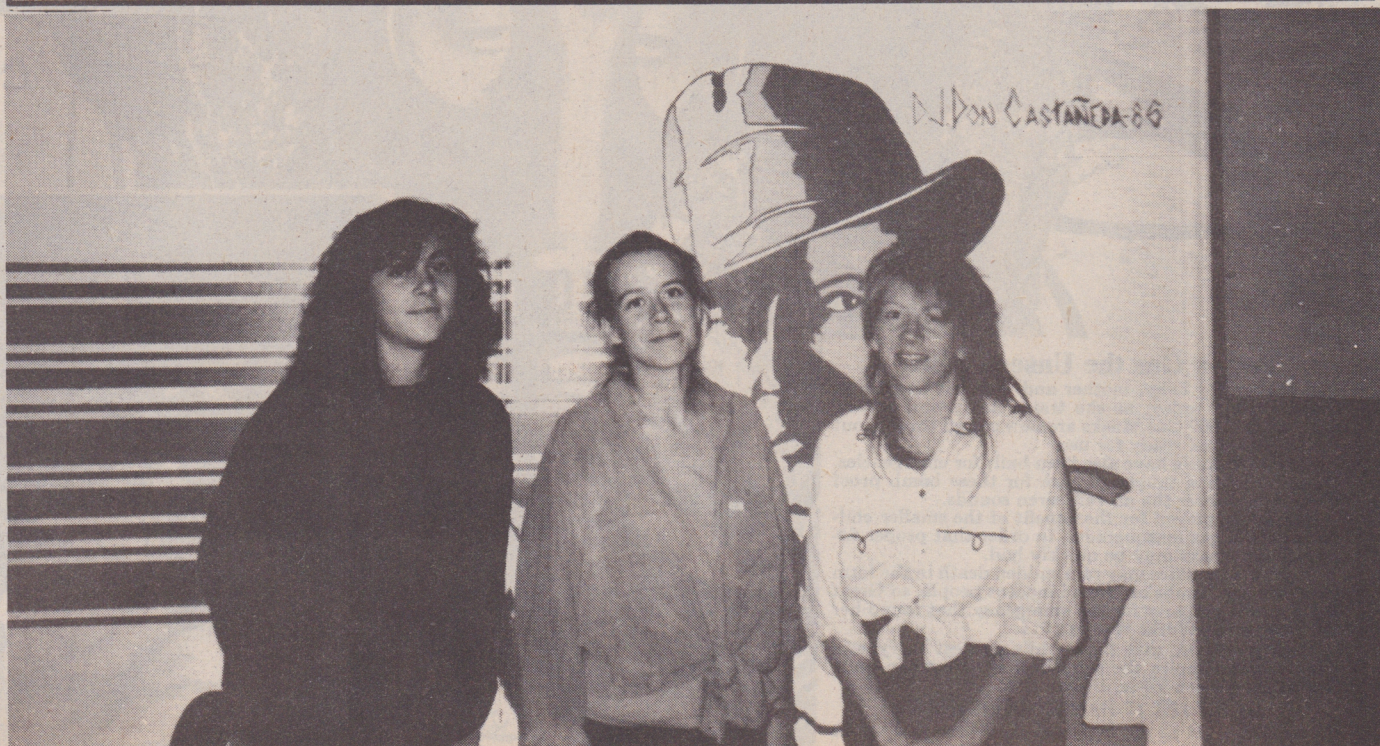


Since their self-produced debut album "Plus, Also, Too," Scrawl have captured fans with their simple, from-the-heart approach to music. Hailing from Columbus, Ohio, the band offers a basic trio sound: guitar-centered rock songs with some excellent vocal harmony work. More importantly, they don't act or sound like the typical "girl" band, which is a refreshing change. The Rough Trade release of "Smallmouth" in early 1990 has marked a distinct sharpening of the Scrawl sound, and these three ladies seem poised to carve their own way in an industry

notorious for weeding out and strangling true artistry. It seemed high time for an Ink Disease interview, and so on September 27th, 1990 Richard and Bob made the long trek to Bogart's in Long Beach, where Scrawl was doing an opening slot for the Dead Milkmen. We encountered a very cordial Sue Harshe by the stage door. We conducted the following interview with everyone seated in a circle, underneath the image of Bogie himself by the club entrance. Scrawl is Sue Harshe, bass and vocals; Marcy Mays, guitar and vocals; and Carolyn O' Leary, drums.

Carolyn, Sue and Marcy pose for photo outside of Bogarts

Photo by Bob Rangel



ID: How is the "Smallmouth" tour going?

Sue Harshe: It's going really well.

Carolyn O' Leary: Great.

Sue: We came out here in June of this year, and it's like night and day. This tour, it's been really good.

ID: You played L.A. in June?

Sue: The club we were going to play (Second Coming) closed down. We're cursed, because it happened again this time (Hollywood Live).

ID: Did you play somewhere else last time?

Carolyn: Yeah, the Shamrock club.

Sue: I think there were about four people there, with Scrawl shirts, who knew we were going to be there. And that was it. They were really diligent to find out, because no one knew.

ID: How has "Smallmouth" been doing?

Sue: We think it's doing alright, it's been selling fairly well.

Carolyn: It's been getting airplay, a lot more airplay than the last record.

Sue: It sounds so much better.

ID: Have you had any negative reactions, because it's more polished and clean-sounding?

Both: Yeah.

ID: Do people think you're going "commercial"?

Sue: Well, it was actually "produced" this time. We had a producer, Gary Smith, who's worked with so many bands.

Before, we literally produced ourselves, on the first record. On the second, we had an engineer who did it. So yeah, it (the third record) is a lot (more produced)... I don't think we'll ever make that record again. But now, we certainly know what we don't like and what we do like.

ID: Yeah, you have refined your sound.

Sue: It ("Smallmouth") was very produced. Some of it sounds really good, and some of it is... very produced (laughs). I mean, it's very radio-friendly, you know?

Carolyn: It sounds, sonically, better than the last couple.

Sue: It's not white noise, or anything like that. So that's nice. But there are other things in there that I think we'd like to tone down a little.

ID: What does "Smallmouth" mean?

Carolyn: What does it mean to you?

ID: Well... I don't know.

Sue: It's just a fishing term. It's a fish.

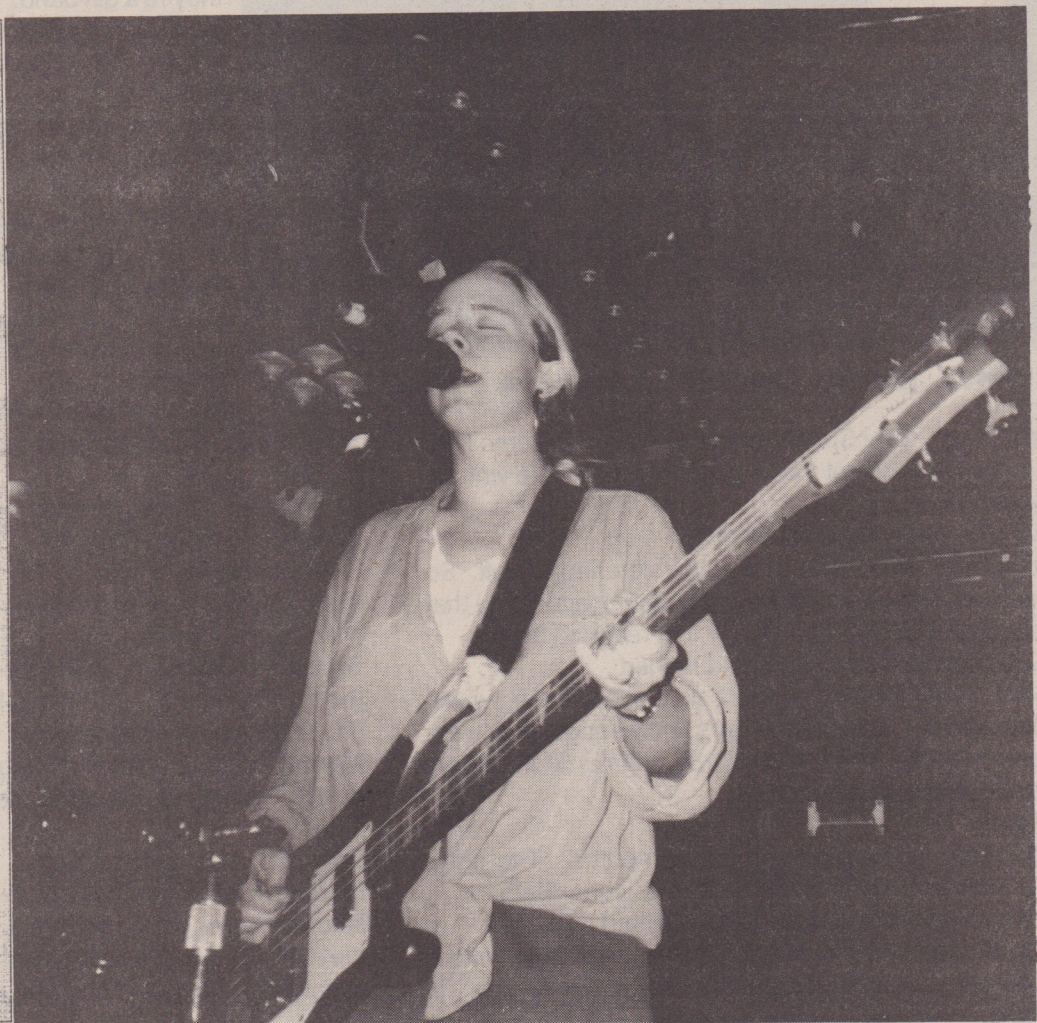
ID: Do you fish?

Sue: Carolyn does. It ended up being a band joke, one of those stupid band jokes that kind of got out of control...

Carolyn: We wanted an obscure angling term, but we couldn't think of any.

Photos by Bob

Sue, ragin' full on!

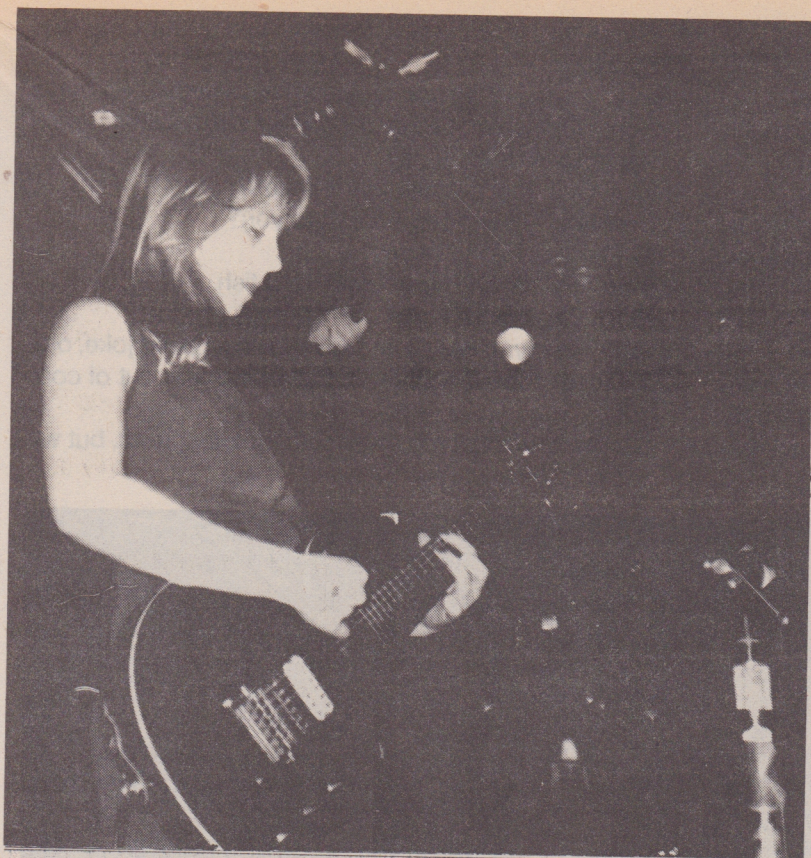


Sue: We were too lazy to look, so we just decided to use "Smallmouth." It can mean so much, too, it doesn't have to mean a fish.

ID: Did you know the album would be more produced when you were writing songs? Did you write differently?

Sue: Yeah, we did. Some of the songs we wrote in the studio, in that whole atmosphere. We were submerged in the production, from day one.

Carolyn: But even some of the songs that were writ-



Marcy, picture perfect at Bogarts *Photo by Bob*

ten before, Gary Smith would say, "Let's do some fine-tuning." They're not the original way they were written.

Sue: Which is good.

ID: You prefer them that way?

Sue: Well, we cut out a lot of the extraneous stuff. So yeah, a lot of it was written in the studio, and it had that feel, I think. We weren't really that ready to do it.

ID: It seems a little short, and rushed.

Sue: Yeah. A friend of ours said that each song was a little concept, and they weren't really songs, they were just concepts. That's kind of true, I think. (Marcy Mays joins us.) Hi, Marce.

Marcy: Hello.

ID: We were discussing "Smallmouth." The song "Charles" reminds me of the old Kiss song "Beth."

Everybody: Yeah! It should (laughter).

ID: So you had it in mind? Did you set out to write a role-reversal feminist anthem?

Marcy: No, no. Once we did it, and the one line popped out of someone's mouth, "Me and the girls are playing, we just can't get it right," then, yeah. But it wasn't like, "I want to write a song about that."

Carolyn: It was the feel of that day's practice, it kind of got out of hand.

ID: Okay. I knew I had to ask that.

Sue: Very perceptive.

ID: Well, we're Kiss fans from way back.

Sue: Me too. Kiss Army. You got your little decal? I lost mine.

ID: Scrawl is often categorized with "girl bands" like L-

7 or Frightwig. Do you think that limits your potential audience?

Sue: It could.

Marcy: Yeah, but it depends. Everybody lumps bands in with somebody.

Carolyn: Everyone needs a category.

Marcy: I wouldn't say that we're anything like Frightwig, or L-7. Musically.

Sue: It is unfair, in a way. And it's just as unfair for them to get lumped in with us.

Marcy: But we have had people say, "You sound just like Babes in Toyland," or "You sound just like Frightwig." And we're like, "What, are you deaf?" Some people do say "they're a girl band," as if that describes what you sound like. In some cases it does, but in other cases it doesn't. It's like saying you're...

Sue: An "all-guy" band.

ID: Did you set out to make an all-girl band?

Marcy: We just liked each other, and had fun playing together. Which is probably what guys do, too.

ID: So if you had met guys you enjoyed playing with, would they have been in the band?

Marcy: Yeah, I think so. But at the time...

Sue: We were both in bands that had a majority of men in them.

ID: That was my next question. What kinds of bands were you in, before Scrawl?

Sue: Hardcore bands.

Marcy: Yeah, kind of hardcore bands. Carolyn was in a blues, R&B band.

Sue: She (Carolyn) was in a lot of bands. She was like, the town drummer. You'd see her on everything.

ID: What was the scene like in Columbus, Ohio?

Marcy: It's pretty small. Things change a lot, there's not a lot of staying power. Some interesting things happen.

Carolyn: It's a college town.

Marcy: A lot of university stuff goes on. So when the students leave, the bands break up. And the next year, they reform. Mostly college bands, and you know that eventually, most of them will go on to do something else.

ID: I read that you got together to open for the Meat Puppets.

Marcy: Yeah. We had been doing this thing for a couple months, and this guy in town who booked all the shows, saw it and said "If you can get something together by this date, you can open for the Meat Puppets." That's pretty much what we did. It wasn't, "We're going to start a band, make records, do gigs," it was strictly--

Carolyn: "We're gonna open for the Meat Puppets!"

Marcy: That was it. It wasn't any long-term thing.

ID: How soon after that did you do the first record?

Marcy: It was a while.

Carolyn: About a year.

ID: And how did that come about?

Sue: Friends gave us money to do it.

Marcy: They said, "if you want to make a record, we'll give you the money." And we said, "Sure." We just did it 8-track, in a friend's basement.

ID: Is that how you got the deal with Rough Trade?

Marcy: Yeah. A couple of people got their hands on it, and they were one of them. They came to Columbus to see us play live.

Carolyn: We liked them, they liked us.

ID: Do you still like them? How is your relationship?

Marcy: It's okay. Right now we're at a standstill with them, because we can or can not do another album with them. It just depends on what we decide.

ID: If you don't return to Rough Trade, what will you do?

Marcy: We want to make demos. We've never made demos before, for an album, we've just gone in the studio and done it. So we just want to make demos this time, and...

ID: Shop around?

Marcy: Yeah.

Sue: Possibly, yeah. We're not ultra-attached to Columbus, you know. It's pretty cheap, it's where we live, it's where we met.

ID: Do you all have family there?

Sue and Carolyn: Yeah.

Marcy: I don't. I just moved there, 'cause Sue lived there.

ID: Where were you from originally?

Marcy: I grew up in West Virginia. I went to school at a university near Columbus, which is where we met, through mutual friends. And then we started playing. So really, I just moved to Columbus because I didn't know where else to go. And I knew I wanted to be in a band, and that was probably a good place to be in a band.

ID: Does the song "Breaker, Breaker" reflect any actual reactions you've had from people, about being in a band?

Marcy: About traveling? Oh, no. The song was written about a family member, but not a family member who's a truck driver (as is the protagonist of "Breaker Breaker"). It's like two different themes. It's kind of like that, but it wasn't about me. But I suppose now, it could be.

ID: Well, have you had negative feedback from family or friends?

Marcy: My family's really, really supportive. They would like nothing better than for me to be in a band right now. They're just really into it.

Sue: My mom's great. My dad's a little skeptical, but he keeps his mouth shut (laughs).

Marcy: I think Carolyn's family is pretty good.

Carolyn: Yeah, they don't, like, not let us in the house

or anything.

Sue: They know, it's not like we're not going to be doing it anyway.

Marcy: As soon as my parents saw my face in the New York Times, that was it.

Sue: You just have to send them one picture, from one magazine.

Marcy: Yeah, then you're legitimate. Even though my dad keeps saying, "You've been telling me you're going to make money for three years!" Dad, believe me, it's just around the corner.

ID: What evolution have you seen in your sound? Up to this point, and on from this point?

Marcy: Well, it's more polished. We're actually proficient now, we can play...

ID: It's very noticeable. No offense.

Marcy: Oh, yeah. And it's great. I mean, I would hope so. But, I don't think that means we'll start playing more... I think we'll still use our basic strategy, which is to keep it simple. But God, who knows? It'll keep changing, I'm sure it'll keep changing.

ID: Do you have new songs?

Marcy: We have parts of songs. They tend to be a lot more hard.

Carolyn: Heavier.

ID: Like your first songs, which are rougher?

Marcy: But the songs themselves are really prettier, a lot of them, than what we play now. Like "Standing Around" and "Gutterball," they sound almost like pop songs compared to a lot of stuff that we did on "Smallmouth," but "Smallmouth" just sounds different.



The production just has so much to do with it. When we were writing songs for "Smallmouth," we thought "Hey, this is going to be a real hard rock album." But it didn't come out that way. So it's really weird. You know, it's interesting, to hope that the next time we do an album, we'll have the "ideal" studio situation. We'll see what happens.

Carolyn: Every time we have recorded, it's been completely different.

Marcy: We'd like to go back and do all three of them over, the way that we wanted to do them. But, time and money, that's just the way it goes.

ID: What's your connection with FIREHOSE? You always thank them on your records.

Marcy: That's it, we just thank them (laughs).

ID: Did you know Ed before he came out here?

Marcy: Yeah, we knew Ed.

ID: Is he an Ohio folk hero now?

Everybody: Yeah, he is.

Carolyn: Especially the way he did that, you know to just come out here (to San Pedro).

SUE: It took a lot of balls.

Marcy: We toured with them, probably two and a half years ago was the first time.

SUE: They gave us a lot of breaks, they were really supportive of us, before anyone.

ID: Was that because they liked the band?

Marcy: I think Ed turned them on to us first. Then once we played with them, I think they were all pretty much into it.

Carolyn: We all got along.

Marcy: When we play together, the audience seems to like both bands. You know? We're a good opening act for them.

Carolyn: We're doing twelve dates with them.

Marcy: But it's out East, again. We played at the I-Beam with them. And it was great, except the whole night was fucked up because there were two major label bands, and their labels bought all the tickets. So it wasn't a Scrawl or FIREHOSE audience.

Sue: They were outside, trying to listen, and everyone inside had complimentary tickets.

ID: Have you done any videos?

Marcy: No. It got pushed around, and Rough Trade, financially, just did not want to invest money in us, on a video.

ID: They've done it for other people?

Marcy: Yeah. But they just decided that they didn't want to do a Scrawl video. And we didn't have the money to do one.

Carolyn: They said it was a waste of money.

Sue: I think the theory of a lot of record labels is (that they'll be) spending \$3,000 on a video (that will be) played once. But it does work, or no one would do it in the first place.

Carolyn: Fifty million people see it.

Marcy: So, I don't know, for whatever reasons, their Scrawl strategy just did not include videos.

Carolyn: Or marketing (laughs).

Sue: A lot of stuff.

ID: What song would you have done?

Marcy: We probably would have done "Charles," when the album came out. Now, I don't know. I wouldn't even mind going back and doing "Green Beer," from "He's Drunk." Because everyone loves that song. It's the kind of song where, you almost wish you hadn't written it. I mean, you start to wonder if you have any other good songs.

Carolyn: It's a lot to live up to.

Marcy: But I'd like to do a video for that one. And I don't see why we couldn't.

ID: You could do a live video.

Marcy: Yeah, that's true. Hey, that's a good idea.

Carolyn: Yeah, we can put it out with our live album.

Marcy: "Scrawl Live 2."

Carolyn: "2 Live Scrawl"?

ID: Had you been to L.A. before the band?

Marcy: Never. The first time we tried to get in, we couldn't. The traffic, the rain... we came here, and it never rains, right? And on the freeway, people were at a complete standstill, for two and a half hours. We just turned around and left. (At this point, soundperson Annette joins us, with a ghastly wound on her otherwise flawless leg.)

Sue: Annette!

Marcy: Ugh, isn't that sick?

ID: Are you okay?

Annette: Yeah, I cut myself. One of those sound injuries.

Marcy: Anyway, I don't think L.A. is a town you can get a grip on, just driving through. On the surface, it's a lot like what you hear L.A. is like. You know, suntans, nice cars. We went to the Rainbow last night.

Sue: It was so fun.

Marcy: It was a blast. Big hair. But that was fun, that was the L.A. I wanted to see, right there.

ID: Do you have any male groupies? (Everyone laughs.)

Marcy: Yeah, I guess. But, we don't really call them that. They will say, "I'm a groupie." We just call them friends. They usually end up being acquaintances anyway, after a couple of shows.

ID: What other bands do you like? Besides Kiss?

Marcy: Kiss, Aerosmith is just great. Cheap Trick.

Carolyn: Ask us in a week. We just bought thirteen tapes.

ID: What did you get?

Everyone: (they start naming bands) Harm Farm, Jazz Butcher, Poison, Extreme, Smokey Robinson, Flaming Lips, Jane's Addiction...

Marcy: And in the van, we have FIREHOSE, Bad Company.

ID: Do you ever listen to yourselves?

Sue: Who?

Marcy: Never. Not unless I'm trying to remember the words to a song.

ID: How did you decide to cover the Eurythmics song "I Need You"?

Marcy: I just had the album, I like the song. I figured it out one day, and we needed another song, so we did it. We're waiting for Annie Lennox to write us a big letter.

Carolyn: It's at the P.O. box, waiting.

Sue: With an appreciation check (laughs).

ID: Do you ever change your live set around?

Marcy: Yeah.

Sue: It depends, you know. If people are screaming and throwing beer, we're not going to break into "Which One are You" or "Out of Mind."

ID: Have you had any funny incidents at live shows?

Sue: We played in Montreal, and they served free beer. So, people went nuts.

Marcy: They were throwing everything they could get their hands on at us. Not because they didn't like us.

ID: Just because of the party atmosphere?

Marcy: Yeah. And we got off the stage, and people just ran up and were hugging us.

Sue: We couldn't understand a word they were saying, 'cause they were speaking in French!

Marcy: It was really odd. That was great. Funny things, yeah; we've played some really scary shows in some redneck towns. But every band has those, where the locals are saying, "I'm gonna kick your ass if you don't get off the stage."

Sue: There's been a few shows in Columbus, where we've had sorority girls who really love us. A lot of metal women, too.

Marcy: (in rock-bimbo voice) "You guys rock." You know? So there's a lot of crossover. I think that women, in general, probably like us pretty well. And I'm glad about that. Because I know that there's a lot of all-women bands that I just hate, and every woman I know hates, because they're alienating the whole woman part of the world. Just by their choice of what they're doing.

Sue: Most women don't enjoy seeing other women wrapped up in Saran-Wrap.

Marcy: And I think that because we're not doing that, people really appreciate it.

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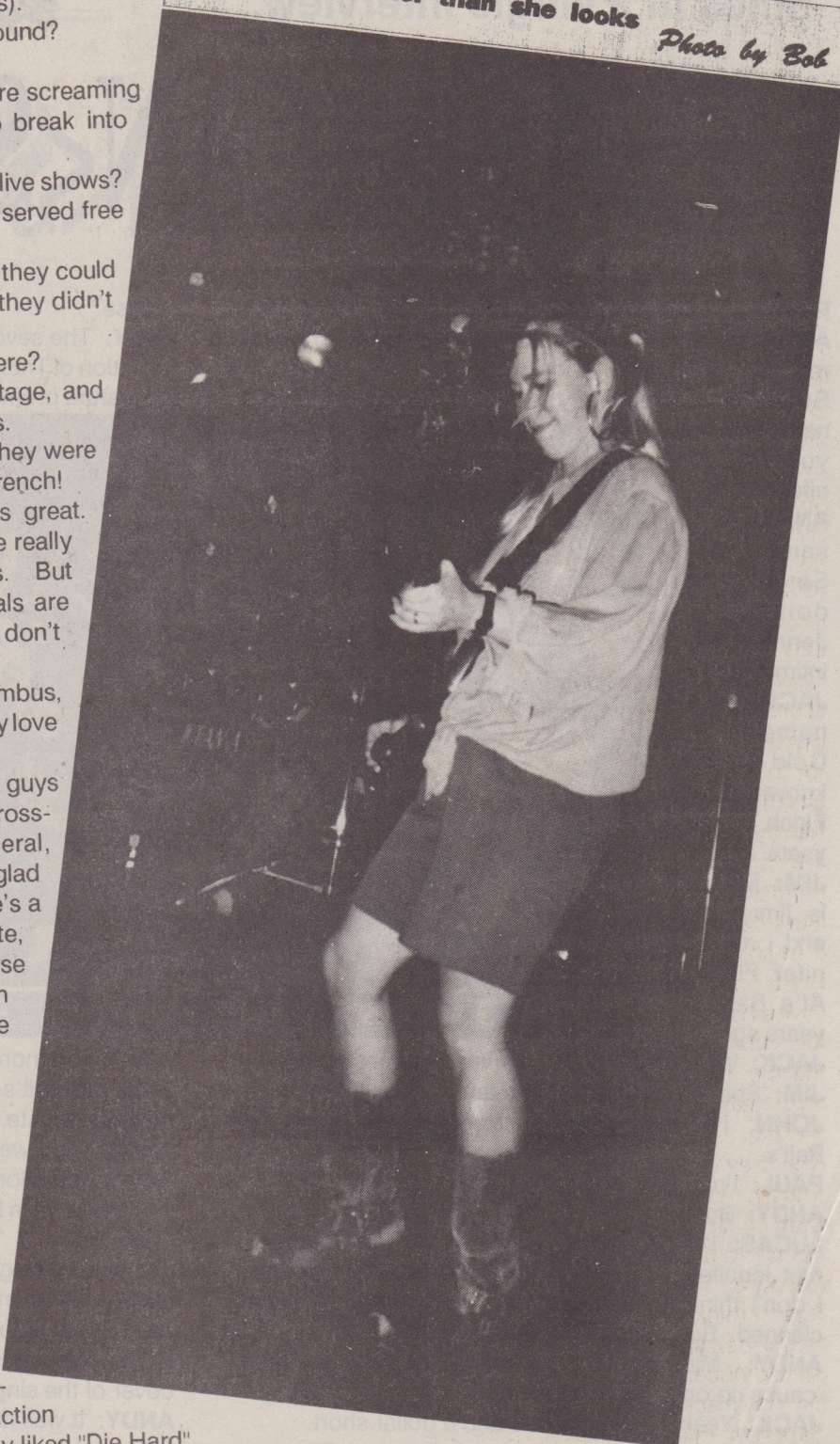
We finished out the evening's conversation with a discussion of television and movies. Some highlights: Carolyn likes Tom Cruise and action movies, Sue likes foreign films, Marcy liked "Die Hard" and dislikes personal relationship films, they all loved "The Exorcist," Carolyn and Sue loved "The Shining" but

Marcy can't even watch a commercial for it, they like "Twin Peaks," they like "Star Trek," and on occasion Marcy likes to watch "stupid, gratuitous sex films." We at Ink Disease would like to thank them for a great interview, and if you, Gentle Reader, have not yet sampled the Scrawl sound for yourself, you might wish to do

S O

Sue, She's meaner than she looks

Photo by Bob



Some classy rock and roll awaits you. Shouldn't that be enough?

Trashcan School were interviewed on September 1st, 1990, in the parking lot of Eugene's, in Pico Rivera. We began this interview with my attempt at breaking Al Flipside's record for name dropping Jennifer Finch of L-7 the most times in a single interview.

By Bob Cantu

TRASHCAN SCHOOL

ROB: We'll start with your names...

ANDY: And our favorite movies...We did that one already!

ROB: Forget that one, then. This time give us your name and how you met Jennifer Finch.

ANDY: My name is Andy Seven and I don't know Jennifer Finch intimately!

JACK: My name is Jack Gold and I've known Jennifer Finch for eight years.

JIM: My name is Jimmy Miller and I met Jennifer Finch at Al's Bar, two years ago.

JACK: What was she doing when you met her?

JIM: She was with Jack Gold and he was loaded!

JOHN: I'm John, I play guitar and I met Jennifer at Raji's.

PAUL: I'm Paul, and I don't play bass.

ANDY: But he will.

LUCAS: I'm Lucas and I'm the former bass player. I met Jennifer Finch at Al's bar. She was with Jack Gold. I don't think he was loaded. I think he was freshly cleaned. But, he looked a little tired...

ANDY: Manny's our drummer and he's not here, 'cause no one tells him anything.

JACK: Yeah, he's a day late and a dollar short.

ROB: What's the story on the new seven inch Dionysus

release?

ANDY: The seven inch Dionysus is from an earlier incarnation of Trashcan school. Those are songs that we still feature prominently in our set, so I felt like releasing

it. I really like those versions. I don't intend to re-record them. I think they're still pretty relevant to our overall sound. I'm pretty proud of it.

ROB: "Satan's Favorite Groupie" is a good song.

ANDY: When Christmas comes along we'll change it to "Santa's Favorite Groupie." I



Jack, Lucas, and Andy *Photo by Bob Cantu*

think it'll be more rockin'.

JACK: Plus, it's more socially acceptable in this chilled political climate.

ANDY: And we don't have to put a sticker on it, like Jane's Addiction. We're going to put a naked papier mache Santa in Bed with papier mache groupies on the cover.

JACK: We're going to put out a white cover with the First Amendment on it printed backwards. So, we won't have any problems getting the record into K-Mart.

ROB: Whose idea was the Gil Kane artwork on the cover of the single?

ANDY: It was mine. It's from a comic book that came out twenty years ago called "His Name is Savage." That



John, guitar *Photo by Bob Cantu*

was the first comic to defy the comics code's authority stamp. Nowadays everybody is doing comics with violence and sex, but this was back in '67. Anyway, it's a real old comic and it has, like, super violence. There's stuff in that comic that's amazing. It wasn't successful. It only lasted two issues.

ROB: You also do a song called "Ride On, Silver Surfer"...

ANDY: We're definitely influenced by comic books and splatter movies. We even do a song called "Phantasm III." I called up the director of the "Phantasm" movies and I told him I wrote a song called "Phantasm III" and the guy just laughed. He said, "Oh, really..." and I said, "No, really. It's a real cool song and you can use it for your next movie." The guy just took down my phone number and said "I'll call you when it happens." Y'know, he was just jerkin' me off big time. I could feel the vibration over the phone.

JACK: The check's in the mail...

ANDY: Yeah, the vibration's in the mail.

ROB: So, the name Trashcan School comes from...

ANDY: We answered that in Flipside. That's where Garbage Pail kids go - to Trashcan School.

JACK: We went to college, but everyone else goes to Trashcan School.

ROB: Did you all go to college?

JIM: Yeah. I graduated from college...a few years ago.

ANDY: How old are you, Jim?

JIM: Uh...I just turned twenty...

ANDY: He's a year older than me.

JIM: I worry a lot about whether my fake ID will work.

ROB: You guys have gotten into trouble before for playing a bit loud...

ANDY: We've had the power shut off on us several times.

ROB: What happened?

ANDY: Well, we were playing with Satan's Sadists and I was so into the Satanic mood that I was preaching the gospel of Satan in between songs. The soundman was this British born-again nudwick and after about the fifth or sixth song he totally shut me off.

JACK: And he offered us twenty dollars to stop playing.

ROB: Would that have been more or less than what you usually get paid?

ANDY: More, probably. And then this drunken buffoon had the nerve to tell me that this was a free country and people had a right to express themselves.

LUCAS: As he pulled a knife out! We had to explain to him that freedom of expression didn't extend to physical violence.

ANDY: I told him that freedom of expression extended



Andy, sax *Photo by Bob Cantu*



Andy, vocals *Photo by Bob Cantu*

to me telling him to go fuck himself to death.

JIM: Let's not forget Liz at the Flipside party at Al's Bar.

ROB: What about Liz and the Flipside party at Al's?

JIM: We were supposed to go on after Pop Defect and Liz, the woman who books Al's Bar, waited for us to set up our equipment and then she shut the power off. After we were on stage and ready to play! So, anyone who plays at Al's is no friend of Trashcan School!

JACK: Jim Miller goes on record here...

ANDY: She's done that to other people, not just us. We're banned from there and we like it that way.

JIM: You can tell what an uncool club Al's is by the bands that are banned from there. L-7, Pop Defect, Trashcan School... The list goes on...

ROB: You guys seem to gig pretty often, like every two days or something...

ANDY: Yeah, every two days!

ROB: That's a slight exaggeration. What's the strategy behind that?

ANDY: We want you to get totally sick of our music.

JACK: Yeah, and we begin to miss each other a lot if we don't see each other all the time. It's the hectic rehearsal schedule pace that cements the deep bond that we all feel for each other.

ANDY: Like Crazy Glue...

ROB: I've yet to hear an accurate description of your sound from anyone. What do you guys think you sound

like?

JACK: A lot of people have told me that they hear things that we don't even play 'cause of all the overtones, y'know, with the distortions. So we're like the Emperor's New Music in that way.

JIM: We're a cross between Crazy Horse and Jazz Butchers.

ANDY: Be Bop thrash...

JACK: What was that thing on that flyer? That was perfect! That summed up Trashcan School to a T. "Weird chords..."

ANDY: "Rude chords, Gypsy phraseology and compulsory distortion."

JACK: That's Trashcan School!

ROB: Did you make that up?

ANDY: No, that was Tom Waits describing his guitar player. But it was good enough to steal, so... We love Tom Waits! We all traveled through Tom Waits' scrotum sac. We were swimming

in his balls before we put this band together.

Boy, what a big vessel that was!



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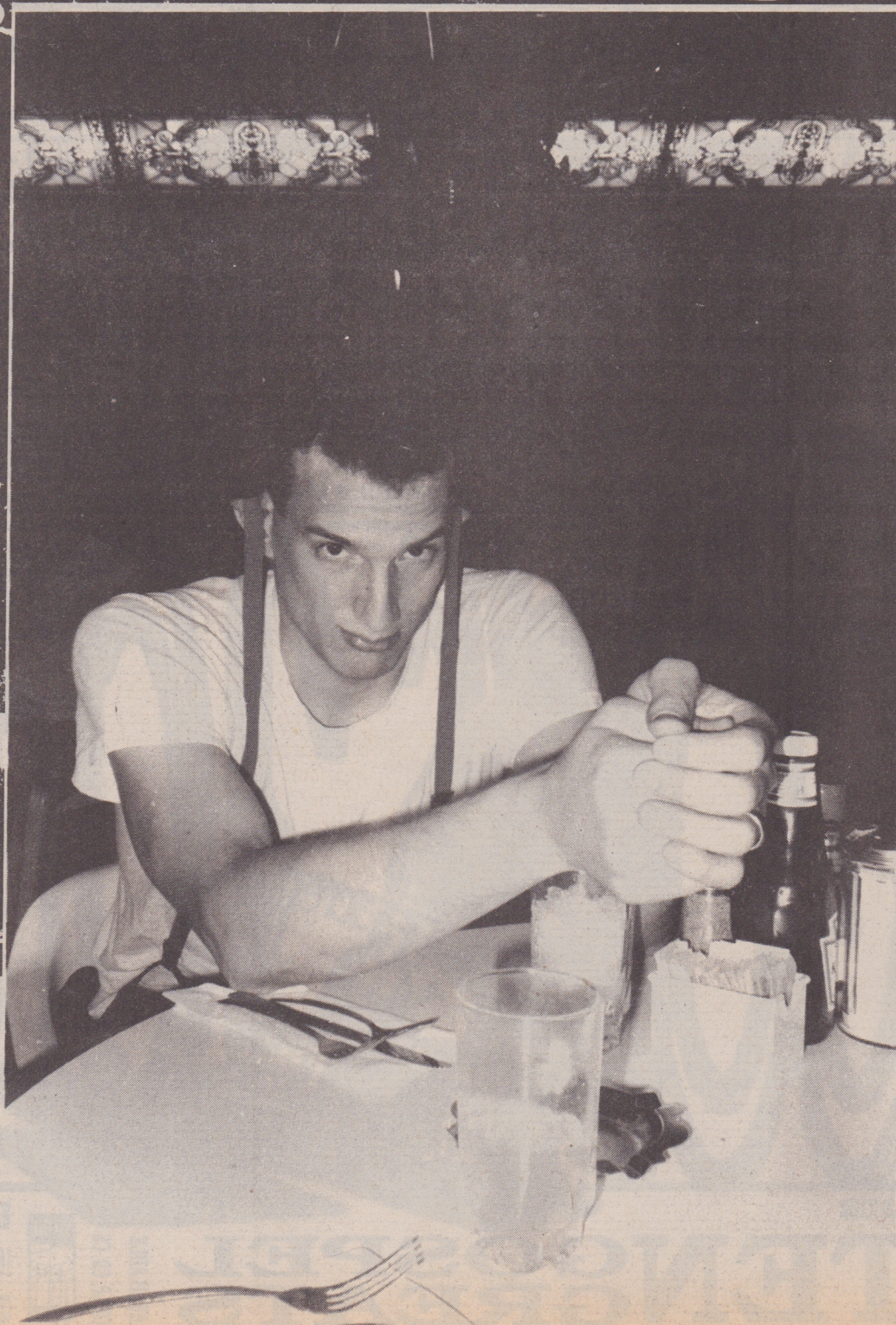
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NAKED RAYGUN



This interview took place in Chicago at the end of September, 1990. The latest Naked Raygun line-up talked to us after a demanding photo session at the studio of Marc Harris. The interview was held at the Golden Apple on Clark St, where the band downed what was obviously a much needed meal. While talking about touring, the merits of football and baseball stadiums Thomas tried unsuccessfully to keep some kind of focus on this interview.



Only in America-Bill, Jeff, Eric and Pierre

Jeff: (I'll have a chocolate shake and vegetable soup) We're tape recording this in case we get the wrong order.

Eric: (I'll have the meatloaf dinner [which includes mashed potatoes. All are impressed by this "ballsy" move. This guy knows how to order.]) Guard this! (he makes a pile of pepper and salt). If it is not here when I get back this (the rest of the salt) goes on your head, okay. Thanks, be right back.

Jeff: Don't worry about him.

ID: What were some of the places you recorded?

Pierre: (I'd like the six piece French Toast): The most recent (release) was recorded at Jericho.

Jeff: "Jettison" was recorded half at Jericho half at Sears. **Pierre:** "Understand?" was recorded at Tanglewood studios. Then this one was recorded at Trax.

Jeff: Fluffy was our engineer.

Pierre: The one before that, "All Rise," was recorded all at Sears. Before that, was before I was in the band.

ID: So, how was your European tour?

Jeff: Our European tour was good, it was just that it was grueling.

ID: What was the highpoint?

Jeff: (quietly) Taking showers.

ID: When was the tour?

Pierre: All of May. It was something like forty days.

Jeff: We were there for more than a month, like five weeks.

Eric: (He returns, and looking at the table says,) Ha, ha, ha. (I'm ready to die. They all start ha, ha, ha-ing).

Jeff: Eric, what was the highpoint of the tour?

Eric: Breaking down in...

Jeff: Anacree; just outside of Geneva, still in France, at three in the morning, after driving for twelve hours.

Eric: It was beautiful. I like that.

Pierre: Oh man, France is disgusting.

Bill: (I'll just have an order of Fries, please): I hate France.

Eric: France really sucks.

Jeff: Just as we leave France in an English vehicle we enter Switzerland and have to get a French vehicle and drive back to England in it. The whole time we said, "Who told the French they could make automobiles anyway?"

ID: What are the photos (from the session you just did) going to be used for?

Eric: Porno stuff.

Bill: Blue Boy.

Jeff: In case some magazines actually want color photos. We have tons of black and white stuff, but not very many color. We're thinking of re-doing our press kit all in four color.

ID: You have a single that just came out and an album coming out soon?

Pierre: The album should be out the 19th of October. The album's been sort of semi-catastrophic. It took us about three times as long as normal.

ID: How many people come to see you in Europe?

Eric: It's pretty much like the U.S. In the big cities we get fairly big crowds like we do when we play in Frisco, or New York.

Jeff: The biggest countries for us are Germany and England.

Pierre: In Germany you get big crowds no matter where you go. It's great playing for the Germans, they love punk rock. And we like to deliver punk rock to the Germans.

Eric: Enough said.

ID: What are your favorite Chicago bands, right now?

All: Sludgeworth.

Pierre: They are actually really good. I really do like them. (The waitress interrupted, at this point, and the talk switched to baseball.)

Jeff: When is the last White Sox game?

ID: Sunday.

Jeff: Wow, this Sunday.

Pierre: The last game in old Comiskey Park.

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JAWBOX

Jeff: Fuck that park. That park sucks.

ID: They have the new one almost finished.

Jeff: You know what they ought to rip down is Soldier Field. They should rip it down really fast. That's the worst place to see anything. It's really flat, you can't see even if you're really close. But if you're halfway back you're two miles too far away.

Bill: They built it right on the lake across from a mini airplane, airport. All day buzz (he makes the noise).

Eric: Not only that, but all day it's breezy and windy.

Jeff: The best thing about professional sports is T.V. You can watch it at home. It's the best place to watch it. It's the greatest.

Pierre: You have to admit, like football, if you go to a game you're just going to see guys piling into each other. Then you forget what happens, then you see only one part of the ball carrier, you don't see all these extra shots. So, you get to see much more of the game on T.V.

Bill: Plus, you have guys telling you what is happening.

Jeff: Everybody always brings their T.V.'s to sports events anyway.

ID: Where do you guys play in town? When you play in Chicago?

Pierre: The Riviera.

Eric: That's about it lately.

ID: How big is that?

Pierre: About three thousand.

Jeff: I think we get around...

Eric: Three hundred... (he laughs)

Jeff: Last time we had twentyfour hundred.

Eric: Oh, yeah that's right. It was two thousand, plus four hundred on the guest list.

ID: How did you get Bill in the band?

Eric: Mail order.

Pierre: We bought him.

Jeff: We called him.

ID: He was across the street. "(Hey you.) Come over hear. You, do you want to be in a band?"

Jeff: First we called this guy he used to be in a band with, Lenny.

ID: What band?

Jeff: They were really good.

Pierre: Product 19.

Jeff: They played with us once at the Metro.

Pierre: And Jeff remembered. He says, "I remember this guitar player from Product 19. He had..."

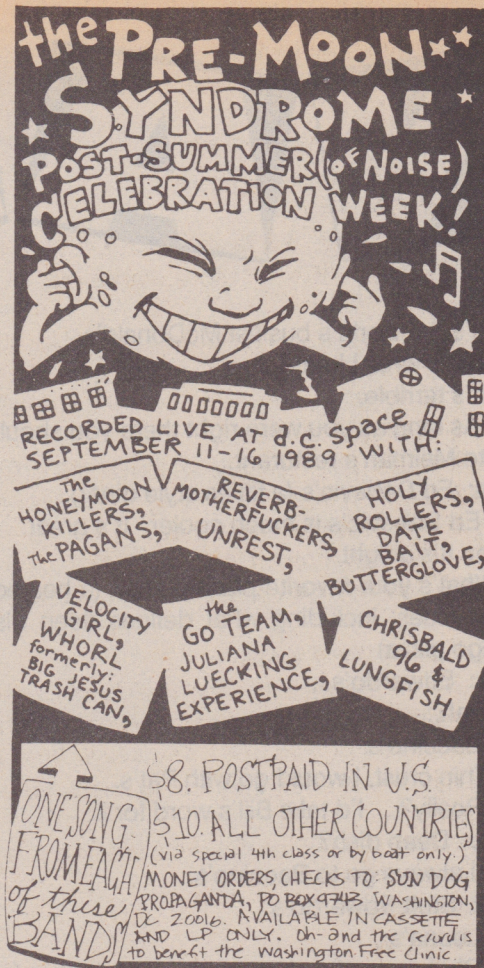
Jeff: "...such a huge sound."

Pierre: He said, "We have to get him." We said, "He'll never join Naked Raygun. He probably hates us."

Jeff: He was in college in Washington D.C. Lenny said, "I can't give you his phone number." Did you know that?

Bill: He didn't know it. I'm sure he didn't know it. My brother called me.

Eric: But that's okay, we still have his amp and we never paid him.



ID: Did you finish school?

Bill: When I heard about the whole thing I had about one week left of school.

Jeff: We told Bill, "The real key to joining this band is- we have a tour booked out East and you have to learn all of our songs in a week."

ID: Did he do it?

Jeff: Bill learned all of our songs that we ever wrote. He can even do songs we only played once and that was the time when we recorded them. Not only that, but he knows every song ever written, besides-by anybody. Which is weird.

Bill: Including "Girl from Ipinima."

Pierre: So, we had a choice between Bill and this guy named the Carp.

Bill: And the guy from Material Issue?

Pierre: We never tried him out. We only tried out you and the guy who used to play in Broken Bones.

Bill: Tell me about it.

Pierre: The Carp was bad.

Eric: He was rich.

Pierre: He was rich so we thought about it for awhile. His dad had a place with a pool. Said we could practice there. We did seriously think about it for a while. It would have been a mistake. We might have enjoyed it.

Jeff: The Carp wasn't bad.

Pierre: He was terrible, Chez.

ID: I was taken to the McDonald's with all the stuff in it

NAKED

today?

Bill: It's the world's busiest McDonald's.

ID: That's what I heard.

Bill: It's terrible.

Jeff: As long as you were right there you should have went to Melman's resutrant...

Pierre: Ed Debevic's (a fifties style diner).

Jeff: Ed Debevic's is much cooler. It's great.

Pierre: It's alright.

ID: What's your favorite pizza place? (a heated argument ensues, including what defines deep dish and Chicago pizza)

Pierre: Edwardo's...

Bill: Nah...

Jeff: Baccino's.

Bill: Thin crust, I would go with Pat's.

Jeff: Really?... I'd take Bill's word for it.

Pierre: Deep dish?

Jeff: I always go to Baccino's.

Pierre: Stuft-Edwardo's.

Eric: Leona's.

Jeff: Oh, Leonas has bad pizza. Good other food.

Bill: You like Leona's.

Eric: I like Leona's.

Bill: Leona's blow.

Jeff: I used to order a pizza every week from Baccino's. I know Baccino's pizza. I was in a rut, okay.

Bill: Baccino's is good.

Pierre: Baccino's is fine, but Edwardo's is better.

Bill: If you want a fucking Chicago pizza you go to Gino's.

Pierre: Or Luminatti's.

Bill: It's the same thing.

Pierre: They got this dough, the dough is made with beer in it, which is tasty. They spread the sausage out...(they fight over how many pieces they can eat.)

Bill: Let's talk about steak burritos.

Pierre: When we order breakfast on the road, Spicer just orders two breakfasts.

Jeff: When we order breakfast we can't go to a place which has a breakfast bar, we'd be there for three hours.

Pierre: We're outlawed in a lot of breakfast bars, in a lot of states. I remember we ate at that pasta bar at that Hojo's in...It was terrible.

Bill: No, it was in Indiana.

Pierre: No, it was in Boston. (they laugh) We kept stealing all the meatballs. Eric was the only one who ordered the pasta bar. We kept eating the meatballs. Eric would bring a plate full of meatballs and we'd all at-

tack it. The guy at the next table was getting pissed, because there weren't any meatballs at the bar. They wouldn't bring any out, "Sorry, we just brought out a plate full of meatballs." (laughing)

Jeff: Where we really blew it was...What was that place where the entire gospel community was staying.

Pierre: That was in Pittsburgh.

Jeff: No, another place with a gospel community.

Eric: After you and John left. The last place we just played in Cleveland.

Jeff: Oh, yeah.

Eric: The Holiday Inn where you couldn't get food.

Jeff: It was a weird gospel convention.

Bill: It was us, a gospel choir, and then some huge rock band with long hair who was bitching about their bill the entire time we were there. They were arguing with their manager.

Pierre: It took us two hours to check out.

Bill: Tons of roadies with the butt bags and sleeveless t's.

Pierre: It was one of the guys from REO Speedwagon.

Jeff: Yeah, like one of the guys really has a lot of drawing power.

Pierre: They played in some trumpy place. We played to a ten times bigger crowd than they did, and here they are touring around with these entourages, these huge buses. What do we have? A van that catches on fire every state we drive in. (laughs)

Jeff: Huge balls of flame jumping out of it.

Pierre: Bill will now proceed to tell you about the whole van burning incident. Won't you, Bill?

Bill: It was toast. It was toast. We're in Poluka-ville Pennsylvania and our roadie decides to get Stromboli at this gas station. It was like this pizza place attached to a gas station.

Pierre: Fifteen people live in this town and they're all related.

Bill: Right, and all they have is pizza. All of a sudden our roadie decides to get Stromboli.

Jeff: Which nobody has ordered in, like, five years.

Pierre: They've got this menu, and all the grease has been wiped off except for Stromboli, which has got about an inch caked on.

They don't even want people to order it.

Jeff: They



RA

have to dig to the bottom of the freezer and find the one that they have and then put it in the deep fryer.

Bill: So actually, the Stromboli has nothing to do with it, except for creating the real bad vibes. It delayed us so that we had to stay in Toledo overnight.

Pierre: Because of the Stromboli.

Jeff: Wow, I didn't know that.

Bill: We were at that point where, "Can we go the rest of the night? No." It was just like an hour or two more. Also, on the road we have to stop at every fucking Dairy Queen, that was ever created, so Jeff can go in and get a big thing of something or other.

Jeff: ...Stick it in Pierre's face and go, "I'm not eating at any Dairy Queen."

Pierre: Finish the van burning incident. We have to get more detail about it. It was a really big deal. We were just out of Toledo and we here this big "Ca-pooof." This smoke starts pouring through the dash board.

Jeff: So, Pierre goes, "Pull over, pull over." You thought it was just the radiator hose.

Pierre: We're standing outside and it's spewing steam.

Bill: We're going to duct tape the hose back together and make it to the next gas station. Then everything will be fine.

Pierre: We sit there and were saying "Oh, we better let it cool off a bit before we do that." Then Bill says, "Gee, I hope it's not on fire." At the very second he finished his sentence flames leaped out.

Bill: Out of the grill. If I had a hotdog it would have been charbroiled.

Eric: Licking the hood.

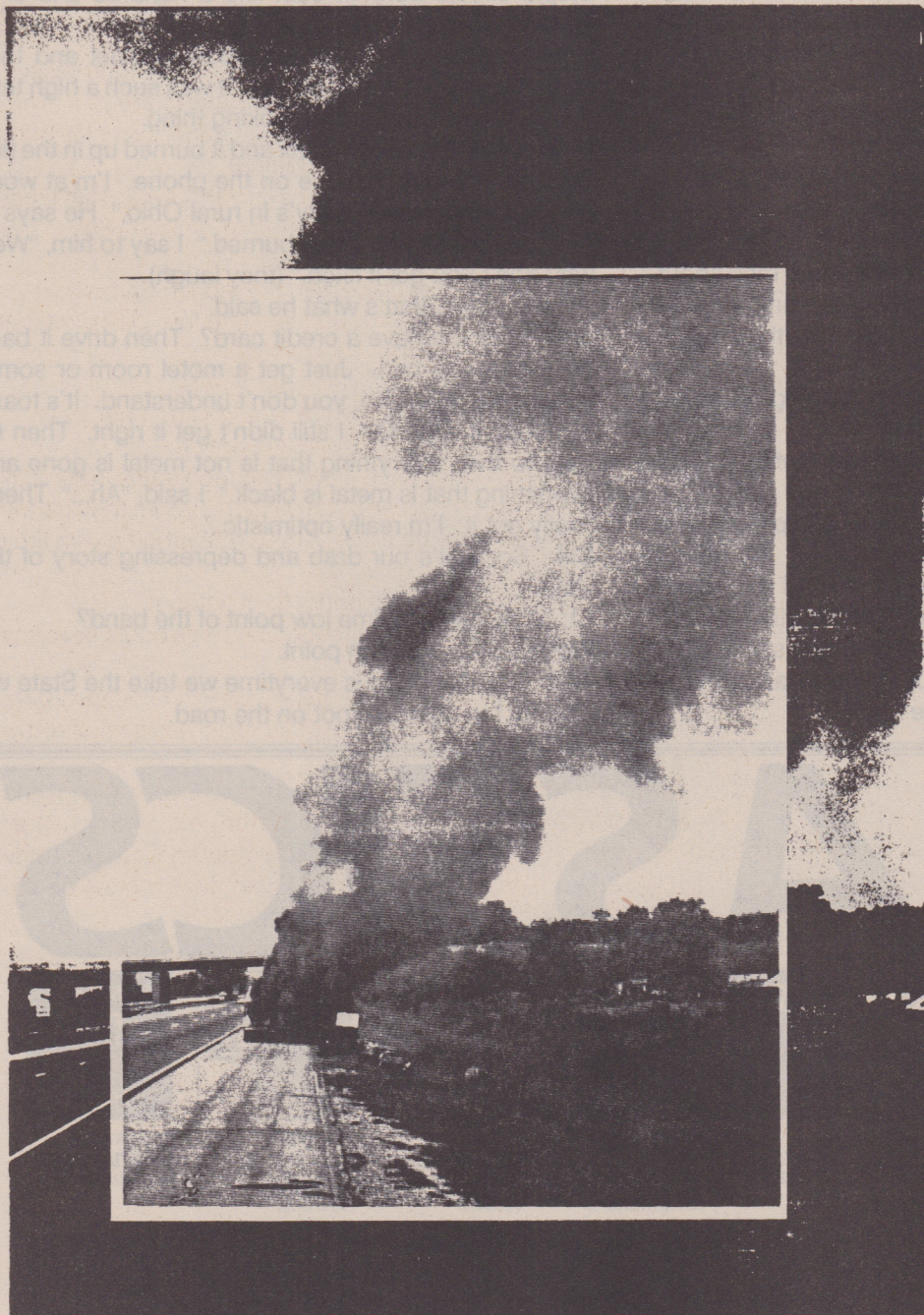
Pierre: The three of us are standing there looking at it and immediately run to the back of the van... We were all very cool about it, cracking jokes. We went to the back of van to start pulling gear out. We start cracking jokes about throwing some of the gear back.

Bill: Especially Eric's drums.

Jeff: But they were already way down in this ditch, on the side of the highway.

Pierre: I heaved them into the ditch. Then all these truckers, trucks stopped. About four of them. They all had fire extinguishers, and they all ran across the highway, trying to put out the fire.

ID: It was that big?



The Naked Raygun van burns to a crisp

YUGUN

Pierre: Yeah, and they couldn't do it. At the end I counted, after the whole ordeal there was six fire extinguishers expended.

Bill: After the cops drove up and put their extinguishers to it too.

Pierre: Yeah, the State troopers showed up and tried to put it out. They couldn't.

Bill: By then we had the Ohio turnpike backed up ten miles, because there is no traffic going in either direction.

Jeff: Police stopped traffic in both directions, because they thought it was going to blow.

Pierre: I took pictures of the whole damn burning thing.

Jeff: Pierre would take a photo from the back of it and he would say to himself, "It's not going to get much worse than this." So, he would take a photo then about two seconds later the flames would get even higher...

Pierre: We had thousands of dollars worth of shirts burned up.

Bill: They were on the roof. The only thing on it was metal. Anything not metal was gone.

Pierre: The tires blew up. It was just metal. It was tremendous.

Jeff: At one point you didn't get out all equipment. Did you?

Pierre: At first we didn't, because the wind was blowing the smoke through the back. Then Rudi (Jeff: The marine) of course says, "The wind direction's changed, let's go back in." The flames by this time are six feet high. So, of course, stupidly we do.

Jeff: That must have been before the police got there.

Pierre: No, it was after. No one helped us pull anything out.

Bill: In fact, they were laughing at us.

Pierre: We bought Jeff a Marshall cabinet just before the tour and the guy at the guitar store threw in this stupid effects box. It cost like a hundred and sixty bucks.

Jeff: We bought Bill the Marshall cabinet and they threw in the effects box for me. It was such a high tech thing. It was a really cool looking thing.

Pierre: It was still in the box and it burned up in the fire.

Jeff: So, Pierre, calls me on the phone. I'm at work. He says, "We're at Wendy's in rural Ohio." He says to me, "The van is gone. It's burned." I say to him, "Well, why don't you get it fixed." (they laugh)

Pierre: Yeah, that's what he said.

Jeff: "Do you have a credit card? Then drive it back whenever you can. Just get a motel room or something." He says, "No, you don't understand. It's toast-it's toast, it is gone." I still didn't get it right. Then he says to me, "Everything that is not metal is gone and everything that is metal is black." I said, "Ah..." Then I finally got it. I'm really optimistic...

Bill: So, that's our drab and depressing story of the van.

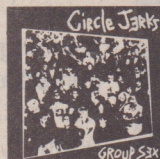
ID: Was that a all time low point of the band?

Pierre: Sort of a high point.

Jeff: The low point is everytime we take the State we look for the charred spot on the road.

THE

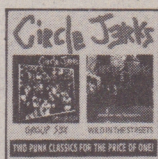
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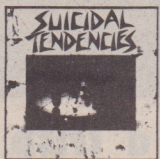
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Pierre: Bill, you went back to D.C. a month later to get your stuff.

Bill: Yeah, a month later I'm driving down the same road again and there's still charred remains of the van, seen along the road. Broken glass, burned rubber.

ID: Was it covered at all by insurance.

Jeff: Yeah, but not for the contents.

Pierre: We must have had a thousand shirts on that tour.

Jeff: There were way too many shirts on that tour. When we got back from Europe we had a lot of shirts that didn't sell there. We had the tour dates on them. We were selling pretty many of them, but we had way too many. They were toast. They were all on the roof in these hamburger things. Those things that look really stupid. We had three. They were sort of hard to open anyways.

ID: So, how you're going back East?

Pierre: Yeah, we're probably driving over the exact same spot.

ID: Did anyone get hurt?

Bill: No one got injured, but I did lose my entire comic book collection.

Jeff: I did buy you all the Black Kisses. All first issues.

Bill: But nonetheless, I lost all my Akira's.

Jeff: I'll buy your Akira's someday.

Bill: All the Cult ones.

Jeff: The Cult always sucked.

Bill: Yeah, but I could have sold them for millions of dollars. I lost a Dark Knight, first printing.

ID: I heard you (Pierre) are the ace tour guide (for Chicago). You know all the spots?

Pierre: Yeah, I do.

ID: Are you a native of Chicago?

Pierre: Sure. I know the whole city. My whole life I've lived here. I know the history. I'm a Chicago Cubs fan from way back. I was at Cubs games in 1969 when they blew it. Ernie Banks, Ron Santo...

Jeff: You were at Cubs games in 1969?

Pierre: Sure.

Jeff: I used to watch them on T.V. all the time. When Ron Santo jumped over the catcher that time, did you

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see that?

Pierre: Oh yeah, it was as cool as all hell.

Jeff: That was the coolest thing I ever saw.

Bill: I have a picture of me when I'm like two with Ernie Banks, with his arm around me...

Jeff: That's cool.

Pierre: When we were kids we used to line up in left field toward the end of the game, because they had those old wooden slat seats, you'd line up and every kid would get a row. Then in the ninth inning the guy would come by and give the kids a number. That would be your row. As soon as the game ended you would have to go from one end of the stadium, left field all the way over to right field, put the seats up, so the guy could come by and sweep.

Jeff: It was your job? Did you get paid for it?

Pierre: You'd just do it, then at the other end he'd give you a pass for the next game. So, we would go during the summer. Towards the ninth inning you'd just go up there and claim your row then at the end of the game you'd get a pass. All you'd have to pay was train fair to get down. Yes, siree Bob.

Jeff: How old were you then?

Pierre: Then? Ten.

ID: Are you a native Chicagoan (Eric)?

Pierre: Spicer's from Michagan.

Bill: He was a cherry farmer.



L to R: Jennifer, Dee, Donita and Suzi

Photos by Thomas, unless noted

Of the many bands that we here at Ink Disease headquarters have crossed paths with over the years, few have made the indelible impression on us that L7 has. It's not merely the fact that they're four women who play a ferocious level of energized metal, punk, speed, grunge, core, cottage cheese or what ever the fuck you want to call it that make them stand apart from most bands that have graced these pages. What makes L7 so unique is what truly nice people they are. I don't mean that to sound stupid or corny, but it's rare to find a band who are becoming as successful as they (just signed to Slash) and keep their egos (Jane's Addiction) and pretentiousness (Faith No More) in check. With the release of the classic "Smell the Magic" lp and the nonstop transcontinental touring they've done over the past year, their popularity seems to increase by the hour. The band were interviewed on a wet and blustery night, at the rehearsal studio they share with Redd Kross, All and Chemical People in West L.A. by Thomas and Steve.---Steve Alper

ID: You were just in Europe for five and a half weeks?

Donita: Yeah, five and a half weeks, but some of us stayed an extra week to see London.

ID: Is it true American bands do much better there than here?

Donita: I don't know.

Suzi: I think they like American bands over there. They get kind of nuts.

Donita: I think they know more about American bands than we know about American bands. That's for sure. They know about bands I've never even heard of.

ID: Did they know all the words to your music?

Donita: Our album had not come out yet. It came out mid tour. They knew the single. They knew "Pack 'em rod??" and "Shove."

Dee: There were a few dedicated fans up in front, mouthing the words.

Donita: Towards the end of the tour.

ID: What bands did you play with?

Suzi: We were on our own, basically, for the European part of the tour.

Donita: We played with Nirvana in England.

Jennifer: We played with Teenage Fanclub in Zurich. And Spermbirds in Germany. A popular German band.

ID: What was the name of the tour?

Suzi: "Smell the Magic."

ID: Is that inspired by Spinal Tap?

Suzi: No, "Smell the Magic" does not have anything to do with Spinal Tap. It has to do with driving through Indiana at two in the morning and smelling a refinery, or whatever it was. It was stinking good.

Donita: And Stevie Nicks was on the radio. Hence "Smell the Magic." Stevie Nicks with this foul smell.

ID: How did you get together?

Donita: Suzi and I got together first, then Jennifer came in, then Dee finally came in.

ID: How long have you been in the band, Dee?

Dee: Two years.

Suzi: It's been the best two years of her life (she says laughing).

ID: Things seem to be going really well for you, a new record out, a European tour-what's next? Has the record gone gold yet?

Donita: It's gone tin. It's approaching copper.

Suzi: It has aluminum status, currently.

Jennifer: It's still recyclable in other words.

ID: You said, you were nervous before the show in Tijuana. Do you usually get nervous before shows?

Jennifer: I always get nervous before shows.

Suzi: Oh no, it's going to rain (the interview is outside). Careful, you'll be electrocuted.

ID: Have you ever been electrocuted on stage.

Suzi: We've been shocked by microphones. I hate that.

Donita: Once we were playing at a certain L.A. club, that I won't mention, and there was about an inch of water on stage. It was for a benefit. That was almost it for us. We've been banned from that club since. Why

they would ban us after having an inch of water on the stage, I don't know.

ID: Is that the most outrageous thing that's happened to you on stage?

Donita: Oh, no-mere electrocution.

Jennifer: When we were in Germany, on our second show -- we were still really nervous -- I fell over backwards. I didn't even trip on anything. I just fell backwards and hit my head on Donita's cabinet and her (amp) head came and hung like three inches above my head. It was held by a cord and it kept getting lower, and lower and I was still playing. They were going to have to drag me out by my feet.

Donita: Practically everything that happened in Spinal Tap has happened to us.

ID: Has your drummer exploded?

Donita: Yeah, you could say that. Two of them.

ID: Have you been stopped at the metal detectors, with the cucumbers?

Suzi: No, but I've gotten searched at every border. I don't know what it is about me.

Donita: They let all of us pass by, but they always stop Suzi.

ID: Maybe they have a description of somebody that looks like you?

Jennifer: Yeah, we think that maybe there is like a standard that they always stop, and Suzi fits that description.

Suzi: Punk girls wearing black.

ID: Search time.

Donita: Strip search-get the latex gloves. Snap!

Suzi: I was really looking for the probe search, because it would have been the only penetration I would have gotten on that tour.

ID: Uh oh. Failures. There must have been plenty of groupies along the way?

Suzi: Gee, not really enough to write home about.

Donita: What about that one guy?

Suzi: There was one guy who was kind of special.

Dee: Sirhan Sirhan's son.

ID: Sirhan.

Donita: No, Sirhan Sirhan Jr.

Suzi: He and I are continuing to correspond.

ID: I notice you guys were in Mexico in a restaurant and you didn't have any beer, and you were playing and you didn't drink any beer.

Suzi: Oh my God, it's a rainstorm...(We go inside).

ID: Someone told me that you stopped drinking. That there were drinking problems in the band.

Jennifer: Who told you that?

ID: I won't name sources.

Jennifer: Bill Stevenson. Get the Epilady.

Dee: Who told you what?

Donita: Our sound man in Holland said that before going on tour with us he told a friend of his that works at some club. And his friend told him to watch out because we were all violent alcoholics, which...

Dee: Isn't true.

just your cars?

Dee: We took my little car.

Donita: We took Dee's Ford Escort up to San Francisco.

Dee: And it barely made it up the hills too.

Donita: And we got stuck in a gravel pit.

ID: How did you get all your equipment in there?

Dee: We just had guitars.

Donita: That was Dee's first out of town gig with L-7 and we're, "(hey) Can we take your car?"

Dee: We're pushing it up... That car was cursed.

Jennifer: Since that she's gotten a huge American car.

Dee: Which I've given away and now I'll be driving a little Toyota.

ID: Oh no, out of the band.

Dee: But the seat goes down. It's got a big hatchback that fits all my drums. But I'm just learning how to drive it now, 'cause it's a stick.

ID: Any roads we should avoid?

Donita: Santa Monica Freeway.

Dee: Santa Monica Freeway, 405 Freeway, Lincoln Blvd.

Donita: Just stay off the road.

ID: Are you at the point now that L-7 is your career, and you don't have to work?

Jennifer: Like it could be almost.

Donita: There's this pulsating light at the end of the tunnel and we're almost there.

Jennifer: Purgatory.

ID: It must be very difficult to go on tour and have a job and leave that then...?

Donita: Suzi's an expert with that one.

Suzi: Yeah, I currently have a job that they've held for me for close to thirteen weeks of leave of absence.

ID: Do they know you're in a band?

Suzi: Yeah, they know all about me.

Donita: They know everything!

ID: But do you see yourself getting closer to living off the band?

All: Yeah, closer...

ID: Have you gotten to a point now where you have a minimum for what you get when you do a show?

Dee: It depends on the venue.



Donita, flipping her wig!

Donita: We'll play benefits, or if it's a really cool thing we'll play for less, but at most clubs we do have a minimum. Don't ask me what it is.

ID: But you seem to have no trouble having shows these days.

Donita: Yeah... (but) we're no overnight sensation.

ID: It seems like more than four years.

Jennifer: I think I've been in the band for more than four years.

Suzi: But that doesn't count.

Jennifer: Yeah, it counts, because it was development.

Suzi: It was like the kindergarten stage.

ID: It seems like at least four years ago when I saw you and it seemed like you were "these kids" playing at Raji's, and I swear your parents drove you to the show.

Jennifer: (Quietly laughing) My dad did drive me to the...

Donita: And now we seem like...old hags.

Jennifer: Big American women.

ID: Now, do your parents still come to your shows?

Dee: It's kind of hard for our (my and Donita's) parents to come, they live in Chicago.

Donita: My parents came to our show in Chicago. They came twice, on two tours they came.

ID: Most bands say their parents would hope

they were doing something different.

Suzi: My mother listens to her geezer friends bitch about rock 'n roll then she'll say, "My daughter just got back from a tour in Europe." And they'll say, "What was she doing?" "Playing rock and roll," and she'll bum their lives (the others laugh). But she doesn't have any of my records and she's never heard me or seen me. She asks me constantly if I could send a record to my cousin or something and I just tell her "Look, they won't like the music, so why blow their dream (laughter at this)." Let them just think...

Dee: The Bangles.

Suzi: They're not going to like it, why should I send it to them?

Donita: My parents came to see us in Chicago and the first time, the only thing my mother said to me after the show was "I'll have dinner waiting for you when you get home." But the last time my parents were digging it.

Jennifer: Her parents were more social backstage than we were.

Suzi: Her parents were backstage with Gay Bikers On Acid.

Donita: Hilarious. My dad was talking about his dislike for tattoos and there's all these guys with hair going down to here (?) and tattoos all over their bodies.

ID: Usually when you see all women bands playing you're very aware that it's a female band, but when you play you don't think about that, it's just a band playing.

Dee: Right on.

Jennifer: Thank you.

Suzi: Thanks.

ID: What are some other women out there playing that you would compare to?

Jennifer: Cosmic Psychos (a ragin' Australian 3 piece).

Donita: We've never seen them though.

Jennifer: I like the Creamers a lot.

Dee: Yeah, I like them.

Donita: I like the Lunachicks a lot. I think they're really great. They're very funny.

Dee: The music's different, but their attitudes...

ID: I've heard you compared to Black Flag.

Donita: That's okay. It's better than this one drunk girl in Tijuana. She said, "Yeah, you guys, I really like what you're doing. You're really good, but you should really stop trying to sound so much like Joan Jett." And then the guy who's running the club said, "No, they sound more like a punk rock Go Go's." I'm like, "Oh my God, help us." But they were just idiots.

All: It was bad.

Donita: The girl was really drunk. Then I told her I was a lesbian and she refused to believe me and then she showed me her tits. I'm like, "Whatever honey. I don't care." So, the Cosmic Psychos want to marry us. They're great. I would compare us to them, because they're very heavy, and they have a really good sense of humor, and they're just really rockin'. They're just

like these farmers from Australia. They're really cool.

ID: So, when are you going to go to Australia?

Suzi: Soon.

Donita: I'm hoping this year.

Jennifer: And we can get our citizenship by marrying them.

ID: Are there four of them?

Donita: No, there's only three, but that's okay. It works out. (a slight laugh)

Jennifer: One of them is big enough for all four of us.

Donita: So, that is one of our goals this year is get over to Australia, in 1991. Preferably when it is winter here and summer there.

ID: How did you like being on the same label as the Dwarves?

All: Ha, ha (much laughter).

Donita: Why? Have you read any bad reviews of them? What do you think of them?

Jennifer: Just say it, "They're totally retarded."

Donita: Will you send them a copy? We have this running joke with them. We always tell Blagg, in particular, the singer, that we just read this really bad review of them. Like, "Hey, we're sorry about the Spin review."

Jennifer: "What Spin review!... I don't care about fucking two bit writers, they can say what they want. What review was that?" He's awesome.

ID: So, you like the Dwarves.

All: Yeah.

Dee: They're kind of fun.

ID: They're nice gentlemen also.

Donita: They're retarded.

Jennifer: Highly. (laughing) They're lowly evolved.

Donita: They're throwbacks.

Jennifer: They drag their knuckles when they walk.

ID: Would you rather tour with the Dwarves or Poison Idea (they all laugh)?

Donita: Hopefully we wouldn't have to be in the same van with either one of them. That's too much for any women to take.

ID: They drive big American cars.

Jennifer: They have to.

Donita: They come to see us in Portland, or at least their roadies do. They go off! Oh man.

Suzi: Portland, we had some interesting things happen at the shows.

Donita: Portland is the city of inbreds.

Suzi: Don't print that.

Donita: Does this go national?

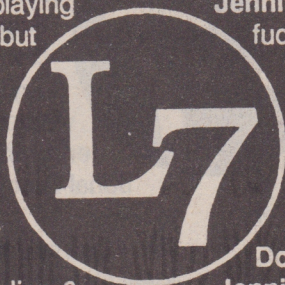
ID: No.

All: Liar.

Jennifer: Where doesn't it go so we can...

Donita: Does it go to Australia? Cosmic Psychos. Yes, we'll marry you.

ID: How is it being on Sub Pop? Is that a dream come true? Have they treated you well?



ID: You haven't curbed your intake. You haven't busted up any clubs?

Donita: No, I don't think so.

ID: (laughing) You don't think so.

Donita: I can't recall busting up any clubs.

ID: You were in too much of a drunken stupor.

Donita: Yeah, maybe I fucked up a few places. (In a drunken voice) It's all a blur.

ID: This unnamed source said, that one reason you get nervous now is you're less chemically dependent on stage.

Jennifer: Oh, my God.

Suzi: Who said this?

Jennifer: What kind of amateur psychologist are you working with? Tell Al Flipside to keep it down. (laughter)

Donita: No comment.

ID: How many shows have you played in your career?

Jennifer: I wrote it down for 1989 and it was over 80, and that was a year where we didn't have a lot of vinyl out.

ID: How many years have you been together now?

All: Four.

Suzi: I always stop to ask that question on tour, "How many shows have we played?" I don't know. It's been a lot.

ID: Which one stands out?

Donita: I can't remember every show in L.A., but I can remember almost every show on our tours.

ID: How many of those shows do you think have been at Raji's?

Donita: Oh god, I don't know. Our first show was there.

ID: I think I've seen you about ten times at Raji's.

Donita: There aren't many places to play in L.A. though. Ask any band on the scene how many times they've played Raji's and they'll probably give about the same answer.

ID: There's Raji's, the Gaslight, the Shamrock, and that's about it.

Donita: The Cheeser.

Suzi: And the biggest stage of the three is Raji's.

ID: How many people do you usually get at your shows?

Jennifer: It depends on the venue. We usually go capacity when we play Raji's or Gaslight. That's around 200. It's 170 at Raji's.

ID: When you were in Europe did you feel you had more of a punk or a metal follow-

ing?

Jennifer: Neither.

Donita: About the same kind of crowd as here. Alternative.

Jennifer: Young.

Donita: You had your short hairs, your long hairs, everybody...

Suzi: You had your leather jackets, you had your denim jackests.

Donita: You had your tie-dyes.

Jennifer: You had your peace through anarchy.

ID: Have you ever played a pay to play show?

All: No.

ID: You're playing the Roxy with the Lemonheads. That place is, now, usually a pay to play place.

Jennifer: When we deal with those kind of promoters that usually use those venues we make it very clear that there's going to be no pay to play involved with the show, because sometimes what they do is have a headliner then the opening bands have to pay. We make sure that doesn't go on.

ID: Do you have any other type of restrictions? Like Fugazi has shows where it's no more than five dollars and no age restrictions.

Jennifer: Well, Fugazi can have a lot of control over what they do, because they are Fugazi.

Donita: And they are a big band. In Europe they're a huge band and they can ask for whatever they want. They're very popular.

Jennifer: We turned the T.V. on one night on National German television and they were doing an interview.

ID: If you had the clout that they have what would your ideal show be? All ages?

All: All ages.

Donita: Definitely. All ages, but still somehow serving alcohol for those who wanted to drink. Bring your own alcohol. Preferably no professional security, because we've all seen what a nightmare that can be.

ID: And at your ideal show who would be the ideal bands that you'd be playing with?

Donita: Opening for us?

ID: Well, you'd be headlining of course.

Suzi: Madonna.

Donita: Motorhead, Madonna, opening...

Suzi: All bands that start with an "M." Mudhoney, Motorhead, Madonna.

Jennifer: The Lemonheads could change their name to Melonheads.

ID: So, when is your next tour going to be?

Jennifer: We're going up North to Seattle at the end of December.

Donita: New Year's eve in Seattle.

All: Yeah!

Donita: That's like the best place to play. It's so fun. People go off.

Dee: Crowds have no inhibitions.



ID: I was watching this show and they were naming the top livable cities in the world and Seattle was #1.

Jennifer: Where was L.A. at?

ID: L.A. was number 28 with London and a city in Nigeria was the worst to live in, in the world. Where do you rate L.A.?

Donita: I wish it wasn't so popular. If it gets more crowded here it'll really be insane.

Jennifer: Every day there's a brand new building. I just spent \$500 to get my car registered this week. That's outrageous...out of control.

ID: I noticed all of you have huge American cars. Is there a reason why?

Jennifer: Because we're huge American women.

ID: You need that room to spread out.

Jennifer: Yeah, where are we going to put our McDonald's wrappers?

Donita: We're road hogs.

Suzi: Well, the deal with

the big car is that they're cheap, they die you get a new one, insurance rates are low on them. Gas kind of sucks, but...

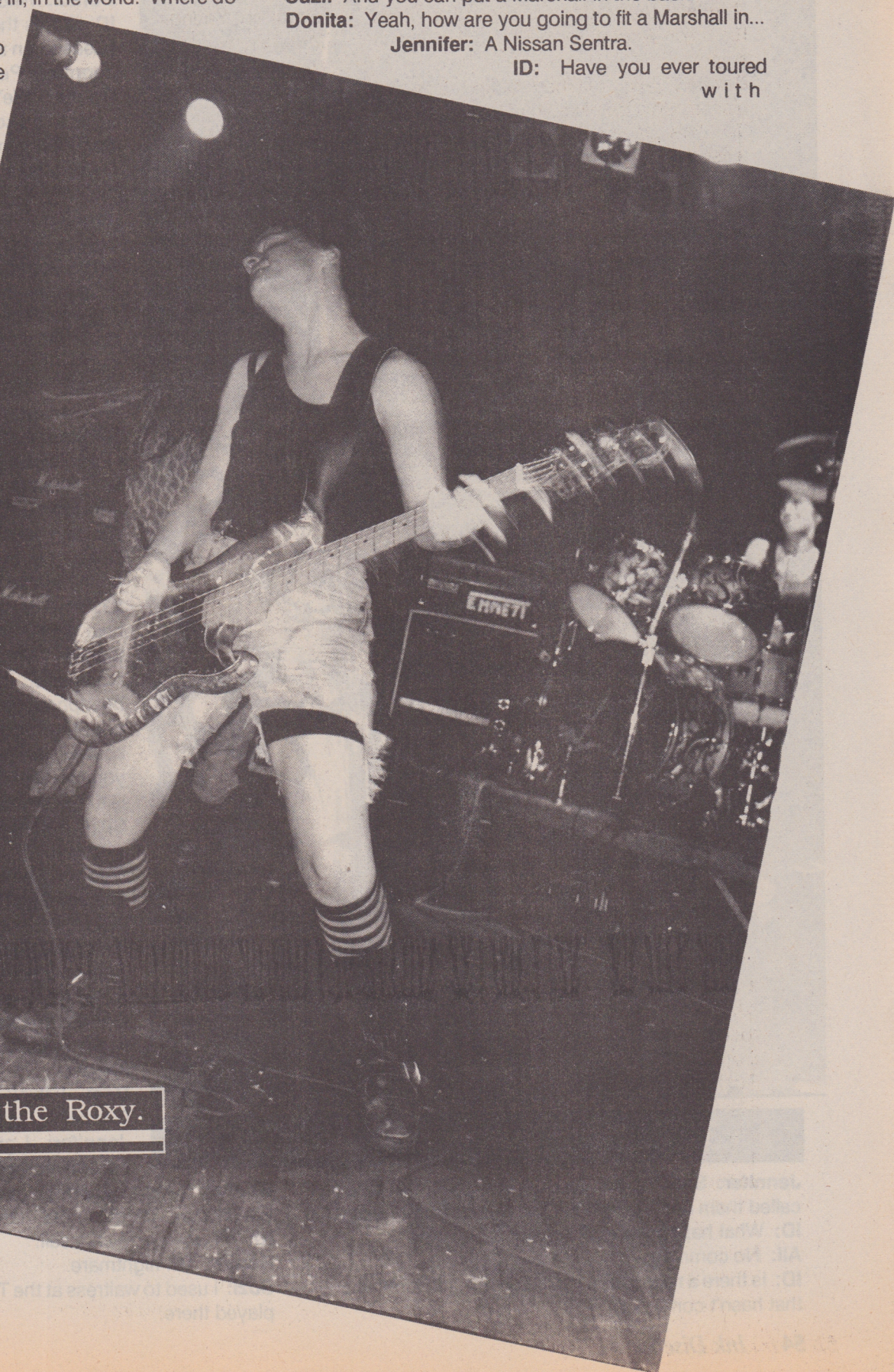
Donita: We're road hogs.

Suzi: And you can put a Marshall in the back.

Donita: Yeah, how are you going to fit a Marshall in...

Jennifer: A Nissan Sentra.

ID: Have you ever toured with



Jennifer, rocks the Roxy.



Dee, with tattooed drum kit.

Jennifer: Sub Pop's treated us very well. But today I called them and their phone lines were disconnected.

ID: What happened to Chameleon Records?

All: No comment.

ID: Is there a record that is floating around somewhere that hasn't come out?

Donita: There's a record that has come out very poorly distributed.

Suzi: By aforementioned.

Donita: Who we hate. We want to kill.

ID: So, is that record going to be re-released on another label?

Jennifer: Perhaps.

Donita: We'll see in a while. We're sorry to be so vague but...

Suzi: We're working on it.

Dee: We're not at liberty to discuss this.

Jennifer: We just got home from Europe, who knows what's going on?

Suzi: So, who is going around with the drug abuse/alcoholism?

ID: I can't comment on who it was?

Suzi: Do you usually ask bands about that.

ID: No, most of the bands we interview are obviously intoxicated.

Donita: Let's just leave it at "We're violent alcoholics."

ID: Where are you from, Jennifer?

Jennifer: L.A.

ID: And you Suzi?

Suzi: Northern California, but I've been here so long that...

ID: What do you think about when you hear your own voice on a record?

Donita: Oh, my god. Nightmare, nightmare. It's funny, because in the headphone mix they'll give you this beautiful sounding reverb that just sounds like you're awesome. Then you hear it on the playback, and you're like "Oh, my God."

Suzi: You hear it on the playback, dry, with nothing.

Donita: They isolate the vocal sound and you'll just hear all this snorting and breathing. It's gross.

ID: Have you done any shows on the Sunset Strip at any of those famous heavy metal clubs or glam clubs?

Donita: We played the Roxy with Redd Kross once and with X and the Chili Peppers.

Dee: I think he's talking about like Gazzari's.

Jennifer: I grew up in L.A. and I've never even been to Gazzari's.

Donita: I was at Gazzari's once to see Diane's band. We saw the Godfather out in the parking lot.

ID: Mr. rock n' roll himself.

Donita: Mr. nightmare.

Suzi: I used to waitress at the Troubador, but we never played there.

ID: What if you were offered \$2000 to play Gazzari's'?

All: Yeah!

Donita: Fuck yeah.

Suzi: In a second.

ID: No qualms?

Jennifer: ...With gold lamé on.

Dee: I think it'd be great.

Donita: If we could get \$2000 at Gazzari's, we could get \$4000 anywhere else, because they're the poorest paying club in the city probably.

Suzi: They charge up the ying yang for cokes even. It's ridiculous.

ID: Would you use the money that you made to put out a full page ad in Bam magazine?

Donita: Fuck no.

ID: That's what all those bands do.

Suzi: No, we'd take that a step further and get a billboard like Angelyne. We'll have a mural painted.

ID: I was reading a Flipside interview where Shane Williams was saying that the bass player of Savage Republic said to you, "Why don't you get a real band."

Donita: That was a long time ago. Fucker. Where's his band now? Huh. (Laughter)

Jennifer: He was in a band called Spadra Moods. Okay.

Donita: Enough said.

Suzi: We put a mojo on that band.

ID: Are there any places you wouldn't play ever again for any amount of money?

All: Yeah.

Dee: Boston.

Donita: The whole city of Boston and the entire city of Dallas.

Dee: Dallas and Boston are on our shit list.

ID: Boston seems like it would be an L-7 kind of town.

Suzi: We just haven't had luck there.

Suzi: I'd give Boston and Dallas another chance if we had a different club and a different promoter. I imagine there's an audience there.

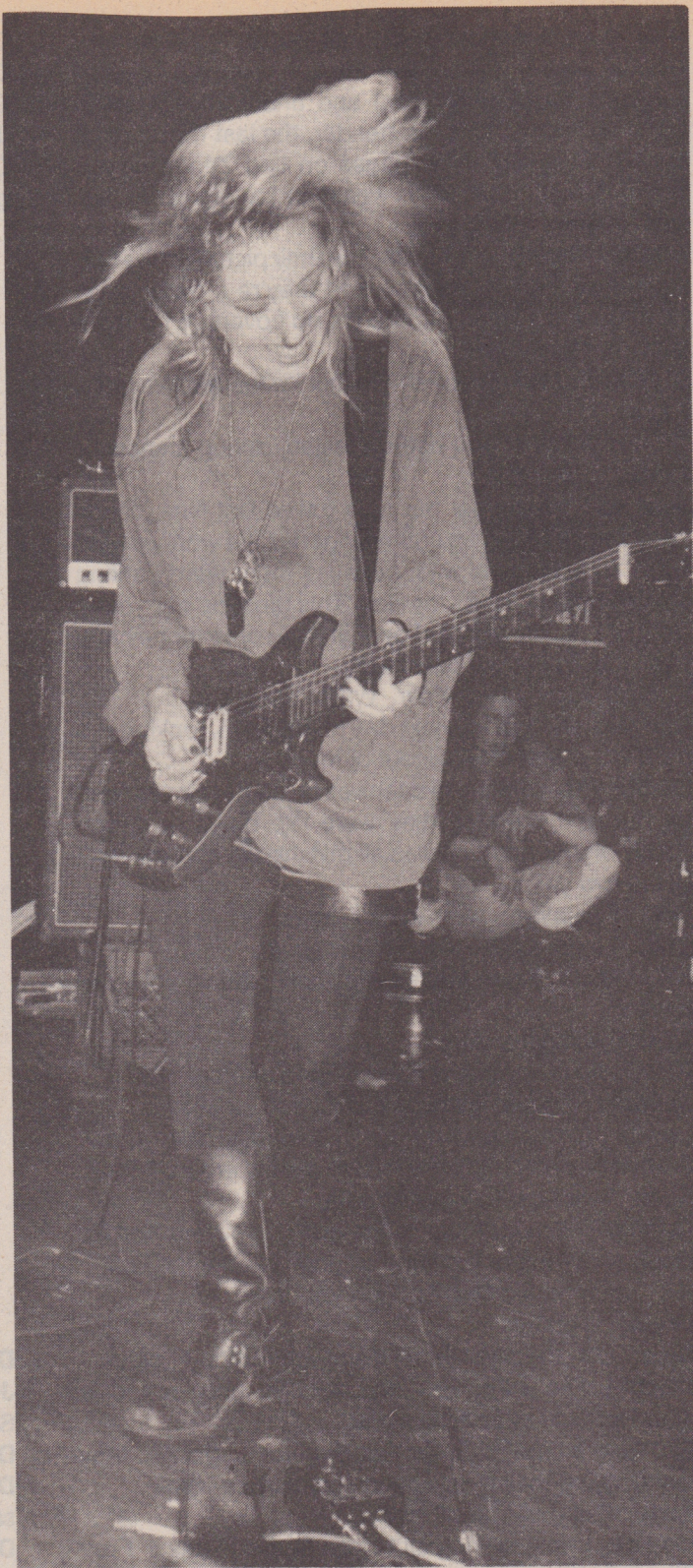
Dee: We've just had bad luck there, bad shows, bad clubs.

Jennifer: St. Louis is really bad. There's like one club to play. It's really weird.

Donita: Most bands who come to L.A. hate L.A. L.A. is awful for out of town bands. You don't get any beer, you don't get any food, your guest list is really bad, pay is really bad, there's no coverage for cool bands coming into town until it's after the fact.

ID: We get a lot of tour schedules for bands and L.A. is always a question mark or "to be announced."

Donita: We get people calling us asking to see if we can help them get a show in L.A. If you're Sonic Youth it's possible for you to have a good time. If you're the Laughing Hyenas you're going to play to 30 people at Raji's. They're very popular in Europe. They're very popular around the states on the underground level and they come to Raji's and play to 30 people. That's kind



Suzi, guitar blasting at the Roxy.

of a shame.

ID: Do you think people in L.A. are spoiled or jaded?

Donita: (quietly) I think people in L.A. are stupid.

Jennifer: I don't think there's a lot of strength in the underground scene. Like the weekly newspapers that should be covering this kind of stuff are really weak right

now. Not to mention any names, because there's only two to choose from. And the L.A. Times. They all should be supporting local and underground bands and they're not. Like the Reader, the last music thing they did was like three pages on Led Zeppelin, you know. Great! The same weekend Laughing Hyenas were in town.

Donita: Nirvana, I've never seen their picture in the L.A. Weekly or the L.A. Reader, and they're a really good band getting bigger, but there's no coverage for them at all. It's just weird.

ID: It seems to have been like that for the last five or six years.

ID: Have any of you been arrested, during a show or related to a show?

Jennifer: We all got our cars towed last New Years. They were all lined up at the Lingerie. We were playing there. It was really wild, because there were parking spaces right in front. It's like, "This must be our year."

Dee: We finally got paid and all had some money and it all went to get our cars back.

Donita: Happy New Year. Where's our cars?

Dee: We all went the next day to get them, looking like hell. We scared the hell out of them.

Donita: We wore these beehives on stage last year and by the next morning they were like blobs of cotton candy on our head. It was all misshapen and we went to the tow yard.

Dee: Those guys were in for a treat.

Suzi: I lucked out-I didn't take my car.

ID: What's more depressing than getting your car towed?

Dee: Getting it stolen.

ID: Could you imagine relocating to another city?

Jennifer: I could imagine it, but I don't think so.

Donita: I love Los Angeles. I think it's really great. Sometimes I hate it, like when I'm caught in a traffic jam.

Suzi: Or it's too fucking smoggy.

Donita: But man, when you're on that freeway, and it's clear, and you got the jams blaring. It's like the best.

ID: The wind blowing through your hair.

Donita: Totally.

Suzi: With the palm trees, it's a wacky kind of place.

Donita: The palm trees, and the hills, and the movie stars, and the swimming pools...

ID: I saw a band from Canada the other night and they were saying they'd never seen palm trees before.

Suzi: I bet they were tripping.

Donita: I was calling palm trees Bedrock trees. Fred Flintstone trees.

Jennifer: We have those cypress trees too, those big, tall, weird green columns that kind of make the landscape out here.

Donita: Don't forget that Hollywood sign. I get a smile on my face everytime I look at it.

Suzi: Yeah, I do too.

Donita: I've been up there a couple of times.

ID: So, how often do you eat Mexican food?

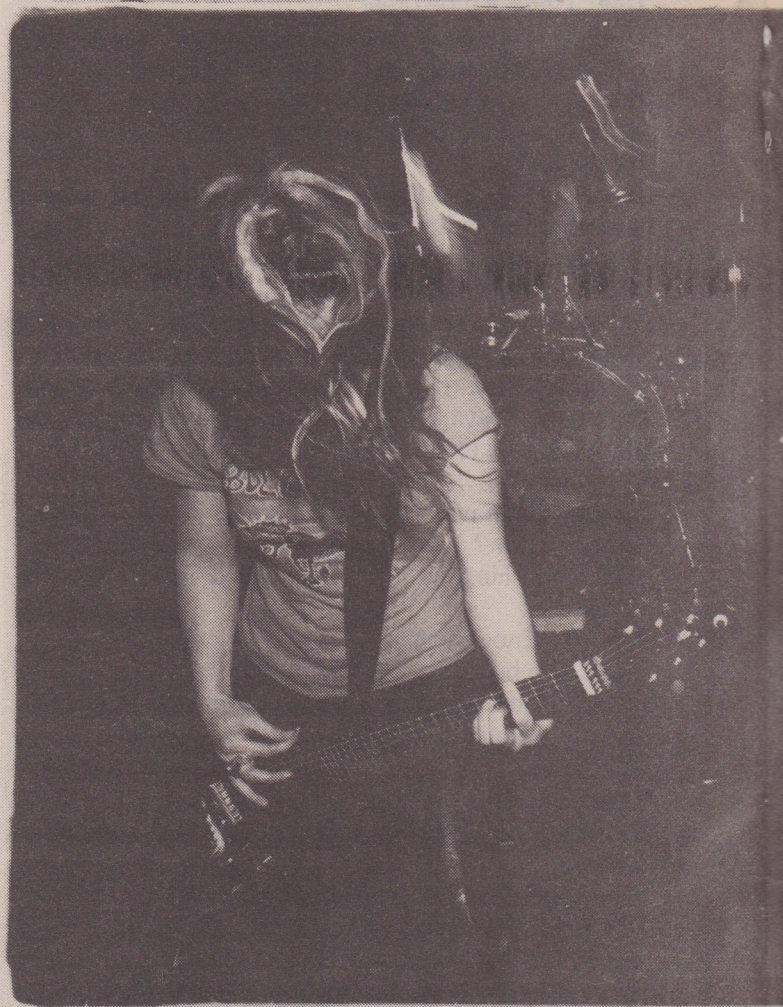
Donita: As much as possible.

Dee: I had it for lunch today.

Donita: El Coyote.

Jennifer: I like Gilberts.

Donita: I do too. Big carrots. Car Wash burritos are good too- Sunset and Alvarado. Good eat'n.



Female role models, circa 1991

Dee: I like Panchos burritos the best.

Jennifer: Yeah, they have turkey there.

Suzi: Lucy's is pretty good. The drive through.

Dee: Yeah.

Donita: We missed Mexican food in Europe. We had salami and cheese sandwiches every day.

Dee: They eat it for breakfast too.

Donita: We ate like pigs (laughter).

ID: Did you gain weight or lose weight?

Donita: I gained weight. I usually lose weight on tours, but I gained weight this tour. I got back and tried on a pair of pants, and was like "Oh, fuck!"

Suzi: I lost weight. (talk continues about food in Europe).

ID: So, when you were on tour did you stay with people in their houses or hotels?

Donita: When we got to England we stayed at people's houses, but in Germany and on the mainland they put us up in hotels. In the U.S. we stay on people's floors.

Dee: In Europe the promoters set it up.

ID: What's the worst experience staying at somebody's house?

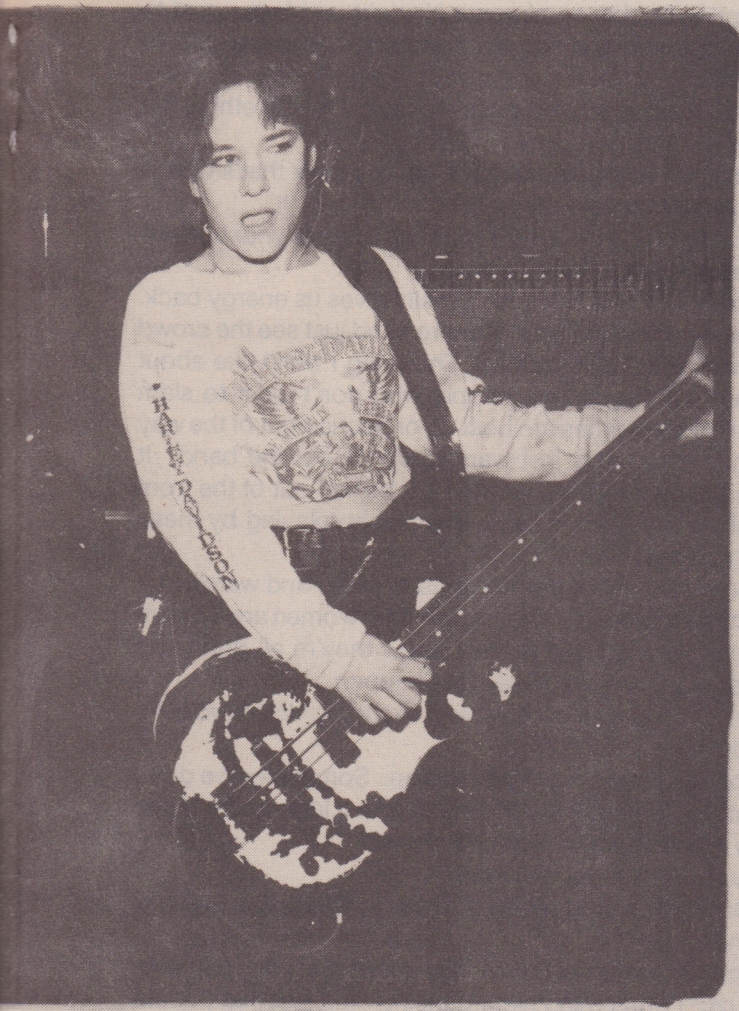


Photo by Charles Peterson

All: Dallas.

Jennifer: Go Dee, you haven't talked enough.

Dee: We stayed at this house in Dallas and all these people were like speed freaks. We stayed there one year and they had all these cats and the cats aren't fixed. There's tons of cats everywhere. We get there the next year and there's even more cats. And the cats are mating with each other. They're inbred cats. There was a two headed cat. The house was like a nightmare house.

ID: Was there cat poo everywhere?

Donita: It smelled like cat poo everywhere. We didn't see any cat poo, but there was cat hair everywhere.

Dee: Just a lot of really freaky people.

Suzi: We'll stay at places where cats run across your face and stuff, but we're not staying at no place with a

two-headed cat. I'm sorry. When we found out where we were, we went to another place where we slept, but there were cats running across our heads. But it was better.

Dee: Because it only had one head.

Donita: One time in San Francisco I was having sex on my sleeping bag and a kitten came and pooped on my sleeping bag during the act of love making. Oh violation. That was a crazy kitten.

ID: What would be the best place you stayed on tour?

Donita: Danny Lyon's house is always nice, up in Seattle. We never stayed at a millionaire's house or anything if that's what you're hinting at.

Donita: People treat us really well on the road, and it just makes you want to return that when other people come. I'd like to be an ambassador of rock, as it were.

ID: Where was the back photo of your recent album taken?

Jennifer: Charles Peterson. The Vogue in Seattle. It's like a smaller club.

ID: In five years from now can you envision an L-7, with you four in the band?

Donita: Yes I can. We've been through so much shit personality wise with all of us that right now it's better than it has ever been. We've really worked out some major shit, so I can see that. If a band can make it through the first year they've got a good chance.

Jennifer: The first tour. Our first three tours were a lot like a first tour.

ID: Are you still at the point where you'll call each other on the phone when it doesn't have anything to do with rehearsals and stuff?

Jennifer: Yeah. We check up on each other. We're having Thanksgiving dinner together. The Godbullies are going to be in town away from their families so we're having Thanksgiving for them too.

Donita: Brings a smile to his face.

Jennifer: A loving unit.

Donita: Ambassadors of rock as it were.

ID: So, you're inviting all touring bands to stop...?

Donita: Except for Poison, or Warrent, or Vixen. They're not welcome, but any scumbags out there...

Jennifer: Nelson, definitely.

Donita: Nelson's invited. They can carve the bird.

ID: What about the Dwarves and Poison Idea?

Suzi: Well fuck it.

Donita: Poison Idea, if they take it easy on the cranberry sauce.

Jennifer: If they don't sit down on the toilet seat too hard.

Suzi: Basically, all of this stuff aside, we're just basically here to take our music to the people.

ID: Spread the message. What is L-7's message?

Donita: Play loud and drop trow, "Smell the Magic."

Suzi: A lot of bands seek some kind of direction. L-7 are at a real turning point in our careers and I think L-7 should go in a more scatological vein, as it were.

Donita: We've already had a scatological humor to it,

but now there's no humor involved.

ID: The Laughing Hyenas mentioned they were going on a tour with you?

Donita: Well, they did? That's news to us. If they can stop talking about poo every other sentence maybe we'll consider it.

ID: You could be extremely successful with a name like L-7.

Donita: Our first tour booker said, "You should change your name, because no one is going to know what it is. It doesn't fit into a category name-wise." Like it didn't sound punk rock enough to him.

Jennifer: He's like L-7, it could be a number on a computer. What is this. Change your name to Black...

Donita: Black Tampon.

ID: I've asked three people what they thought L-7 meant and I've gotten three different answers.

Donita: What did you get?

ID: Let's see. One person thought L-7 had something to do with the female anatomy.

Jennifer: How about that one. That sends your imagination spinning.

Donita: It's kind of like the G-spot. It's a little further back than the G-spot. It's called the L-7.

ID: Somebody said, L-7 like when you're in seventh heaven. Level seven.

Donita: I've heard of a meditation level 7. When you get to level seven you're really out of your mind.

Suzi: Ohhh. I like that too.

ID: Then there's L-7 that's like a square.

Donita: There's also LSD 7.

Jennifer: There's a lubrication jelly called L-7.

Donita: There's an amp called L-7.

Suzi: There's a guitar called L-7.

Jennifer: I saw a guy with a porsche and on the back it said L-7.

ID: It's a name you're not sure about. It's not an obvious punk rock name or any kind of name.

Donita: That's what we wanted. We didn't want anything that had to do with gender.

Jennifer: Unassuming.

ID: Do any of you have L-7 tattooed on your body?

Donita: No, but we had an offer to get an L-7 tattoo, by this drug guy in San Francisco.

Suzi: (In tough street voice) "Come on right now. I'll give you all an L-7 tattoo, any where you want."

Donita: And I thought about it for about five seconds.

Jennifer: Then there was that guy in Cincinnati.

Donita: Who had a tattoo party after our show. That was a nightmare.

ID: Did any of you end up with a tattoo?

Donita: I thought about it then too, but then AIDS crossed my mind. They were all sharing. It was kind of gross.

ID: When I was staying at Dischord house there's a 7-Eleven across the street and there was this guy coming out of it with Budweiser tattooed on his chest, but it

was misspelled. (lots of "Oh my Gods.")

Suzi: That's bad.

Jennifer: Tell the boo boo story.

Suzi: I heard about this guy going down to El Paso, or somewhere in Texas and getting a tattoo. He got really bombed-and he got a tattoo of a Yogi Bear with a caption bubble coming out-it's right on his ass next to his asshole-and it says "Hey, Boo Boo-are you in there?"

ID: L-7 are much too classy to resort to something like that?

Suzi: If I was going to get a tattoo I think that's what it would be. (laughing)

ID: What do you think of slam dancers at your shows?

Dee: Great.

Donita: I like it, because it really gives us energy back. To be putting out a lot of energy and just see the crowd standing there is a drag. The thing I don't like about slam dancing is that people who don't want to slam dance sometimes are beat up or pushed out of the way when they really just want to check out the band. It bums me out when women are bullied out of the front and pushed to the back when we're playing by these big guys.

Suzi: Or anybody who wants to stand and watch.

Donita: Yeah, but I notice a lot that women are up front when we start, but by mid show they're all gone and that bums me out to see that happen

ID: Do you ever do anything, like try to do crowd control?

Donita: If we see a fight we stop. Sometimes we don't catch a fight and we find out about it later and it bums us out. But we've stopped shows.

Suzi: We'll stop mid-song.

Jennifer: We stopped a show in Fredmark Switzerland.

Donita: We stopped in Philly about every five minutes.

Suzi: I don't mind slam dancing. It's just that people get angry and start fighting. Some people are not out to have fun. **Jennifer:** It becomes like an athletic event at a certain point. And people who don't want to be athletic are forced out of the audience and that's really uncool.

Suzi: It happened to me last night.

Donita: I was walking with my beer and all of a sudden D.O.A. starts this really fast song and beer flies out of my hand.

Suzi: And they hit you really hard.

Donita: Yeah, it's a macho thing. If it's fun it's cool, but if it gets too macho it's gross-it's stupid.

ID: Any final comments or thoughts to your legions?

Suzi: Don't do it unless you have to. Whatever that means.

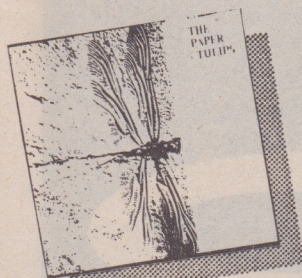
ID: After five years do you recommend people should be in a band?

All: (a reserved) Yes.

Donita: It's very fun. You get to travel.

FLIPSIDE RECORDS

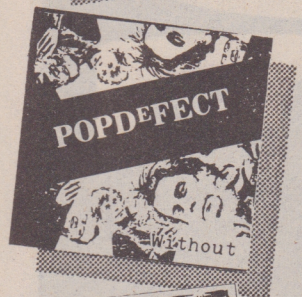
MOST RECENT TEN CATALOG



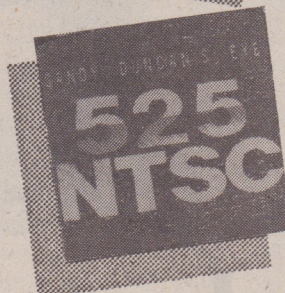
★ Flip 24 Paper Tulips "Insects" debut 21 song LP or cassette! Heady punk pop from this creative and prolific twisted trio.



★ Flip 25 Das Klow'n 4 song 7" EP with "Faces", "White 84", "Frankenstomp", "Open Em Up".



★ Flip 26 Popdefect 7" single with "To Each His Own", "Without". Classic driven pop.



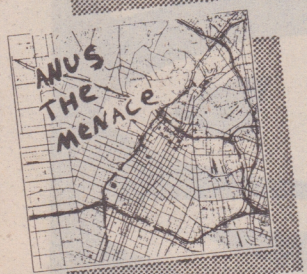
★ Flip 28 Sandy Duncan's Eye debut 7" with "525 NTSC" / "Sub". Guitar tortured twisted TV tales that will infect everyone.



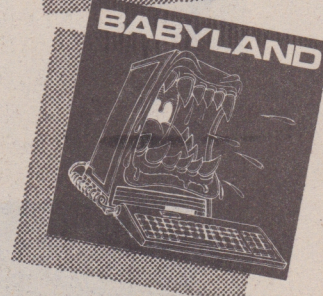
★ Flip 29 Popdefect 7" single with "That Was It" / "Puro Desmadre". More musical maddness.



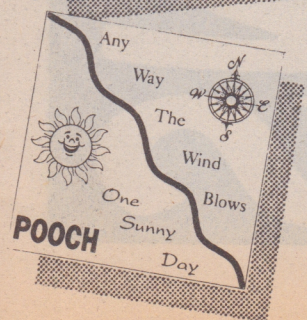
★ Flip 30 The Big One 10 band LA/SF comp. LP/CS. CD contains 8 tracks from City of L.A. Power comp. Some of the very best from the San Andreas fault!



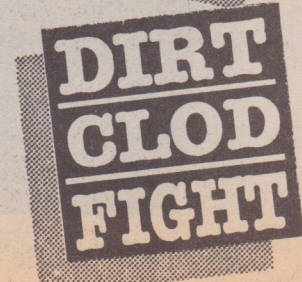
★ Flip 31 Anus The Menace debut 15 song LP/CS. L.A. style guitar driven desperation.



★ Flip 32 Babyland debut 7" EP with "Mask", "Mindfuck", "Motor.Tool.Appliance." and "Logan's Run". Techno industrial computer core.



★ Flip 33 Pooch single with "Any Way The Wind Blows" / "One Sunny Day". Pooch's pop plan.



★ Flip 34 Dirt Clod Fight 4 song EP with "More Needle Less Thread", "Speak Tongueman", "Where It's Beautiful", "Cool Ash Face". Biting hardrock.

Espresso-barcore? Well, maybe not; but, in any case, Hill of Beans consists of Steve Moramarco and David Markowitz, both of them on guitar and vocals. Also present for this conversation were Michael Rivkin, who produced the group's CD (and at whose apartment, somewhere near UCLA, the interview took place) and Bill Mahoney, who worked on the band's video for "Satan, Lend Me a Dollar." The video itself is hilarious, a slapstick romp through Hell with our heroes in elfin garb.

Interview by Les and Bob Cantu

"David needs that dollar now!"

Photos by Bob Cantu



HILL OF BEANS

ID: So, where did you shoot that?

SM: At the Rob Roy, right in good old L.A. on 6th., by MacArthur Park.

DM: It looks like a converted Round Table Pizza restaurant; it's got that King Arthur decor. It seemed like a good place to do a song like that. Bunch of chandeliers.

SM: It's a restaurant now; I think they're getting a beer licence. A fine establishment. It's got a pool table.

MR: A good place for us to trash.

DM: Yeah, man. It was pretty unintentional, but we just killed that place. We had so many candles; we wanted the Satan effect of having all this fire around, and all the wax melted over and they were, like, til midnight scraping wax off.

MR: The wax kept getting in people's noses, for some reason; people had, like, black snot. Really grotesque.

DM: We had the smoke machines on, and everyone's face was turning black.

SM: But we did it starting at 7 a.m. and, wisely, we brought cases of beer.

ID: Can you give some background about the band?

SM: We've been together at least two and a half years of playing, starting from the Grateful Dead parking lot.

ID: Uh?

DM: Not to advocate drug use or anything, but we were very, very blitzed at this Grateful Dead concert; we didn't even wanna go inside; we were just hanging out in the parking lot, playing music, doing all these very strange original tunes. We were being chased around by various cults, and the Zendik Farms woman was after us (laughs).

SM: She was talking about a biological change or something, so we started doing a song about that. But, Michael was the singer of a band, Krotch.

MR: Yeah, when we were at UCLA. We needed a bass player at one time, and Dave came in and played. That was good; (laughs) that was during the good period for Krotch. The high point, I think.

DM: And me and Steve started to jam afterwards, play some acoustic guitar. And the weekly appearances at Club Mellow.

MR: They would play in Steve's back yard.

SM: Yeah, and then we just started writing a few odd tunes, here and there, and we started, just assaulting people. "Spaces," actually, was from then. And we started fooling around on Dave's four-track, and began to get some things together, and I just, on a whim, sent it to KXLU, and they loved it. I mean, they played our four-track stuff, like, all the time.

ID: Is the new CD getting played?

SM: Yeah: we were number eight on KXLU, and I sent your little Ink Disease thing all over to all the radio stations! Yeah -- so, that and I just did our big bulk mailing on Monday.

MR: In terms of the CD, I said, y'know, "Steve, if there's ever an opportunity for me to produce anything for you guys . . ."

SM: Yeah, that's a fine patron of the arts!

MR: And it worked out that way, and we were pretty lucky.

SM: It's going pretty good. We're looking for a label, for a distributor. Hopefully, if college radio starts playing us . . .

ID: You do a lot of stuff live that didn't end up on the CD.

SM: Oof, we have like . . .

DM: Jillions and jillions of songs. A lot of it, we knew we couldn't stay in the studio forever, 'cause there's not enough money, and we wanted to at least show the different sides of us. The four-track stuff that was getting played on KXLU was more kinda thrash tunes, thrash folk or whatever. We have other shit too, so we wanted to keep it moving, doing the new stuff.

ID: O.K., you have some thrash folk -- what else do you do?

DM: Demented jazz, and . . .

SM: Sort of like Irish music, and . . .

DM: Polka hell.

MR: [On the album] They didn't do my favorite song; it's called "7-11 Armageddon."

DM: Hey, well, that's our musical.

SM: We will do that, I'm sure; it's just . . .

DM: A little more complicated. Like, the stuff we were gonna do with The London Philharmonic, we didn't have the room to do that.

ID: "Jack of All Trades," that could have been on there.

DM: Yeah, we recorded that on our original four-track.

SM: The main purpose was to get our name around and send it to radio and record people. Three songs would be too short for a CD, and so we thought, y'know, seven . . .

MR: It's like an EP plus. I wish we could have recorded a triple album!

SM: The basic goal of this is to get the word out so we can go back and keep recording.

DM: I remember when I was thinking about "Jack of All Trades," in fact, I was thinking it would sound really good if we could have some kind of percussion on it, this and that, a little more stuff happening. We didn't have the time to do it in the end.

ID: You do have some unofficial members who sometimes sit in?

SM: Sometimes.

DM: Richard [Fultineer] played the wooden log, cowbell.

SM: He played the snare; he's played with us a couple times.

MR: I've joined them for "Satan" and "The Renaissance Song." But, mostly, it's . . . you guys.

ID: How do you collaborate on the songs?

SM: It depends. Sometimes we can just sit down and pull something out of the air, like that song called "Turpentine."

MR: Have you written "Butt Cleavage" yet?

DM: No, we're working on it.

SM: It just depends. Sometimes one of us will have the idea for a song, the chords. We do things sometimes independently and bring them in.

ID: What kind of stuff do you like to listen to?

SM: I mean, I'm really into, like, Fugazi. But, right now I don't have my stereo. I don't even have a CD player; I can't even play my own CD.

DM: I listen to Thunderclap Newman just about every chance I get.

MR: We like the Velvets, the Jam.

SM: I like the Kinks, Ray Davies, the old Kinks.

DM: I'll have one tape that I'll play, y'know, for three

guess.

SM: There's emotions in the stories. It's sort of a combination of the nature of the instruments and the nature of the writing of the songs, I think, more than listening to any particular influence. We listen to so many varied things.

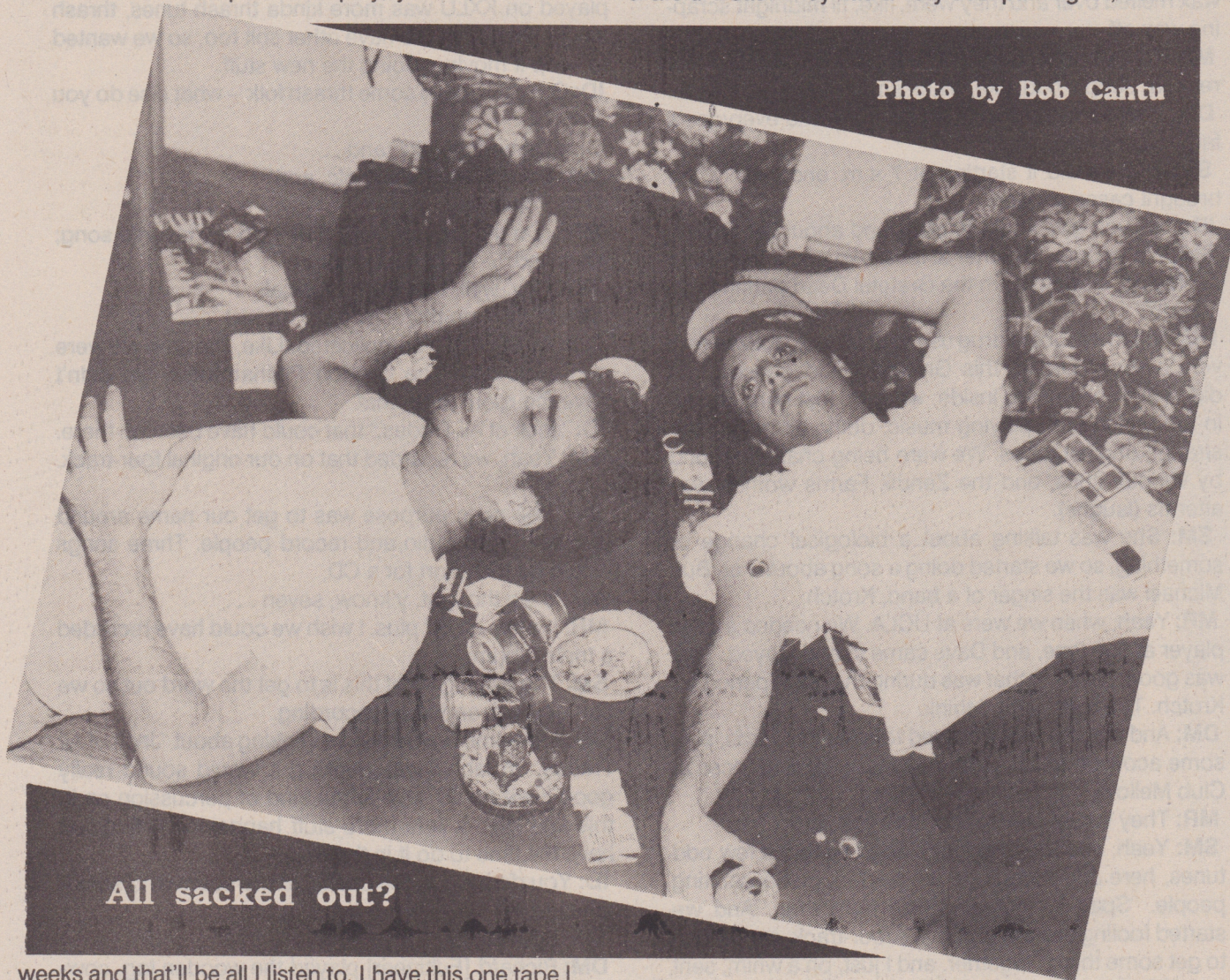
DM: None of us listen to folk records!

SM: We really don't. Of course, I listen to, like, Violent Femmes, and whatnot.

BM: I tried to get you to listen to the Grateful Dead.

SM: Oh, God, yeah (laughs). I don't really like the Grateful Dead. They had a very cool parking lot, but . .

Photo by Bob Cantu



All sacked out?

weeks and that'll be all I listen to. I have this one tape I got from this teacher I had, this Lebanese guy, a bunch of Arabic stuff. I always listen to it over and over again.

ID: Some of the songs you do have show tune influences, and folk music, and even old country.

SM: I used to do musicals when I was a little kid.

MR: Were you inspired by them?

SM: I don't really think so. Unconsciously. Most of our songs are mini-story type things; there's basic, central through lines.

DM: We aren't really harping on emotions too much, I

DM: We're trying to take this music we like, rock, and energetic electric music; and translate it on whatever instrument, it doesn't matter.

SM: It's just rock 'n' roll, more or less, but you can hear what's happening lyrically.

DM: A lot of times when people pick up an acoustic guitar, an acoustic instrument, they feel like they have to play this certain way. Like, "O.K, now I have to play a country song," but I think we're a little bit less worried about that. We just like to keep the energy going.

ID: What is the instrumentation?

SM: I play guitar, mostly.

DM: Yeah, it's a good basis for our singing. On the CD we have so much stuff: lyre, flute, accordion, mandolin, banjo, violin, everything. Not like I can really play these things.

ID: Do you think of yourselves as a serious band?

SM: Well, I don't like to be just thought of as, "Oh, those guys are funny," because that negates the other aspect. That's why we put those two more serious songs right at the first two tracks, the more traditional-sounding things, and then we started getting progressively weirder, like "Afghanistan," at the end.

MR: My favorite bands all had a good sense of humor. Like, Journey didn't seem to have such a good sense of humor.

DM: As long as you aren't taking yourself too seriously. Even a silly song can still be interesting musically.

SM: In a sense, "Satan, Lend Me a Dollar" is a very serious song!

ID: I think most people have been in that situation.

SM: Yeah, it's just a completely decadent and frivolous way of singing about it.

BM: And "Ozone Layer."

SM: Yeah, same thing. I think a lot of other songs tend to be funny on the surface. Sometimes, the best way to make a point is through humor. No-one wants to hear some sap: (in a quavering folkie whimper) "Oh, the Earth is dying."

DM: Yes, but just because no-one wants to hear it doesn't mean there's not thousands and thousands of people who still sing that way.

ID: Are there bands around town that you're impressed with?

SM: I like this guy Bobbo Stearon; he just does a cool, twisted thing. And Possum Dixon. Black Angel's Death Song. Carnival Art. Osrama -- that's another band Dave's in.

ID: Do you have trouble finding places to play?

DM: We've been lucky; the coffee house circuit has been our home. Playing places like the 8121 is kind of a rare event for us -- having a stage show like that. Usually we'll play these coffee houses around town, must be fifteen of them, where they'll have music one day a week. We started out just, we'd go in there, go up to the counter, "D'you mind if we play a couple of songs?"

"O.K." and then we'd sorta run around like maniacs for a while.

BM: Electronic Cafe.

DM: Yeah, we played there one time; we got beamed to Houston or somewhere by satellite. Then, at UCLA, we've gone up there and just gotten on top of tall things and played. There are opportunities you have when you're a duet that you don't have when you're a band of, like, ten people. Also, when you're acoustic. One of our most incredible gigs was when we opened for the Rocky Horror Picture Show in Orange County.

SM: Oh, God, that was a horrible, horrible thing.

DM: All these neo-nazi junior high school people, and they hated us when they saw us. But then we had this contest where we were going to have them play Rock, Paper, Scissors on-stage, so we say, "the winner of our contest is gonna get fifty dollars!" And then all of them just stormed the stage, like "Oh, fifty bucks!" We're, like, slipping in the water; this water's all over the stage.

SM: That place was weird; I forgot what it was like.

MR: Did you actually pay someone the fifty dollars?

SM: No way; we told them, "oh, just go up to the counter and demand your fifty bucks!" But, now it's really nice not to have a problem playing. We're trying to concentrate on places we really want to play at, that have a good atmosphere, or are cool to us, like the Rob Roy.

DM: Clubs can be cool; sometimes they can be a downer. Sometimes you feel like getting blitzed and having your ears throbbing and just dancing, and sometimes you don't; you just want to chill out, more or less, and it's nice that we can do both things. It doesn't really matter where we're at.

ID: What's that USC story?

SM: That's where Dave broke his arm.

DM: A horrible gig.

SM: It just got off to a bad start, basically. We played the gig; hopefully, we're gonna play there again, too. This time we'll make sure they pay us. The first song, Dave jumps on the table -- "Lunatic Asylum."

DM: The whole table shattered; all the legs went, and I'm like, "man, my arm really hurts, but I think we can still play." And every song, it was getting worse and worse. We played the whole set.

SM: I couldn't believe it. I knew he took a fall, but he got up and started playing again. I look over at his arm and it's in this lightening-bolt shape. God! So, of course, gracefully they were gonna pay us, like, a hundred bucks, and then the table cost a hundred and twenty dollars. Bullshit! And also they weren't even gonna pay us the hundred dollars because one other guy heard us and totally hated us, at USC. The guy was all, y'know, "USC's a very serious place. I don't think people will get your music." And I'm, like, "there's nothing to get; it's just music." But, on the flipside, we're gonna come back there, and they wrote a good little article about us in the Trojan, and the USC radio's playing us; we're on heavy rotation over there. So, we'll play wherever we're...

DM: Wanted or not, we're gonna play.

SM: I'd like to do a show for Goldenvoice, opening for some other band, just for sheer exposure. We're basically gonna try to get this video around; we're selling our CD at Rhino Records. Did you hear -- I don't know if this is true, but some guy was saying that he heard "Afghanistan" on the radio in New York.

ID: Where has the CD been sent?

SM: Radio stations? KXLU; Santa Barbara has it: KCSB; they're playing it; San Diego: KCR; San Luis Obispo: KCPR. Right now; but by the time this thing

comes out . . .

ID: Do you think there's much to be said for what's happening in L.A. these days, musically?

DM: In terms of all these coffee houses, I think that's really good. People are hanging out together in kind of a social setting where you get to see a lot more of the extremes.

SM: Yeah, I think definitely those are some of the best places to play, and also see people play.

DM: Recently at the Jabberjaw, we saw this, like, naked beast with long hair scrambling around while two people were, like, dressed up in Renaissance uniforms -- I mean, people are more apt to see something bizarre, which is good, instead of saying, "Oh, gee, we have a drummer, a bass player, and two guitarists. And where have I seen that before?"

SM: I don't think the scene in L.A. has really gotten better or really fallen apart in the last few years. There's plenty of places to go see good music and plenty of good bands to see. It's sometimes harder to find them. I don't think there's a specific scene.

ID: What kind of audiences do you get?

SM: I think even hardcore people would like us. Well, I dunno about hardcore people, but we opened for, like, All one time and got a great response. I think we're just as "hard" as some of those bands out there -- I mean, just because we're rockin' on, like, mandolin and accordion. People like it. I run a party service, and I thought, "what would be a good way for us to make some

money?" And I put an ad in this L.A. Parent magazine, being "Santa's Singing Elves" for Christmas, and we got a few bookings. So, we'd wear the long noses and the little pointy ears -- the outfits that are in the video. But we had little curly toes. We did it in front of a storefront window.

DM: We were singing, "Santa, Santa, lend me a dollar."

ID: No scruples, right?

BM: No-one can say you aren't the littlest bit commercial.

DM: Actually, we were singing "Silent Night" a tad too fast, and this woman was saying, "don't do that, it's not funny." We certainly provoked a scandal; people came out of this bar next door and were watching us. But the little kids loved it.

SM: Yeah, some of our biggest fans are under six years old. To get on the mailing list, and for information about the CD, the video, bookings, Hell, or whatever, try the following address:

Hill of Beans
1836 S. Beverly Glen Blvd. #1
Los Angeles, CA 90024
(213) 281-9547

At press time, Hill of Beans has been picked up for distribution via Rough Trade, Cargo, and Important. Inquire at your local grocery.

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27 DEVILS JOKING, ANUS THE MENACE, THE FIXTURES and THE VOODOO GLOW SKULLS at the Sham-rock

This bar on the far East end of Hollywood Blvd. (not exactly the trendy area) is a cozy place to see a band. Pool tables, good sound courtesy of Tony (famed Detox guitarist), and a lot of good bands make this a fun place to visit, although the \$7.00 cover charge didn't exactly seem cheap. But, then everything is quite expensive these days. This was a record release party for Anus the Menace and I gather the Fixtures as well.

I arrived to see the last half of the the Voodoo Glow Skulls set. They seemed like an energetic bunch with a good attitude. Riverside's pride & joy, if slightly generic. They were followed by the Fixtures. I've wanted to see this band for some time. They've sent us millions of flyers and I've managed to miss a million of their shows. I finally made one and maybe I should have been at about a million of them. They were tight, explosive, bounced around and made some damn good faces, especially the drummer who also handles the vocal duties. It was worthwhile just to watch him roll his eyes back in his head and crack his kisser into a huge grin between shouting out the lyrics. Their numbers reminded me of a cross between the Dead Kennedys and Bad Religion, although other thoughts came to mind as well. The best thing about them was they really seemed to enjoy their own material. They grooved on their sound and that love for what they were doing fueled the music. After a good number of songs their set ended and it was time for Anus the Menace.

Anus the Menace had the best sound I've ever heard them with. They steadily worked through their new and old hits handing out records and talking to the audience between songs. Seeing as how Johnny was moving to Ohio, it was their last show for a while, although they may do one or two in the summer. Although, Paul (Cool Flipside staffer Dude, & Surfer) was lamenting the absence of "Dangle" they played a full set with many really good selections from the new album. Johnny, Mike and Phil were almost business-like as they went through their last set, everything was in tune, running as a well oiled unit. Scraping guitars, combustion bass and unrelenting drum pounding propelled this final gig to a sad but fulfilling end.

Last up were 27 Devils Joking, a band that has been around a long time I hear. This East coast band plays a power grunge comparable to a lot of stuff these days. They really take a basic older style of heavy rock and update it a little. Powerful and impressive at times, but not a style I'm in love with so after 6 songs I left.

It was a very pleasant evening at a local club you should check out. I only wished I didn't smell like cigarettes after leaving the place. Besides that I was satisfied.

NAKED RAYGUN, POP DEFECT and VOMIT LAUNCH at Al's Bar 3-16-91

It's not often that you get to see a band that's become popular in a smaller club and you have to take advantage of that opportunity. With advance notice (a whole day) from Brian, who heard the good news on one of the underground's most stalwart supporters KXLU,

we arrived early and easily made it into Al's.

The club has a nice atmosphere, sporting a great juke box with punk favorites like X, and other notable tracks like Screamin' Jay Hawkins' "I Put a Spell You." Lots of old friends and notables arrived including Al Flipside, X-8 (one of Flipside's early writers with quite a reputation. He has a goth. band now, but I conveniently forgot the name) and Lil' Bill, formerly the concrete of Pomona hardcore and singer of Philsbury Hardcore. Even Steve Alper and Joe Henderson showed up at the same time proving they're not the same person (Joe was in a good mood judging by the number of headlocks he put people into). But others failed to heed my warning, and upon arriving late, waited in long lines to no avail (hey, bro).

Lots of conversation later, Vomit Launch took the stage. The band features a hard hitting rhythm section of two guys and two women (The women played guitar and sang). I liked them, they had some nice musical passages, sometimes melodic and others more edgy, and the singing was pretty good as well. They made it clear they were from Chico (North-Central California) braving the snow on the grapevine to make this L.A. gig. I thought they got a very warm response for an out of town band. The very short-haired singer wore no shoes on stage, smoked constantly, and reminded me of your typical Berkley radical. A strong female figure. She informed us of

the party problems in Chico (I guess they have to register their kegs or something. By the way Pooch says Chico is one of the top party schools.) She also told us her "blood on the pillow" story, for no particular reason, but overall they were an entertaining opening act, who played some decent material, which is more than I can say for a lot of bands.

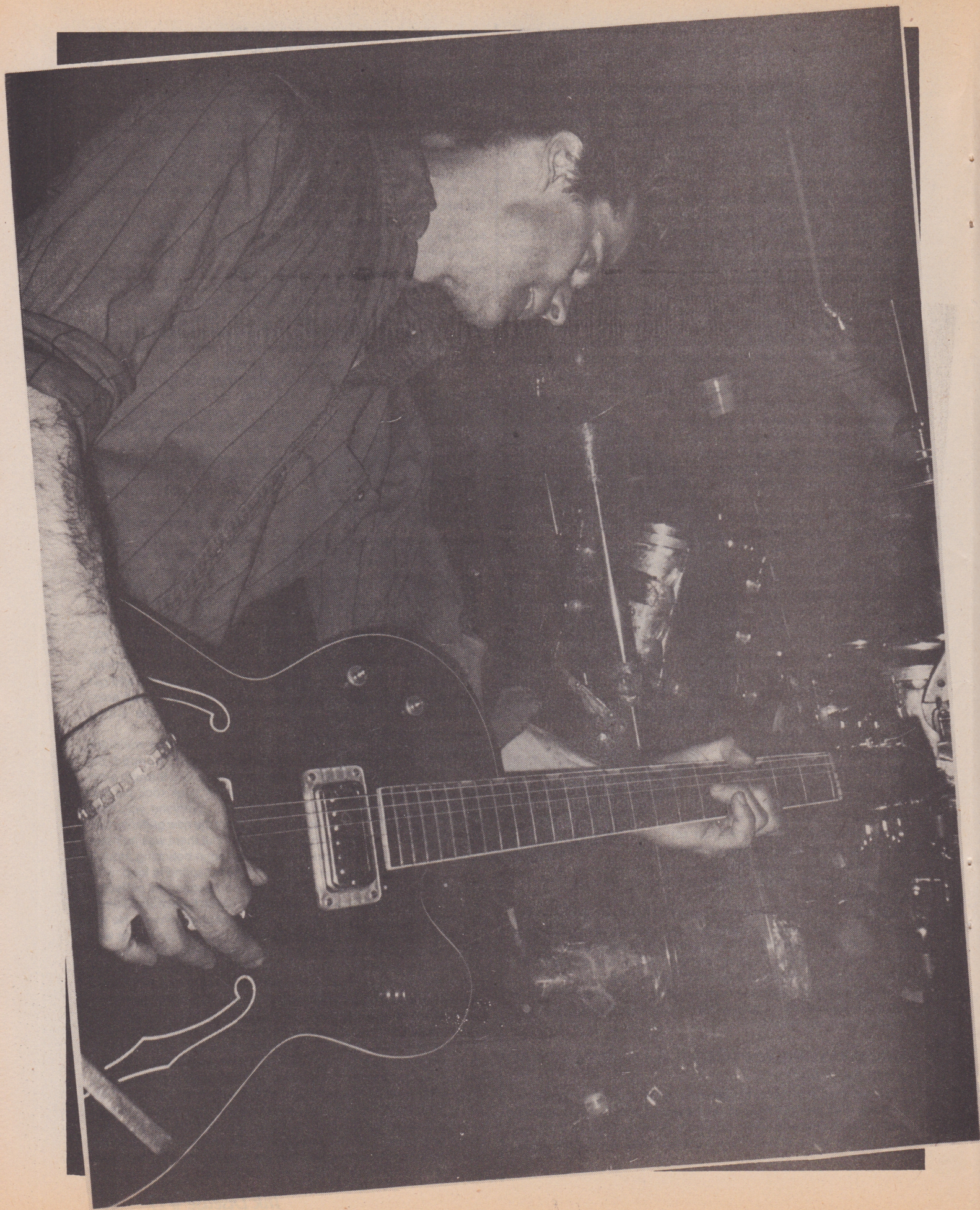
Next up were Pop Defect. They are a three piece which really groove, have a good stage presence, lots of movement and plenty of bite to their music. Surf, punk, experimental, whatever you call it, these guys are excellent and I recommend you go see them and get their records. Good energy, good attitude and a good time for all.

Just around midnight Naked Raygun hopped on stage, and blasted through a set of no nonsense punk rock packed full of melodies. Everyone was concerned whether or not the new guitarist, Bill, would be good enough, but there was no need to worry and everyone was soon bouncing around and bobbing their heads. His guitar sound is loud, with

great chunky distortion which fits the Naked Raygun riffs perfectly. He also seemed really into it. None of that English type of stand there and be a good rock star, or do your choreographed moves. No sir, he swung his axe around and enjoyed every minute of it. Spicer was as pounding as usual, an excellent drummer, the kind of no bullshit stick man any great band could not do without. Pierre was sick, but got in a few wicked licks as he whipped his bass around. Jeff Pizzati typifies this band's solid performance, not real flashy stage presence, but excellent when it comes to delivering the vocals, especially his trademark "Oh, Oh's." He just stands tall, leans forward, often closes his eyes and belts out the tunes. And while the sound varies depending on where you're standing in Al's bar, if you found a spot or two, like I did, the guitars slam in your face and the vocals ring true. From songs like "Home" to "Peacemaker" to "Wonder Beer" to "Surf Combat," to "Home of the Brave," they played 'em; an overview of material from their vast array of albums. Finally they left the stage, to the cheers of a packed room of sweaty happy people. The audience wanted more and the band mounted the stage again, but some wise guy at Al's cut the power. "No more. Go home!" It was only 1:30.

LIVE

Reviews



**Everyone knows that
Naked Raygun rules
the waste land!**

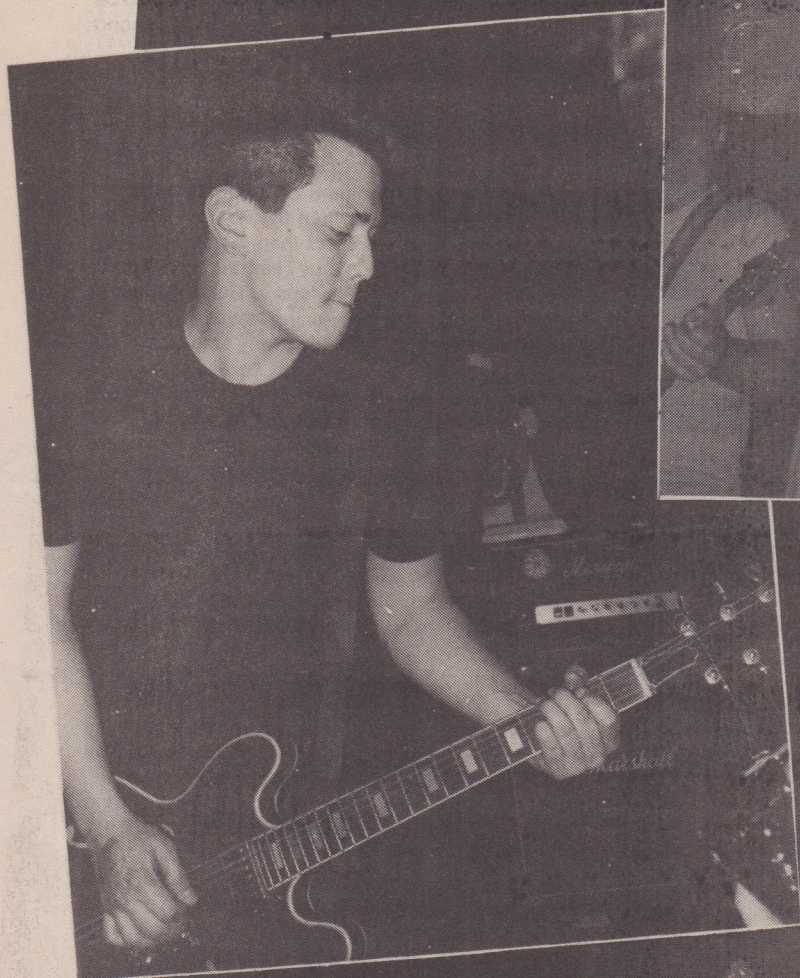
Right: Jeff behind
the mic
Below: Bill on guitar



Photos by Thomas

Vomit Launch at Al's Bar

Picture below



**Pop Defect shaking
Al's Bar**

Photo opposite page



What gives? No explanation, left a bunch of mad people wanting more. A couple more tunes and people would have left promptly, in great spirits, but NO!, everyone milled around pissed off as hell.

It was an excellent night, and while several of my friends complained they didn't play enough of the new songs, or the real old ones, especially "Throb Throb" highlights, and their Buzzcocks and Stiff Little Fingers covers it was an excellent show. I can't remember having quite this much fun at a show in a long while. Even smelling like cigarettes and starting to feel my throat scratch was not enough to dampen my spirits.

---Thomas

BAD RELIGION, INSTED, at the Hollywood Palladium (2-2-91)---By Benny Siegel

First up were Insted. They were pumping out that Minor Threat style straight edge hardcore which really makes you want to slam. So, I got a beer & observed from a distance. I enjoyed their riffs, tight breaks and powerful lyrics. A good set by a must see band. Next were L.O.S.T. Yes! You guessed it-T.S.O.L. with the original members doing their oldies but goodies like "Abolish Government." Their

set seemed endless, because the anticipation I had for Bad Religion drove me crazy. Nevertheless I enjoyed L.O.S.T. They had the perfect sound level for the Palladium and they were tight.

Then the moment I was waiting for finally came. It was time for Bad Religion. They opened with "We're Only Gonna Die" and did songs from all their albums including the hits off of "Suffer" and "No Control." "Operation Rescue" was a high point. I was so tired that by the time they went on I didn't know if they would be able to play well, let alone make it through their vast set. There was nothing to worry about, because they were incredible, playing as tight as your ass and as fast as your daddy's porsche. The only problem was the sound was too loud for the Palladium and consequently it made everything hard to hear. I couldn't make out the leads for shit. The vocals were only okay, and the drums meshed into the background. However, you could hear the bass, unlike on the albums.

Overall I had a good time and it appeared almost everyone had fun. I only saw one fight, while a lot of young people seemed to be enjoying themselves. I deemed it a success despite the sound problems.

P.S. Mr. Brett has purple hair.

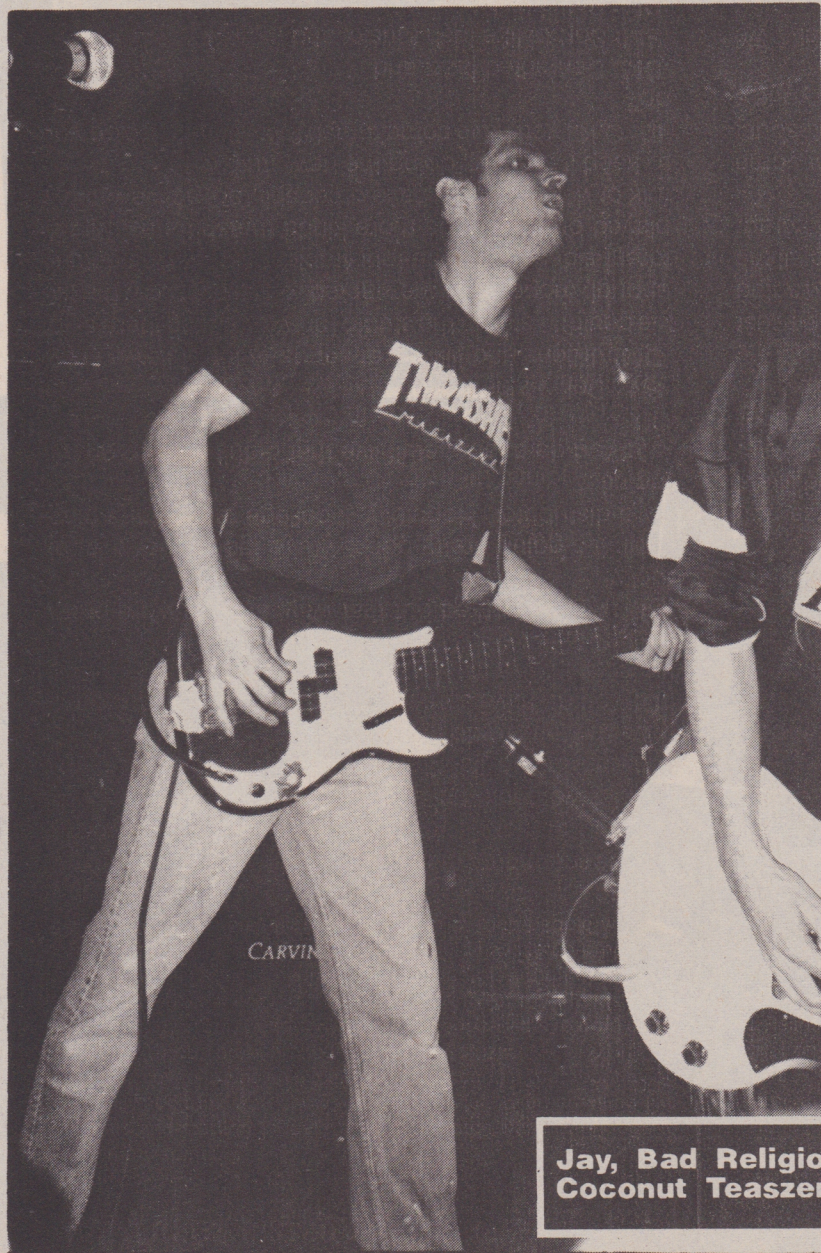
THE DICKIES, TWISTO FRUMPKIN, JUICE BROTHERS at Bogarts, Dec. 31, 1990

I honestly can't imagine a band I'd rather spend New Year's Eve with more than the Dickies. The last time I had seen them was a less-than-perfect sweatfest at the claustrophobic Coconut Teaszer, so I was excited at the prospect of a killer show. But first, I had to endure a couple of local opening acts. The atmosphere was celebratory, but not overly so, without the overbearing crunch of booze and bodies that is the norm at a Hollywood show. Every time I've been to Bogart's has been super pleasurable. As the Elvis marathon winked out from the house TV screens, the Juice Brothers took the stage. These were local-looking scrubby-faced kids, with nary a hint of facial hair amongst them. They opened with a humorous display worthy of the Dickies themselves, playing the opening licks of Iron Maiden's "The Trooper," which was about the level of creativity I had expected, to judge by their appearance. They surprised me, however, by quickly shifting into an intense set of thrash/hardcore originals. I enjoyed the confused looks on the faces of the more yuppie-type Bogart's patrons as a small but dedicated mosh pit began. (Bogart's is cool, but some of its clientele are a bit square.) I especially like the song the singer described as being about his sister, which went something like "She was thirteen and fat...she was thirteen and very big / All her friends called her a pig." Classic stuff. Not a bad opener, and more interesting for me than your typical bland opening act. Twisto Frumpkin (a stupid name that I probably misspelled) were a boring, generic white-funk clone band. Their smug attitude didn't exactly help compensate for their lack of originality, and if the Dickies weren't due up right afterward they probably wouldn't have kept three people interested. And their bass player is the goofiest white-bread dork I've ever seen. Thankfully, their set was cut short.

The midnight hour came and went, and eventually the Dickies hit the stage and did a fantastic set. Opening of course with "Silent Night," they were more energetic than the last time I saw them, and they did a different set as well. Classics such as "Pretty Please Me" and "Wagon Train," conspicuously absent from

their last few sets, sounded great. Leonard was in great form and bounced about

frantically. The sound was excellent, and the Dickies were simply marvelous. They haven't lost a thing after



Jay, Bad Religion bassist at the Coconut Teaszer

Photo by Thomas



Above: The Dickies, New Year's Eve at Bogart's

Right: Scatterbrain, at the Palace

all these years, and even though a Dickies show has lately come to be essentially a greatest hits retrospective, that was just fine for this night. I can watch these guys anytime. May the new year see the arrival of a new Dickies album and more shows of the caliber of the New Year's Eve gig. Long may they reign.

---By Richard

SCATTERBRAIN-Sunday, Oct. 28 1990, at the Palace, Hollywood

Well, this is a band that I'm glad I got to see in concert, 'cause I didn't really like their album too much, and I might

not have ever given them a chance to grow on me. But luckily I got to see them, and wow, was I suprised. They're tight and solid musicians who choose not to waste time posing and acting like Guns 'n Roses or Motley Crue, or any other MTV band. In fact they totally mock that whole genre of commercial music. They mock and tease just about everything and everybody. They performed bits and pieces of every song from "Sweet Home Alabama" to "My Sharona," imitating bands like Van Halen, Jethro Tull, Pink Floyd, Slayer, even Spinal Tap (probably their biggest influences). They also played Frank Zappa's "Titties & Beer" with Devil mask and all. This band is wild and fun, even with all the jokes and covers, though, they never lose sight of the Scatterbrain sound which is a hybrid of hardcore/thrash/rock and blues. It seems like Scatterbrain is having a ball playing all the riffs that they loved to listen to while growing up, and doing all the things that everyone in the band wanted to do on stage, but most of the time are too 'serious' to do. These guys do them and are very entertaining too. The only thing I'm mad about is that I ran out of film before they did "Sweet Transvestite", so you'll just have to imagine them dressed up like nuns and little girls in skirts and nighties.

---Bob

L7-at Iguanas, Tijuana

Previously unimpressed by their live show, I decided to give L7 another chance after hearing their raucous record "Smell The Magic." It was well worth the trek down to T.J. to see these road weary travelers. Even though fatigued from their European tour, L7 rocks

Photos by Bob





Photo by Steve

the knickers off any "boy" group around these days. It's refreshing to see female performers reject the sex kitten role and be women. I hope L7 become role models for all those lost souls who have gone to places like the Cathouse donning mere undergarments. Being a groupie is a copout, ladies. --Rocky

Soul Asylum, Thelonious Monster, Carnival Art-at the Country Club, November 16, 1990

So, Soul Asylum walks on stage, and guitar hero Dave Pirner is condescending from word one. "It's nice," he says, "not to hear people requesting twenty songs that we wrote ten years ago." The hair waggin' and guitar shreddin' immediately begin. Walls of quiter feedback fill the Country Club, as Pirner and his pickin' cohort Dan Murphy feature blistering versions of songs from the current album and last year's Hangtime. Dang if they're not an American band, and Pirner looks like he's living a rock star fantasy -- he's even got some of Axl's moves down, fer cryin' out loud. And when the quartet is rollin' full steam, the sonics hit right between the eyes. It's a quality, hard hitting show, and it doesn't matter if they play the "old stuff" or not. (they did play two off of

Photo by Bob



Above: Donita of L-7, live in Mexico

Right: Marcy of Scrawl, Bogarts, 9-27-90

Opposite page:
Mr. David Yow, with former band Scratch Acid, now the Jesus Lizard himself

Made To Be Broken. It'd just be nice if they didn't dump on the fans that happen to prefer the older material.

Thelonious Monster don't get wrapped up in any BS. Frontman Bob Forrest hits the stage, throws out some between-song banter, and lets his band loose. Out of the scene -- minus a few gigs, Forrest's been recording a solo LP -- for some time, the Monster is still in fine form. They cruised through a darn fun set, highlighting with an absolutely raw version of Blind Lemon Jefferson's "See That My Grave Is Kept Clean." Forrest's nowhere near the drunkard he can be -- he said sumthin' about being clean and all that, but wasn't that a quart of Bud he was swilling?

Openers Carnival Art were a fine selection. Certainly their dress code matches up with the Soul Asylum flannel shirts 'n jeans aesthetic. (One guitarist even wore overalls!) "Antihero" demonstrated good pop-sludge technique, and frontman Michael Tak's vocals come off powerfully, despite the "opening band mix." The quartet has good cover taste -- they took on a Syd Barret number. -- Mark Woodlief

Bob Mould-Embassy Theater, November 17, 1990

Mould's got the guts, the intelligence, and the sensitivity to go out and do whatever he wants with a guitar. The bass (ex-Pere Ubu's tony Maimone) and drums (Golden Palomino Antio Fier) don't hurt either. The one thing Mould can't do is sing. On his latest studio album, Black Sheets Of Rain, you'll hear plenty of decent efforts at vocals, yet bolstered by studio effects.

Get Mould out on a stage and he's the same old throaty, hoarse beast he was in Husker Du. He mumbles and groans when he a) forgets the words to his own songs or b) doesn't think the words make a difference at the moment. Hardly singing, it's still an emotive expression -

- something else Mould's quite accomplished in conveying. In the familiar trappings of a power trio, Mould's at home with mind-bending guitar rampages and noise epics -- subtly, at least live, is not his forte.

His attempt at the pretty acoustic ballad "The Last Night" was mainly choked-voice moaning and twelve-string strumming. Pretty weak stuff. His first encore, at the opposite end of the spectrum, was a blazing workout that saw each member of the band mesh. Gnarl-ing, wailing, and crashing together, this ten-minute musical blaze surprised much of the audience.

Sensitive guy or not, no matter how much Mould want to be Richard Thompson, guitar torture is still his specialty. -- Mark Woodlief

SCRAWL, TOADSTOOL-Sept. 27th, 1990, Bogart's, Long Beach

Toadstool! 3 Dudes! Cool Tunes! This band impressed me, and I had never even heard them before. Toadstool are a bit old-fashioned, with a 70's rock and roll kind of sound. But they have some cool grooves which give them a very 90's feel. A lot of energy and a really full sound make it hard believe there are only 3 guys on stage. They went over pretty well with the crowd, even though there were not that many people there and those that were just cheered politely. No one rushed the stage or anything, but I'm sure that Toadstool will find their crowd and sooner or later they'll be headlining Bogarts instead of opening. I'll be there, front and center (throwing stuff at them). Good luck guys.

---Bob

Scrawl has turned out to be one of my favorite bands in recent years. After a couple of cancelled and/or rescheduled shows, I finally got to see them. Unfortunately (for us fans) it was an opening slot for the Dead Milkmen, so I don't think we got a full Scrawl set with the band at its best. It was still a lot of fun. Scrawl did a pretty mixed set, drawing on material from all 3 of their albums. I didn't get to hear a couple of my favorites, like "For Your Sister" or "He's Walkin'," but otherwise they were pretty satisfying, offering up "Green Beer," "Charles," "Begin" (even though Marcy forgot the chords the first time) and a rockin' version of "Let It All Hang Out." The crowd gradually got more and more into the show, and they all seemed like they enjoyed it by set's end. The only complaint I might register is that Scrawl could inject a little more life into their show. They don't interact with the audience enough, but aside from that I have nothing but praise. Next time I see them I hope it's more within their own element, where I'm sure they will shine. ---Richard

THE JESUS LIZARD-Club Lingerie, November 3, 1990

Unfortunately, the Jesus Lizard played to less than 30 masochistic listeners. On the positive side, this four-man amalgamation (ex-members of Scratch Acid, 86, Rapeman, and Cargo Cult) stomped the silly guts out of the place. Nothing could've been more live than these musical miscreants. Guitar (Duane Denison) like razors. Vocals (David Yow) like vomit. Bass (David Sims) like a musical spinal tap. Drums (Mac McNeilly) like a landslide.

Yow's abilities as a frontman are both honest and confrontational. He's never afraid to

Photo by Brian



get in somebody's face, stare 'em down, make 'em think (or run). Somehow, he also has the gift of being able to cough up endless amounts of brown- yellow phlegm, hurling it to the stage floor carelessly. The fucker must smoke 10 packs of cigarettes a day.

Sims is gone by about the fourth or fifth song, staring away into something, sometimes barely moving, sometimes shuffling back and forth in an uneven kind of line. For a skinny guy, McNeilly is brutal when he's bearing down, a careening mess of a drummer, absolutely delirious in the cloud of his rhythms. Denison stabs and slashes at his guitar, not with random violence, but with a purpose.

Still, somehow, that purpose sounds so violent, so uncontrollable,

so thick and hot and unleashed that it's easy to stand at the edge of the stage and just let it mow you down. Stomp right over you. Crush you into the fucking floor. As you lie on the beer-soaked floor, you taste blood. --Mark Woodlief

Laughing Hyenas, Hole and others-at Raji's

It had been a couple months since I had last visted Raji's. Sad rumors had been spreading about the demise of one of Hollywood's few consistently good clubs. Raji's had changed management, new paint, new carpet, a CD jukebox, a goodbye to the circus tent ceiling, and the larger bar would attest to that. Like the Billy Goat in Chicago (which was made famous on a Saturday Night Live skit) where they only serves "cheese borgers" and Pepsi, Raji's was also a one-drink establishment. You had Bud or else. Now this Hollywood den offers customers exotic fruit drinks. But basically Raji's, while being cleaned up a bit, still delivers where it counts-the music department. Touring bands and L.A.'s up and comers perform the finest feats of demolition here.

Tonight was a noise fest. I caught the beginning of the Hole set. This group recently graced the cover of Flipside and I've had them described to me as dirgy. They had some powerful rocking parts, loud and delightful at times, but they did tend to do some dirging and songs blended into each other. They were energetic on stage and definately get some points for that.

Next up were the Laughing Hyenas. They went at it like their namesake ripping apart a kill. Experts at work, they were. Unmercifully and methodically they pounded out their hits.

Kevin, with his red "Abraham Lincoln meets a hillbilly" beard, was the most reserved one of the lot, rocking back and forth in big arcs while laying down some pounding bass parts. Jim happily worked his kit all over looking slightly manic with his smile, but he was always in control. The singer, John Brannon, was a screeching lung destroyer. The guy sung until hoarse then kept singing. He'd stare at the audience with the Henry Rollins "I want to kill you" look. Quite drunk he'd pace back and forth across the stage, lunging at times, spit and beer drool hanging from his chin. I kept expecting him to jump into the audience and rip off someone's head. Often John would run into Larissa, who was torturing her guitar. This "guitar goddess" is in a constant battle, smashing violently into John, while letting sparks fly from her instrument. It's the kind of thing Sylvia Juncosa is noted for. But this unassuming blue bug- eyed mid-

John Brannon, Laughing Hyenas lead-pillager, looking for a drool bucket

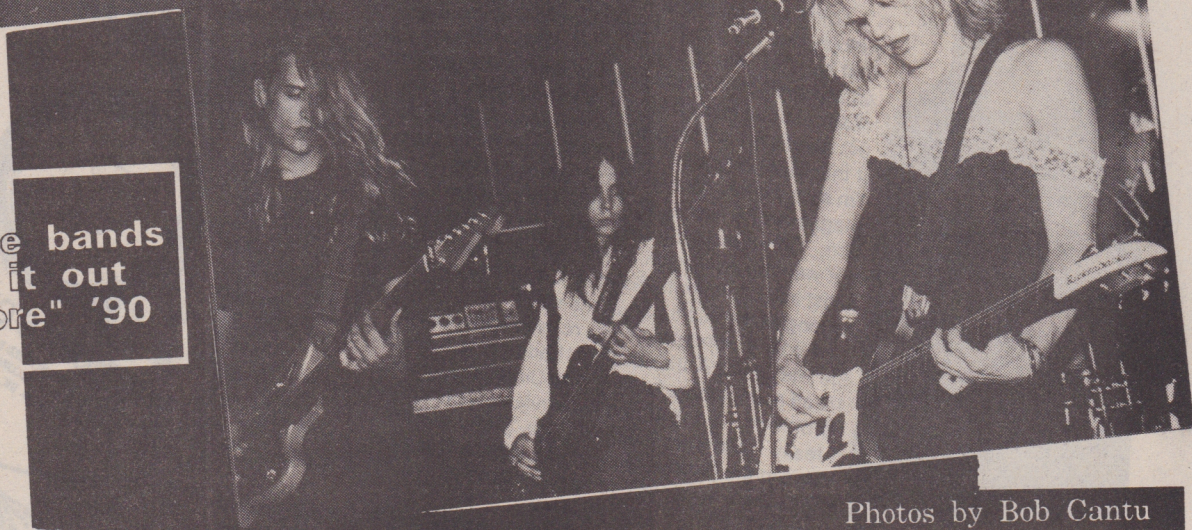


Photo by Thomas



Weather Bell, left,
and Hole below

Two of the bands
battling it out
at "Foxcore" '90



Photos by Bob Cantu

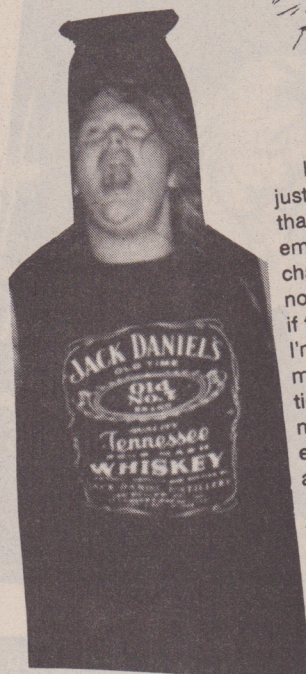
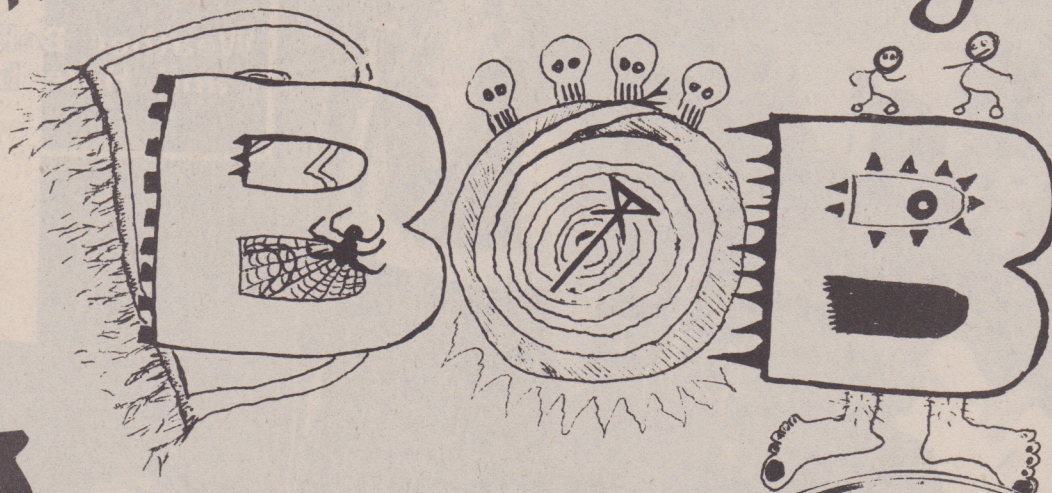
westerner is a monster on guitar, dress ripped open at the underarm, urging forth noisy screeching furnace blasts. Great stuff to watch, and lovely to hear.
---Thomas

**BABES IN TOYLAND, HOLE, LOVE DOLLS,
WEATHER BELL and BOOTLEG-at Club With No Name,
October 29, 1990.**

In honor of the fact that Halloween was a mere two days off and the talents displaying their wares this particular evening were comprised mainly of females, the ad for the show stated "all men in drag get in for half price." This didn't seem like a bad deal since my Ink Disease status, as usual, carried as much weight as saying to the beefcake doorman, "Hi, my name's Steve, can I get in free?" But who would believe that in this Hollywood dive (home of the Probe- cross dressing club extraordinaire) I was the only one man enough to show up in drag. Not only did my slightly snug skirt and flowing blouse enable me free admittance, but I was also given free membership to

the club, not too bad for a guy with hairy legs. Probably what was most remarkable about this show was the extreme diversity and styles of the bands. Bootleg were the female equivalent of Guns'n'Roses, minus the tattoos and the feathered pubic hair. Weather Bell are a difficult group to describe. Their layered sound was enriched by the addition of a second guitarist. Annette's ballady vocal delivery, complemented by atmospheric pop is strange and eerie. Weather Bell are a talented group that sound radically different every time I see them. The Love Dolls began life as a joke band about eight years ago and continue to worsen with age. This was my first encounter with both Hole and Babes In Toyland. What an experience! These were two of the most abrasive noise ensembles that my ears have laid eyes on (?) since Three Day Stubble and the Happy Flowers melted the PA at Woodstock '85. Hole dirged and grunged relentlessly till I could feel my teeth actually loosen in their sockets. By the time Babes launched into their hour long medley of power love ballads I retreated to the powder room to adjust my underalls and contemplate how a nice boy like me ended up in hell-or was that Toyland?---Steve

the world according to...



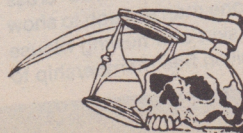
I didn't start the fire. I kind of wish I did though. Let's just say that I salute whoever it was that struck the match that set the Cafe L.A. ablaze and left nothing but an empty shell of a building full of charred tables and chairs. I don't know if anyone died. I hope not. I'm not heartless, but judging by their usual clientele, if there was anyone in the place when it went up, I'm sure the hairspray alone would have been a magnet for flames. But hey, it's worth a celebration. One less stuck-up Hollywood, "If you're not wearing snakeskin boots you can't get in" elitist establishment. So, now the line is twice as long at the sushi bar up the street.

If you're wondering why I'm ranting on about the late Cafe L.A. it's because I had to spend about 1/2 an hour in there interviewing Craig Locicero from Forbidden. I didn't think the interview came out well, but it really wasn't his fault. He was pretty tired and the music in the place was so loud it was hard to hear. And the atmosphere was, well... As I said before, I'm glad it burned down.

But then about an hour later I was talking to Eric Meyer from Dark Angel in a parking lot behind AM/PM. He was sipping Bud Lights (Craig was drinking iced cappuccinos!) and this was a much more laid back, fun conversation.

A couple of weeks later I got to meet and converse with Carcass, one of the forerunners of a new breed of thrash called grindcore.

Dead Conspiracy is another band I talked to, one which can't really be labeled, but they definitely have their roots firmly planted in thrash. I decided to tie all these interviews together in one segment. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the black sheep of the music scene. The sound that won't die! It's still going and it doesn't have any plans of rolling over and dying anytime soon...



FORBIDDEN

ID: How long do you think your band can last?

Craig: I wouldn't mind being in this band for the next 15 years. If it will last that long. I'm into long term things. You got to figure it's, because my influences are bands like Iron Maiden, Judas Priest, Slayer and Mercyful Fate. Those bands lasted, or are lasting a long, long time.

ID: How would you describe your music, is it thrash?

Craig: It's a lot of things, because we all have different influences. It's very dark, heavy, fast, slower at times, and it's always changing. It's always gonna change, but the thing is though, I've seen a lot of bands change and go the wrong direction. They lose the aggression and heaviness they originally had, and we're not gonna do that. We're always gonna keep the heaviness, that darkness. It's part of us. It's what we like to play.

ID: Do you always want to play thrash? Will you ever try some other kind of music?

Craig: I'm too young to say that. This is what I want to do right now.

ID: What can I say to people who haven't heard your music, or don't listen to thrash (like most Ink Disease readers) so that maybe they'll give your music a chance?

Craig: I actually wouldn't say anything to them. I wouldn't want to ram anything down their throats. I just think that if anyone listens to any kind of music they'll see things that they hadn't seen before- if they really look with their eyes open to it. I'm not so much into punk anymore, I used to be, but if I go back and listen to my old records I go "Oh yeah, that's why I like it." There's always something there for somebody. Always.

ID: How long have you guys been together?

Eric: Well, I've been in the band about six years now. I'm the last original member. Um...a long fucking time.

ID: When you started how many other thrash bands were there in L.A.? Were there any?

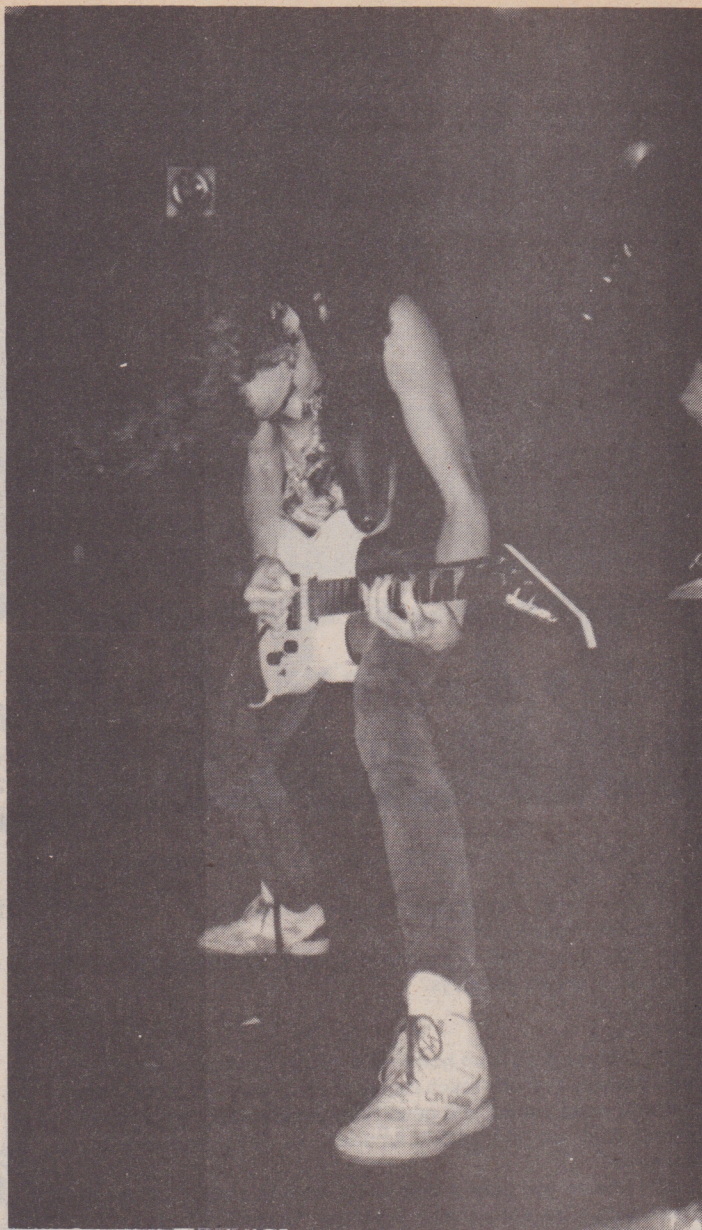
Eric: Well, there wasn't really. I mean, there was no big scene happening. Slayer had just put out their first record and were playing around the local clubs. Metallica had gotten just a little bit beyond that. So, there really wasn't much going on. We used to play with Slayer way back when. Then we put out our first album and Exodus put out theirs. So, it was really at the start of the whole thing. But then we just got a lot of bad breaks, and all the other bands just took off. We had a lot of trouble with members leaving and getting kicked out.

ID: I remember there was a two-year delay after your second album "Darkness Descends." Did that hurt you?

Eric: Oh yeah. It was so stupid. We had so many problems with our singer at the time, and we just couldn't start rehearsing for the next album or anything. We also had some total idiots managing us, but that's a whole other story.

ID: I was wondering how you guys react to bad reviews? Cuz I saw this one live review in Metal Forces (a British mag) and it really thrashed you guys.

Eric: I don't know. We can't really worry about it too much. It's weird, 'cause when we first started this band all of us always tried to kick butt on stage. And I guess it had a lot to do with some of the ex-members, but we always got bad reviews. Especially from guys overseas. But it's changing now with the new lineup. We're more confident now. I think we're ten times better than ever.



Tim Calvert displays his technique of flinging lice from his hair
Photo by Bob

ID: Do you think there is any kind of thrash scene in L.A.?

Eric: Oh yeah.

ID: It doesn't seem like there's any place to play.

Eric: There are some cool places, but it's tough to break in with clubs nowadays. All they care about is bodies in the place. So, if you can draw people then, you know. We just missed the pre-sale ticket thing, it was just starting and we had enough of a following to weasel through it enough times. We used to play Radio City a lot and it's a shame it burned down. The last night we played there was our biggest draw ever. We had just gotten up to headlining the night they had the fire. (I wonder if it's the same guy who torched the Cafe L.A.-Bob) Last song ever played on the stage was "Perish In Flames."

ID: That's cool.

Eric: It's fuckin' ironic, but true.

ID: Do you think thrash is taken more seriously now than a few years ago?

Eric: Yeah, way more. The commercial success of bands like Megadeth, Slayer, Anthrax-it paves the way for smaller bands. It helps us out a lot.

ID: What is your new album called and when is it coming out?



Eric: It's called "Time Does Not Heal" and it should come out in January of '91, hopefully. And we're gonna do an MTV video and everything.

ID: Really?

Eric: The whole nine yards. I think it's gonna be really big for us. I hope. We just tried to make the best Dark Angel album ever and I think we succeeded.

The members of Dark Angel
will pose nude for
Playgirl magazine

Press Photo



CARCASS

ID: (Surveying their large CD collection) Do you guys buy a lot of CD's on the road?

Ken Owen: Yeah, they're much cheaper in America.

Jeff Walker: What's that?

Ken: CD's, they're like 12 pounds over there. About \$24.00.

ID: How old are you guys?

Ken: I'm 21.

Jeff: I'm 20.

ID: Did you guys learn how to play to join this type of band?

Jeff: Well, we all pretty much started playing when we joined. We said we'll make a band and go to North America and make lots of money. Well, we got to North America, but we haven't seen any money yet.

ID: I heard you have a slide show while you play. (Slides of blood, guts, gore, entrails etc.) What has the reaction been?

Ken: We've only used it once in America, because...the guy (who usually does it) hasn't been here...

Jeff: We did last night, because I finally got off my ass and did it. We'll do it tonight.

ID: How did it go over?

Jeff: I don't know. Maybe that's why they just stood there. Too busy watching the slides.

ID: Your lyrics are, different-very involved, big words. I was wondering if any of you have backgrounds in medicine?

Ken: I did take biology in school-learned all about digestive processes and stuff. Got really interested in that.

Jeff: Yeah, we just got tired of reading, or hearing lyrics that were cheesy. We just tried to be original.

ID: Where are you guys from?

Ken: We're based around the Liverpool area.

ID: Who designs your album covers?

Ken: Jeff.

ID: They're pretty gross (collages of guts, organs, corpses-actual pictures). You never get grossed out while doing them?

Jeff: Nah, I think it's more gross when you see the original photograph. They come from medical journals, books and stuff. (Just then new guy Mike Amott comes in and begins reading a bio of Carcass sent to me by Combat Records.)

Mike: Listen to this... "Newly licensed Combat/Earache veagan ar-



Carcass was nominated for 5 Grammy Awards,
but boycotted the ceremony

Press Photo



tists Carcass." Fuck this shit. Why do the even put that?

ID: Are you guys all vegetarians?

Jeff: I think Bill (Steer, founding member) thinks of himself as a veagan. I don't, but I don't like to drink milk, I don't like to eat cheese. But occassionally if I'm really desperate I'll pour a bit of milk in my coffee.

ID: When was the last time you ate meat?

Jeff: About 8 years ago, or so.

ID: What was it? Do you remember?

Jeff: Actually I think I've accidentally eaten meat on this tour.

Ken: I've eaten meat by mistake. It really pisses me off. Like I got into a restaurant and I remember ordering a potato salad, and I begin eating it and it has bits of ham. It's totally unnecessary.

Jeff: It seems like you have a meat mountain over here in America, 'cause everything has meat in it. Like we go in to a Denny's or something and they have real nice soups like pea soup, or vegetable soup, and, a hint of bacon!

ID: What is T.V. like in your country?

Jeff: T.V.?

Ken: Better than in America?

Jeff: Well, we get a lot of American shows.

Ken: The actual British made stuff is pretty good. Maybe because there's only four channels, the competition is pretty high. Whereas in the states, if you have cable you have an unlimited amount of channels.

ID: Have you seen any T.V. while you've been here?

Ken: Yeah, we've just been watching MTV. CNN now and again. The only thing I really wanted to see was MTV, and these religious programs, but I haven't seen any of them.

ID: You haven't seen "The Simpsons"?

Jeff: No, I'm avoiding it like the plague, 'cause I know when we get back to Europe it's gonna be the big thing. We've seen the T-shirts and all the merchandise and all that. It looks like total shit to me.

ID: I think it's funny. What is big in Europe right now?

Mike: Well, stuff like, that... What's his name? That well known black guy?...

Jeff: Cosby.

Mike: Yeah, "Cosby Show." That's massive in Europe.

Jeff: Cosby must be the best paid comic, or actor, or whatever.

ID: Would you guys ever want to relocate? Or do you like where you live?

Ken: I don't like where I live, 'cause it's very boring, but my friends are there. I'm kind of happy. I don't think I could live properly in America, but I like the West Coast.

Mike: I like this area. The East Coast as well as the West Coast.

Ken: We are on the West Coast.

Mike: Are we on the West Coast? Are we? Alright, then I like Florida and L.A.

DEAD CONSPIRACY

I first heard of Dead Conspiracy about two years ago and they were just starting out. Since then they've recorded 3 demos and palyed a million shows, they're definitely a working band. They do things for themselves, not waiting for anyone or anything, and along the way they've built a strong following in their hometown of Portland, Oregon. I interviewed singer Mark Murphy in a mobile home on Melrose just outside the Anti Club in good old Hollywood, California. They were in town for the second time in the last couple

of months to play a show. They impressed me with their devotion and camaraderie as a band. They're also really cool dudes, their line up is:

Eric Dorsett-Bass

Chris Carey-guitar

Mark Murphy-vocals

Eric Detablan-drums

Mark Rhearev-guitar

ID: What is the scene like in Portland?

Mark: It's changed a lot over the years, I like it, there are a lot of good bands, more than when we started a few years ago. The good bands are Demise, Chemical Annihilation, Poison Idea of course, Cryptic Slaughter now moved up there, and then there's Sweaty Nipples...

ID: We have those here too! How long have you guys been together?

Mark: We say three years, like in our bio, but for me and Chris, our guitar player, we've been together for four years.

ID: Are there problems in Portland with violence or racism at shows?

Mark: There was for a while, but it's so in-n-out. There used to be violence, but it has toned down, because there was a good thrash show, that was rock against racism. It made a point that a lot of people don't want racism, and racism sucks. The last show we did there was not one fight, 750 people, it was incredible. The greatest show we've ever done.

ID: Do you play often?

Mark: We try not to. Down here you guys play like a show a week, because there are so many people, so many different factions coming to see you. In Portland the thrash scene is concentrated down to maybe 1200 people maximum. So, you can't play too often or people will just go, "Well, I can see them next time."

ID: What do you think of L.A.? You've been here before right?

Mark: Yeah, it's interesting. I take it a lot more light-heartedly than some other people do. A lot of bands hate it, because you have some clubs that are just screwing you over. Like we just got screwed over by the Anti Club here tonight. In the last 5 minutes we were fucked. I enjoy going to clubs, though, just to check out bands. I like going to record shops because there is such a mass abundance of stores that you guys have that we don't. It's much more of an exploration, you know. We walk in there and it's like "Oh man, I gotta buy that. They don't have that record in Portland." But as for the music scene, Hollywood, every band seems to suck, and have a look. That's all they concentrate on. No honesty. Fake-ness totally to the bone and I don't even live here.

ID: What was it like traveling down here?

Mark: It was hectic. I'll admit it, it sucked. It took us 18 hours and on the way we had total conflict of interests within the band. We were having a fight in San Francisco. It was trouble because half of us were vacationing, and half of us were broke. Me and Eric were broke. So we needed the money from the show we did prior to that to even go anywhere. We spend a lot of money on things that we don't have to, on a van we rented and stuff. There was so much shit coming down the only time we've really come together as a band was at the beginning and now at this show. We're only doing one show in L.A. and we're here for a week. That was the trouble too, because everyone was saying, "Well, I wanna go to the beach" or "I wanna stay at this guy's house. I don't want to pay for a hotel room." Just a bunch of shit like that. So, next time we come down it's just gonna be the band, two roadies and we're gonna come in a mobile home and do constant shows. That's it. So, it'll be much more correct.

ID: Have you had any line up changes?

Mark: The only changes have been guitarists. We've always gotten these guitarists that seem to be like...fuckheads. Then we finally got Mark a year and a half ago and it has been great ever since. So right now I don't think I could consider...well I say this often, but I don't think I could consider another line up. We're bound now. The farthest we've gone with a dickhead on guitar was 8 months and that was Gary Shaw. Everyone in this band knows Gary and has had bad experiences with him. He's a punk rocker now. He spiked his hair out and is living in 1979. Then there was Jason our

first guitarist, he was a coke-fiend-- couldn't even get it up anymore.

ID: How did you know?

Mark: Well, I heard anyways.

ID: When you started how far did you think your band could go?

Mark: Well, you set small goals for yourself and then when you get to those goals you want to get higher. Like at first we wanted to get 100 people at a show. Then we reached that...Well, now we want to get 600. You don't want to set goals too high, because you'll knock yourself out. But we always wanted to be liked, be popular. I think anyone in a band wants to be. Even if you're in a punk band. You know some punk guys go, "We don't

more than Wermacht. Pretty soon Demise is going to start drawing more than Poison Idea. But all these bands are going to start dropping, because they play too much. People are going to lose interest.

ID: So, you guys are selling your demo thru the mail?

Mark: Yeah, it's \$4.00. I know it's a little much, but it's a little much to make them. It's two songs. I know two songs for four bucks is a lot, but like I say they cost around three bucks to make each and

there's postage. I know a lot of people charge less, but they tape them on teddy rux-pin tapes.

ID: Did it cost a lot to record?

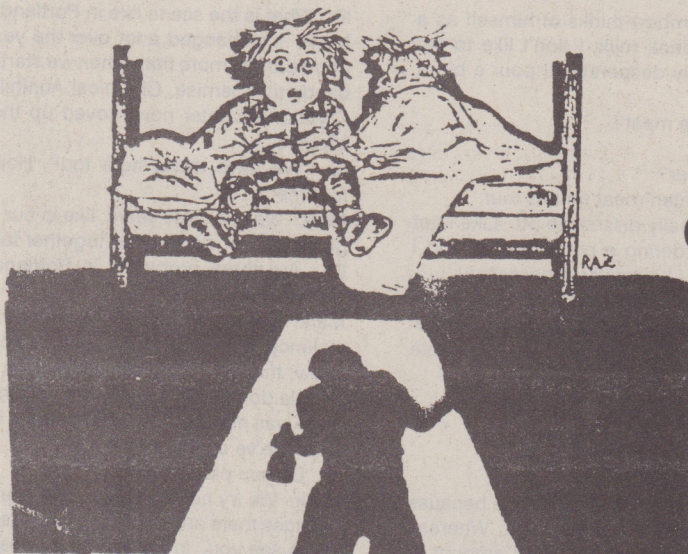
Mark: It cost around \$500.

DEAD

want to be famous." They want to be as bad as anyone else. Anyone in any kind of music wants to be popular no matter what. They just don't want to sell out their values and ideals to be popular, and that's what I don't want to do. And I won't do that.

ID: Who is the biggest band in Portland?

Mark: The biggest band in Portland? Poison Idea. Maybe Wermacht, but they're not Wermacht anymore. But come on, we draw



Extremely disturbed, schizophrenic illustration by Rich Zimmer

CONSPIRACY

ID: Well, how would you describe your music to someone reading this who might want to order your demo?

Mark: Ugh! I hate that question... Let me see, what shall I say? I thought of this description the other day. You're gonna laugh. I call it Hard ball-gutter funk-thrash metal. It's diverse, so it's

hard. It's honest. Totally. It's completely US!

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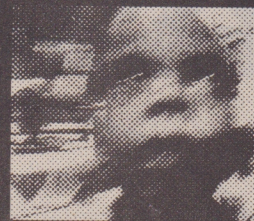
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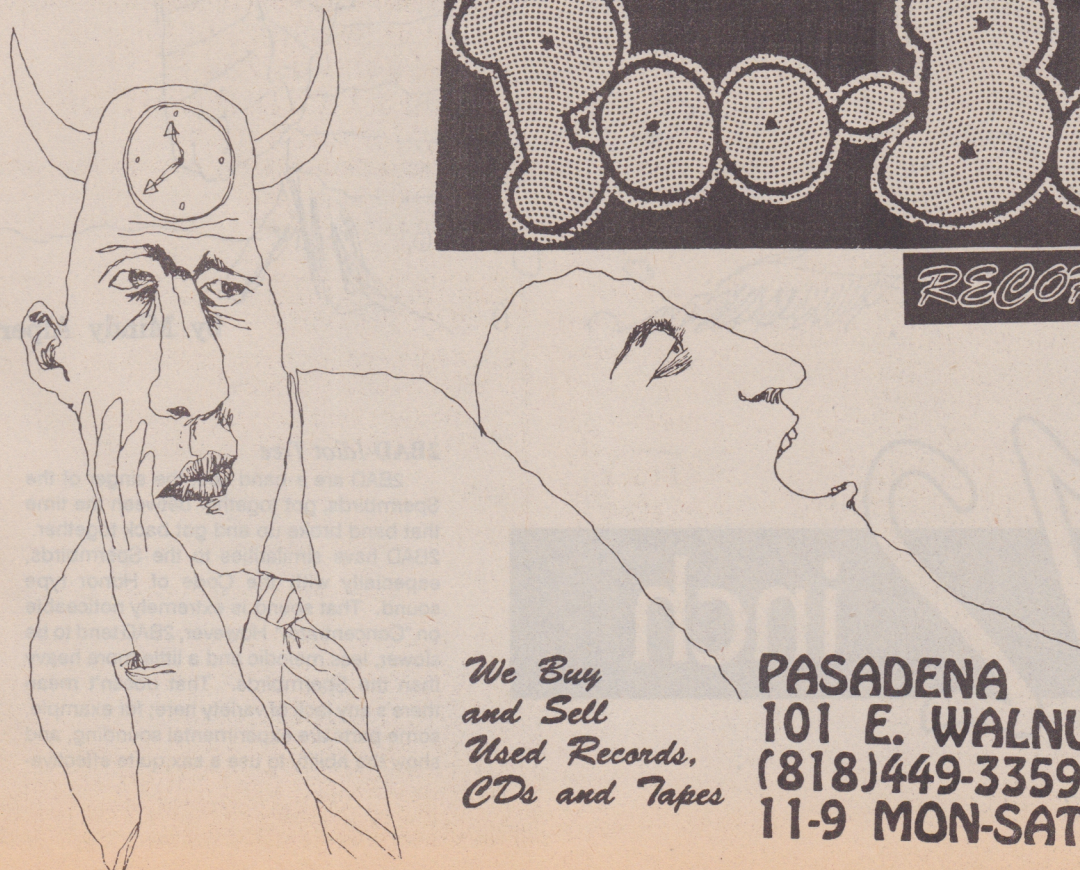
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by Mindy Alper

12 inch

2BAD-Idiot Tree

2BAD are a band Lee, the singer of the Spermbirds, got together between the time that band broke up and got back together. 2BAD have similarities to the Spermbirds, especially with the Code of Honor type sound. That sound is extremely noticeable on "Concentrate." However, 2BAD tend to be slower, less melodic and a little more heavy than the Spermbirds. That doesn't mean there's any lack of variety here; for example, some parts are experimental sounding, and show the ability to use a sax quite effective-

ly. Other bands to which comparisons can be made are Firehose and Fugazi. (X-Mist Records / Buler Str. 5 / 7277 Wildberg 1 West Germany)--- Thomas

THE ADVERTS-*Live At the Roxy Club*

A live piece of vinyl from a good old English punk rock band can't easily be ignored. The Adverts had some catchy material like their big hit "Gary Gilmore's Eyes." That song and other standouts such as "No Time to Be 21" and "Quick Step" will help satisfy those of you who can't get enough punk.

(Receiver Records Ltd. / Twyman House / 31-39 Camden Road / London NW1 9LF)--- Thomas

THE AFROS-*FEeL It*

This 12" single is meant to give you just a taste of what to expect on their upcoming release *Kicking Afro*. This sampling is really six versions of the same song "Feel It," each version shifting emphasis from one musical influence to another. The Afros have a techno-funk-ska-rap groove that is just plain fun. They use the symbol of the afro hairstyle in two ways. On the one hand it was a symbol of black pride when these guys were growing up and on the other hand it was a major fashion statement from one of the funkiest fashion periods in American history. As one band member states it, "The Afro is mostly about having fun, but we remember what it meant the first time around." The Afros are *A Funky Rhythmic Organization of Sound*.

(Columbia Records / 666 Fifth Ave. / P.O. Box 4455 / New York, NY 10101-4455)---Rocky

AGONY COLUMN-*Brave Words & Bloody Knuckles*

Aahhh! It didn't work! Last issue I reviewed an Agony Column live e.p. and I heard the dreaded "Mississippi Queen." I tried to ignore it. But it didn't work! It's back on their new L.P. Oh no! I guess I better make it clear to them this time, or else they're gonna keep recording it 'till the day they die. They do a pretty good version of this geezer of a tune, but their original songs are much better. These dudes play music that is best described as Hard-core-southern-fried-thrashy-balls-out-shit-kicking-grooves with a good dose of Chuck Berry rock-n-roll type stuff, and I like it too! The title track is a God-damn heavy tune, and all the rest of them have a cool funk type hook that makes you tap your foot and bang your head. I really thought that I wouldn't like this, but it surprised me. Give it a try.

(Big Chief)---Bob

ANUS THE MENACE-*Anus the Menace*

The sound here is much improved over their e.p. The songs are tighter, the mixes are better, the melodies stand out more, the guitar scrapes away, the bass surges forth, and the drumming is solid. All five of the songs off their e.p. are redone here. Of the

new songs, "Ah, the Irritation of It All" is particularly cool, as is "Dangle." Whether cynical, annoyed, brooding, dark, or optimistic they can make the mood work. You even get funny drawings of each member by their respective better halves, band-aid taped to the back of the release. I only wish they moved the map up just a hair to include my house.

(Flipside Records / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)---Thomas

BAD RELIGION-*Against The Grain*

After years of punk rock, there are those who died and those that have gone to punk rock heaven. The grain in this silo just exploded full impact. Certainly one of the highlights in this mediocre year of music sends us with a furnace blast, glowing red hot, into 1991. While their recent albums have been quite good, especially compared to their hardcore competition, "Against The Grain" is a notch above them and Bad Religion's best since their first classic L.P. "How could Hell Be Any Worse" hit the hardcore streets at the beginning of the eighties. A decade later they continue to produce great songs which bleed with the fury and passion and smarts of punk rock's days gone by. Variety, from all out flashes of insanity to woeful sing alongs like "Anesthesia" keeps them salin' on. Just look for Joy Aoki's fine painting-like artwork of an atomic corn field and have a great new year blowing your ears out on the stereo.

(Epitaph / 6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 111 / Hollywood, CA 90028)--- Thomas

THE BAGS-*The Bags*

Second album from the Boston band that refuses to change their name. 60's/70's rock cliches filtered thru hip 90's underground sensibilities. Boring.

(Stanton Park / P.O. Box 58 / Newtonville, MA 02160)---Mark Walker

THE BASTARDS-*Monticello*

Not nearly as funny as Fear, The Fiends, or Pygmy Love Circus, these Bastards specialize in a tuneless sludge-racket which I hope never to hear again.

(Treehouse Records / P.O. Box 80037 / Minneapolis, MN 55408)--- Les

BEAT HAPPENING-*Dreamy*

Another chart climber from my favorite Olympia band. For all of you who say they don't know how to play their instruments, dig this, they do. I know it's hard to understand when you live in a world of Bon Jovi and Madonna but there are still such things as simplicity, modesty and anti-materialism. I mean this album doesn't even tell you who is playing that great guitar stuff on "Red Head Walking" (I think it may be Carlos Santana, but I'm not sure).

Of course the comparison with the Velvet Underground is inevitable, especially on songs like "I've Lost You" and "Nancy Sin," but there is also influence from folk greats. Also without giving credit they lifted lyrics from the Weavers' "Kisses Sweeter Than

Wine" for one of the most powerful songs on the album "Revolution Come and Gone." I don't have any problem with this, I just hope they never make any money so no one will ever bother to sue. But hey, Flipside never made any money and Al is being sued.

Only one suggestion for my rock heroes; harmonize. Your songs are crying out for vocal harmonies. But that's only the opinion of your greatest fan. Calvin, your reverberating gutter bass vocals move me. Heather's sweetness is just the right contrast to slice through and impale our hearts.

(Sub Pop / Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)---Rocky

BEME SEED-*Lights Unfold*

Beme Seed's "claim to fame" is that lead singer Kathleen Lynch used to be the nude dancer who performed with the Butthole Surfers. I only say this because touring all those years with the films and the Butthole's trademark tribal performances probably shaped Lynch's esthetic judgement. The primal and dreamy side of the Butthole Surfers is present here, along with heavy distorted base and and layered guitar, often regenerated with delay and other effects.

"Lights Unfolded" highlights Michael Albin's creative guitar layering, which waivers from soft distortion to aggressive attacks. The bass often complements the guitar, creating smooth texture amidst the noise and chaos. Lynch's vocals, on the other hand, tend to be grating and atonal. She writes simple New Age mantras bordering on Christianity, often contrasting with aggressive guitar noise. "Sub India" is the best song, which has little singing on it. After a couple of listens, the vocals became more bearable, but only one side at a time. Side A is my favorite, and stands alone. Side B lacks the freshness of the first side. This may have been better suited as an EP.

(No. 6 Records / 611 Broadway, Suite 311 / New York, NY 10012)--- Ant

BEWITCHED-*Brain Eraser*

I understand that there's a bit of history behind this project, but I had not previously heard them so "Brain Eraser" is my first taste. The LP features a marriage of authentic bass, drums, and guitar and some scratchy turntable stuff, electronic samples, and so on. I'm quite the traditionalist, so this stuff is a bit on the weird side for me. Some of it is O.K., when the noise has some music driving it. At least it's not completely free-form, there are distinct songs and structures. Vocals are used sparingly, the guitar is mixed way in the background, and the production is rather cold in the way that industrial sounds usually are. It's not enough to make me a believer, but it didn't turn me off instantly the way a lot of this stuff does. Sounds o.k. for what it is, but I don't claim to be an expert. The first time I played this was accidentally at 45 rpm, and it sounded just as good, if that tells you anything.

(No. 6 Records / 611 Broadway, Suite 311 /



New York, NY 10012)--- Richard

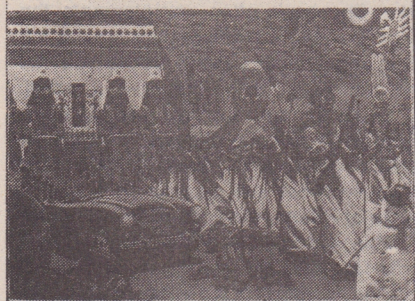
BHOPAL STIFFS-E.P.A.

Boy, do these guys have some shitty cover artwork, and the same for label mates Screeching Weasel. If I hadn't heard some positive things about these bands I might have also skipped past their cheesy looking records like the half a dozen or so other reviewers from this magazine who kept right on going. Hell, they're rivaling Mystic's famous quality here. When you have a choice of 75 records the initial decision to listen or not will be at least partly made on a record's cover. That gripe taken care of, let's get back to the record.

The anthemic type of punk played here, while having its drawbacks, does seem to show a high level of energy. Some of the vocals and arrangements are a little weak, but the production pulls out their strong points. Sounds basically like a fun record, but is that enough to buy it? Like so many bands these days I think just keeping the length down on these songs would make them more effective.

(Roadkill Records / P.O. Box 37 / Prospect Heights, IL 60070-0037)---Thomas

JELLO BIAFRA NOMEANSNO



The Sky Is Falling And I Want My Mommy

JELLO BIAFRA with NO MEANS NO-The Sky Is Falling And I Want My Mommy

No Means No can be such an amazing band it's mind boggling and when Jello Biafra's on he spews forth brilliantly clear visions of what our future world could be like if we ignore all the psychotics messing things up today. The trouble is getting the two to meet on a good day. The last three songs on the first side are really dynamite, and the rest of the stuff is at least good. One of those three is "Bruce's Diary," a jazzy hardcore number with a cool big band sound, horns and all. The second, "Bad" kind of has a Batman feel, and is a real tow tapper sing-a-long. "Ride the Flume" is the third number of note, and is one of the more incredible choices of what to do if you could go back in time. What's a Flume, well you'll just have to find out. Biafra proves that throwing everything in the stew including the kitchen sink can work, especially when you're cooking with No Means No.

(Alternative Tentacles / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Thomas

THE BIG ONE-Los Angeles / San Francisco compilation

At one time this Flipside compilation was billed as a battle of the bands, S.F. vs. L.A., but "The Big One" is overburdened with quality cuts, which makes it stupid to pick one side instead of the other. Really minor complaints can be made here and there, but they are just picky details, only of side interest. So, not to worry.

The S.F. side starts out with three sort of industrial leaning numbers which are catchy. The first is by the Steel Pole Melvins Task Force and it slowly oozes then rumbles with lots of sampling and a cool kind of guitar

shake. Next up is Sharkbait. Their catchy song about some psycho is very well structured and has great heavy crashing sounds and plenty of sampling. They have tons of sock when they "Crush," as they like to call it. Helios Creed, alien guitar distortion king, whips out the effects boxes and wails. He has a pretty cool song, but he tends to go overboard on the vocal effects, which wears a bit. Then there is Victim's Family who do a scathing attack on Sinatra, in the form of a poem, with dirge doodlings as the backdrop and bursts of noise to add color. The last four bands on the S.F. side are more in the hardcore/pop-core vein. All have good tune-ful cuts, with Cringer featuring a sort of melodic O.C. sound. The same goes for Monsula, but they lean a little more in the hardcore direction, and have an interesting delivery on the talked over vocal choruses. Rounding out the S.F. side are Mr. T. and Green Day, whose cuts are excellent, chunky, sing-a-long pop-core numbers.

The L.A. side holds up its end of the package as well. The first cut by Big Drill Car is a driving pop-core tune in the Descendents/All vein, piled high with mounds of guitar and terrific vocal work. Pop Defect don't let up either, with a cut I'd call the most pure punk oriented number on the record. Way cool! Down by Law features the vocals of Dave Smalley and a sound like early Dag Nasty alternating with melodic, bare your heart, passages. The Clawhammer cut leans toward early R&B, punk and metal. It's a fast, bouncy number with hiccup vocals, and maybe a few too many leads. Though, in general, I like their chaotic feel. The Offspring are next with a very solid hardcore number. Somehow these O.C. bands infuse their hardcore with a little extra. Must be something in the dirt. The last of the hardcore is well represented by Nemesis recording artists Hunger Farm. Rounding out the L.A. side are two techno/industrial sounding units, Distorted Pony and Blackbird, both of whom have worthwhile cuts.

In fact, there were enough worthwhile cuts on "The Big One" to get me interested in buying other material by these bands. Is that not one of the goals of any sampler? The compilation also comes with a well done and informative booklet. A very effective job by the Flipside crew and Joy Aoki, in particular.

(Flipside / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)---Thomas

THE BILLY BARTY FOUNDATION presents-From Where I Stand

I'm standing here with a very bland pop single from the Billy Barty foundation. The two songs are extremely mainstream, slickly produced, ultra-positive, and not likely to offend or excite anyone. Dull is the byword here. The lyrics are vague enough that they could be from a top forty love song, but they're intended to give the message that little people and the disabled are just "PEOPLE." Not a very powerful way to deliver a message if you ask me, and a very vague one at that. It doesn't even appear



that these people do much except appear on the album cover. Do they sing? The photos of the singers don't look like little people, maybe they're disabled. Or maybe they're just friends of the disabled. Whatever the answer the music put me to sleep. (Chameleon / 3355 El Segundo Blvd. / Hawthorne, CA 90250)--- Thomas

BLACK SEA-*An Early Fall*

I say again: I don't harbor a seething hatred for 70's influenced rock the way most other Ink staffers do. I liked Led Zeppelin, I like a lot of that stuff, and you 70's type bands had better address your stuff to me if you want any chance at a decent review. However, in Black Sea's case (like most bands who emulate a particular style) there's not enough meat to justify this record's existence. The record is better than that whole fuzzy Seattle grunge sound, but most of the songs are too slight, and in just about every case the execution is too restrained and weak. On top of that, every song is at least twice as long as it needs to be, mere repetition of parts in place of creativity. That, I will not excuse. There's also an anemic cover of the Zeppelin classic "Immigrant Song," which is reworked into a slow, beaty piece far removed from the original. These guys are very competent, I just don't think the songs are up to snuff. But, who knows, with some work I could like this music, which is a better comment than you'll get from anyone else on this magazine.

(No. 6 Records / 611 Broadway, Suite 311 / New York, NY 10012)--- Richard

BLOODSTAR-*Bloodstar*

This stuff is very heavy, crunching, industrial-type thrash. It features two dudes, one a girl and a drum machine. I think I would like it if the drum beat changed more, but over 75% of this LP has the same fast double bass beat. It gets boring halfway through the first side. Side two is better with a few songs that are slower and sound a bit more gothic-like movie music. This is an interesting effort for this trio from Switzerland, but I think they could work on writing a better variety of tunes.

(Red Decibel / 611 Broadway, Suite 311 / New York, NY 10012)--- Bob

BLUES TRAVELLER-*Blues Traveller*

Despite the connotations of their name, these New Yorkers play funky, late 60s/early 70s rock, albeit with superb musicianship (including some help from the Surreal McCoy's). The genre isn't exactly my bag, but John Popper does sing remarkably well. There's one beautiful song here -- "100 Years," a sophisticated pop ballad that hardly fits in with the rest but must have been too good to leave off the album. (A&M)---Les

BOSS HOG-*Cold Hands*

The Boss Hog gang return with their 2nd impressive 12 inches. This one tosses the Stooges, blues, rockabilly, and their usual clattering drone into the Mixmaster to produce an unseemly, provocative and

prurient appeal to the sensual. Disgusting? Of course. Oh gentle reader, do not let these base signals spur you into action, such as using this record as the soundtrack for your next petting party; that you would reach the next level of laidness. To these wanton harbingers of unrestrained fucking, I say no, no, and nay. To those uncertain, quixotic readers, please write. I give a shit. I remain your humble reviewer.

(Amphetamine Reptile / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)-----Mark Walker

THE JACK BREWER BAND-*Rockin' Ethereal*

Jack has got some good songs on this album. Starting you out with a relentless "Psalms of Glory" which I really dug, then later, a 180 degree turn, showing a kinder, gentler Jack in "I Needed You." This album is a good trip. The guitar is great on "Dogs Liberation" and "Evil Twin," kinka Glen Buxtonish. The drums are solid, but the bass really carries the grooves, especially the drippy bass on "Peace Frog" where Bobby "the Fit" Fitzer is assisted by a plate of hash browns. Rumor has it that Bob will play on your album for a breakfast, and 20 bucks.

Buy the Record

(New Alliance / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Victor Balogh, Esq.

CHRIS AND COSEY-*Reflection*

I saw a review of this that in typical street-cred manner summarized this, a Mulligans stew of over-view TIT-bits from the veteran tag team of C+C, by saying "The early stuff = noisy = good, the recent stuff = disco and/or pop = bad" A standard thought process and review format, which truthfully IS correct for most groups (of whatever sub-genre) who DO deteriorate into short order cheffing out doses of dung and dreaming it's delightful. But C+C's present stuff, though it IS disco dung, is ALSO sometimes delightful, demonic, and disposable...all at once. Seeing as ABBA are C+C's icons of choice it was inevitable they'd go pop, and though they'll never even tie the Swedish Superstars' shoes, these post T.G.ers do have their moments, what with Cosey's sexy off-key vocals and Chris' boring techno-fills but with something slightly sinister about it, and all.

(Wax Trax! Records / 1659 N. Damen Ave. / Chicago, IL 60647)--- Narod Drol

CHRISTY McCOOL-*Lovelier than the Queen of England*

The original version of "Neal's Deals With Wheels" on the Tantrum was really twisted with oddball lyrics and vocals. However, between then and now they added a new guitarist and drummer who play in a rather generic hard rock/funk fashion, making it all fairly slick and somewhat boring. Haven't seen them live yet, so I'll say the jury's still out on all of this.

(Doctor Dream Records / 60 Plaza Sq. /

Orange, CA 92666)---Mark Walker

CHROME-*Alien Soundtracks*

As completely original as this band's second LP must have sounded when it was first released to a limited public in 1978, it, like Colt 45 malt liquor, is a completely unique experience. This is the science fiction of music. A poor man's post-art deco streamlined anti-pop, for what that's worth. For instance, as humorously ridiculous was the bullet-like helmet of Commando Cody in the old Republic serials of the '40s and '50s, one impression remains for certain: When the Commando flew, it looked (and still looks) COOL. So is the story of Chrome. Their records still sound like a distant alien's last battle cry before pressing the button to destroy YOUR Earth, you pathetic little creatures.

(Touch and Go / P.O. 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Brian

CONCRETE SOX-*Whoops Sorry Vicar!*

I don't know what the point of THIS is. Even Margaret Thatcher could make better political sludge-thrash than these limey pud-whackers, and she could certainly produce it better. Nicely printed minor-league "Rat Fink" style cover art, but that ain't NEAR enough, son.

(Weasel Records / P.O. Box 1274 / Manhattan Beach, CA 90266)--- Narod Drol

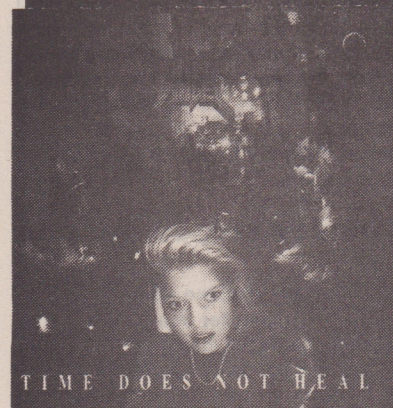
COO COO ROCKIN TIME-*Coo Coo Party Time*

The press release for this record claims that this band has been banned from so many clubs that touring is impossible. It's implied that they are such wild and crazy guys who are ahead of their time and, therefore, misunderstood. This record makes the truth known. They have been banned because they suck. Let's hope the aforementioned press release is right when it states that "This record may be your last chance to hear them!"

(Distribution by Dutch East / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville, Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Rocky

CORDELIA'S DAD-*Cordelia's Dad*

It's unusual to find a band on this side of the Atlantic plugging into the tradition stretching from, say, Fairport Convention and Steeleye Span to The Pogues. In America, it's always been hip to haul out blues or country standards, to valorize them as roots, but hardly anybody ever notices anything more ancient than Robert Johnson or Hank Williams. Cordelia's Dad, on the other hand, manage not only to rediscover folk music -- ballads, hymns, and all -- but to dig around inside it, to maximize the darkness and intensity already present in its forms. So, finally, there's someone out there who can turn an archaic complaint like "Lowlands of Holland" into the soundtrack for World War Three, and exploit the sick humor of "The Baby Song" for a rowdy stomp-out, and yet also retrieve "When Sor-



rows Encompass Me 'Round," a lonesome old relic of shape-note singing. The instrumentation's hardly purist; beyond Tim Eriksen's ornamented vocals, this could be almost any rock, more or less post-punk trio, but the strength comes from the material, and there's nothing lost in the translation. (OKra Records / 1992-B N. High St. / Columbus, OH 43201)---Les

THE COUP DE GRACE-*The Coup de Grace*

The first song sounds like Metallica, and I was all set not to like this, but the rest of the songs climbed into my brain and forced me to like them (I swear). There's some real fast all out weird stuff on here, and if you enjoy any kind of heavy music, rock, metal, thrash, whatever you probably will find something to like here. I remember in the 8th grade, I only listened to this kind of music, and recently, was wondering if anyone was still making this noise. Well, Coup De Grace is, and doing a pretty good job too.

(Red Decibel / 611 Broadway, Suite 311 / New York, NY 10012)--- Bob

CROCODILE SHOP-*Lullaby*

This debut LP is your basic angst-ridden, moody, heavy-breathing vocals type of stuff. I can think of a couple of my more pretentious friends who would like these simple guitar structures, not bad at that, and good bass lines. The songs have a lot of overly dramatic starts and stops that remind me a little of U2. It's really pretty decent; I don't think I'll play it a hell of a lot but it's okay. These guys would probably be pretty good live. Keep your eyes peeled.

(Susstones Records / P.O. Box 6425 / Minneapolis, MN 55406)--- Richard

CRYSTALIZED MOVEMENTS-*This Wideness Comes*

One thing I must grant: No. 6 Records offers some of the nicest-looking covers around. Here's another one. They've got a real knack for eye catching cover art. But, I can't leave it at that, unfortunately I must also discuss the music within. I've got problems with it, although it's not too bad. The songs, in their essence, are simple, pop tunes with a moody twist, not unlike The Dispossessed, one of my favorite finds of last issue. But at all the wrong moments, this band lapses into horrendous distorted dirges, that detract greatly from the music. The long outburst of self-serving sonic masturbation that closes side one is typical. The song "Taken Away," on the other hand, is a simple straight-forward song, relatively free of any distracting noise attack. The inconsistencies present on this album prevent me from recommending it, but if they cut out the crap and concentrate on the solid songwriting, they may have something. I'd like to hear their next effort. (No. 6 Records / 611 Broadway, room 311 / New York, NY 10012)--- Richard

CRUST-*Sacred Heart of Crust*

This EP is a little too strange for my taste.

It's noise-laden stuff from Austin, Texas. It's a little different from other noise stuff like the Amphetamine Reptile bands, but it's still noise and I can't listen to it. A lot of tape loops and effects, shouted vocals, super raunchy bass, etc. You know the type. These aren't really songs, there are no recognizable riffs or parts, it's just one cacophonous section after another. I'm sure some people like stuff like this, I just don't happen to know any of them personally. Next record, please...

(Trance)---Richard

CRUX-*Harvest*

Out of the Southern California region known mysteriously as the "Inland Empire" comes the first group in that area to aim at the Sub Pop grunge aesthetic. Redlands-based quartet CRUX hits the target, packing plenty o' much into this homemade recording. The six songs have guts, simplicity, and an uneasy emotionalism that lashes out at the listener. The key? CRUX make all the instruments compete for the listener's attention. *Harvest* is a dense sprawl, the perfect package for people who choose raw sonics over sophistication.

(Box A102, University of Redlands, Redlands, CA 92374) -- Mark Woodlief

DARK ANGEL-*"Time Does Not Heal"*

This is quite an effort put forth from these guys, who have been at it a very long time. It's over 65 minutes of extremely aggressive thrash music that, while at times a bit self-indulgent, nevertheless manages to stir the listener, either because it is so hard and in your face, or the deeply thought-out lyrics strike a chord. Drummer Gene Hoglan, who finally gets the clean production sound that his amazing playing deserves, writes all the words, and while he seems obsessed with the darker, twisted side of life, he doesn't preach too much. Moreover, he just expresses his rage and confusion about the topics he touches on (rape, abortion, child molestation, religion, etc.) Personally I think he doesn't need to use such big long words to express his point. Sometimes it loses the melody or aggressiveness of the song when he has to squish the words together to fit them in. Others may appreciate his intelligent use of grammar, I'll leave it up to you. Over all this is a solid album, but a bit more (dare I say) commercial, and even (God forbid) safer (!) than earlier D.A. LPs. Nevertheless, it's still very heavy.

(Combat)---Bob

DEHUMANIZERS-*Go Hollywood*

Woefully inept comedy punk/metal. This is on gray marbleized vinyl and Mystic Records which means Steve shoulda reviewed this one as he's the only person I know to have committed the matrix # of every Mystic release to memory.

(Subcore / 2006 - 35th Ave. West / Seattle, WA 98199)---Mark Walker

THE DEHUMANIZERS-*End of Time*

A long time ago in a magazine far, far

away I reviewed the Dehumanizers' "Here's to You" (I think that's what it was called) and I remember liking it a lot, but I never heard from them again. Now I get this tape, and there's no date on it, or explanations or anything. I'm now more confused than ever. I think this is a greatest hits collection, 'cuz I remember some of the songs. Well if you liked the D. Humites the songs are just as good and raunchy as ever. "Chemical Death" is a cool tune and I like "Need A Fix" a lot. The whole tape is good and if you get a chance to purchase it, do so. You won't be sorry.

(Subcore / 2006 - 35th Ave. West / Seattle, WA 98199)---Bob

DHARMA BUMS-Bliss

This is boring mainstream pop a la recent Soul Asylum. Dharma Bums are another bunch who I've heard of, but never heard, 'till now. And I was underwhelmed to say the least. This is the sort of pseudo-alternative claptrap that a soulless rag like the L.A. Reader would rave about. If these guys ever play an L.A. show with the Leonards, the Reader reviewer will probably have a month-long orgasm. Anyway, suffice to say that this record isn't much. Many people will probably like it, but unfortunately, I don't.

(Frontier / P.O. Box 22 / Sun Valley, CA 91353)---Richard

DISSENT-Epitome of Democracy?

Sincerity and good attitude are what this Rapid City, South Dakota band have going for them. They go to the point of printing the lyrics in five languages. Yet, those attributes alone, however admirable, don't make for great hardcore. They have some interesting arrangements at times, leaning toward that old So. Cal H.C. sound (yet nothing as inspiring as Social D. or the Adolescents). The drumming shows nice flair, but in general their medium paced hardcore lacks any meaty hooks or riffs and the throw-up vocal stylé is no way near as cool as, say, Tony Adolescent. Also, like so many political hardcore groups their lyrics hit on a lot of subjects, but only at a general level and with little in the way of solutions. It takes a really good band to impress me in this arena, and while these guys have some good things going, I'll pass.

(\$6.00 ppd. in U.S. on Amity / P.O. Box 1916 / Rapid City, SD 57709)---Thomas

DWARVES-Horror Stories

I was a little confused at first as to whether this was actually by THE Dwarves coz in an interview they sorta deny it, but in the promo insert Greg Shaw goes to great lengths to make sure you understand that these are the same as the guys with the girls and the bunny. I read more of the insert which states it came out in 86 and "frightened many Sixties garage fans with its anarchic, ultra-violent approach to the 3-chord classics" which I took to be typical Shaw hyperbole and I'm no sucker, and if anything it probably called to mind the gentler past of the band, before they took turns sodomizing each

other after every gig. Shock of all shocks tho... it really is that way.

Horror Stories contains 4 covers (including "I'm a Living Sickness" and one by the 60's Avengers) and 8 corrosive originals designed to poison your atmosphere. Worth picking up and totally demolishes the likes of the Fuzztones. Note: This reissue has a redesigned cover and the song "Lick It" (a single in 88 and a soothing invitation to fellatio more in line with their later stuff) replacing 2 cuts.

(Bomp / P.O. Box 7112 / Burbank, CA 91505)---Mark Walker

EGO LOOP-Nothingness

This New Jersey project is striving desperately to be some sort of underground German synthesizer art-house pseudo-cool pretentious bullshit. And they've succeeded, as far as I'm concerned. Get it out of my face.

(Gris / P.O. Box 413 / Collingswood, NJ 08108)---Richard

JACK ENDINO-Angle of Attack

This stuff is pretty uninteresting hard rock. It's on Bobok, Ltd. who also handle Skinner Box, an eclectic duo I like a lot. "Angle of Attack" is also the work of two multi-instrumentalists, but it doesn't aspire to a whole hell of a lot. Among the "thank you" names are Soundgarden and Sub Pop, so that probably tells you something. Pretentious songs like "X-Echol" and "Folks, Let's Nebulate" only add to my general distaste for this disc. Maybe Jack and Everett Shock should make an album together. Two hipper-than-thou underground "artists" like these may just combine into an explosion of brains, blood and angst. I say we give it a try.

(Bobok / Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85733)---Richard

THE (ex) CAT HEADS-Our Frisco

Pop bohemia from a band evidently enamored of mid-period Velvet Underground. Not an especially exciting album, but it does have its pretty moments, although I think "Anti-Song" constitutes an annoying lapse in taste.

(62 Landers St. / San Francisco, CA 94114)---Les

ROKY ERICKSON-Reverend of Karmic Youth

Well, with all the Roky Erickson stuff available, I'd have to say that this one is more for the avid collector. With the exception of live versions of "The Interpreter" and "Starry Eyes", the rest of the material can be found on previous records (import only). Side 2 boasts the usual rockin' standards with "Bloody Hammer" and "Night of the Vampire" as well as the aforementioned. Side 1, however, is nothing but acoustic ballads, and doesn't exactly, in my opinion, sound too red-hot. That is, of course, unless you like a madman howling and yodeling love songs like "When You Get Delighted" or "To Think". Roky is Roky and (there's nothing

we can do about that) we must credit him for making the great music of yore that so inspired a lot of us.

(Skyclad / 666 Valley Brook Drive / Middlesex, NJ 08846)---Rod

ESKIMO-Jack

This Northern California quintet plays a very quirky type of jazz-rock. They are very talented, but unfortunately they tend to shove this fact into your face, and the record often lapses into the worst kind of self-indulgent sonic masturbation. When they can stick to playing good old fashioned songs, as opposed to protracted periods of pseudo-fusion experimentation, they are quite good. As this record stands, I personally would not play it too terribly often, but I'm sure there's an audience for it. They get points for one funny idea; all the lyrics for each song are listed alphabetically on the lyric sheet. That's kind of funny.

(Longpig Records / P.O. Box 20255 / Oakland, CA 94620)---Richard

THE FAITH DEALERS-Big Busty Beauties

Couldn't get it up with a crane.
---Mark Walker

FISHWIFE-Snail Killer

An over abundance of drugs or pop culture could be the cause? Everything from Middle Eastern to funk, to punk and their mainstay a heavy rock sound are combined on "Snail Killer." While the singer still changes personality, sometimes turning into a raving Alice Cooper type, what's of most interest this time is the really off the wall lyrics. These guys tend to let their imaginations run, with free association leading to a bundle of oddly grouped solid images. Songs like "Postcards from the Planet of the Apes" are either a product of a sick mind or a vivid vision. A pro-abortion song graphically gets the point across. The lyrics in general tend to be very visual rather than expounding on some grandiose new philosophy. I especially like the fact that they don't follow the lines that have been laid before, making you guess where they're going to take you next. If you're feeling adventurous try this.

(Cargo / P.O. Box 9055 / La Jolla, CA 92038-9055)---Thomas

FLAG OF DEMOCRACY-Down With People

I like the title of this record and the sound's pretty damn good as well. The range is from Husker Du-like noise numbers to even noisier Dinosaur Jr., to melodic distortion punk pop (like Sam I Am, Jawbreaker, and Green Day), to hints of metal like maybe ACDC or B.O.C., and "The Old New One" even has shades of the Dickies-be it very minor shades. Besides having a thick powerful sound "Jappelax" has cool breaking-the-sound-barrier parts-reminiscent of the Bad Brains. The bass is particularly driving. The vocals tend to be their major drawback with the slurring and whining getting a

bit tiring. Besides that, "Down With People" is an excellent effort that should have widespread underground appeal. (Rave / P.O. Box 40075 / Philadelphia, PA 19106)---Thomas

FLESH EATERS-Prehistoric Fits Vol. 2

This is Part 2 of the Flesh Eaters' "Greatest Hits" featuring material from four lineups of crossover musicians that we all know and love: members of X, Blasters, etc. and always, of course, Chris D. Each edition shines in its own right. That the Flesh Eaters should be regarded as anything less than important, however, remains up to the individual. I mean, the raw intensity and primal groove is consistently there. It's just that I have never been a big fan of Chris D.'s shrieking and yowling vocal discords. Unfortunately, that's pretty much the main focal point behind this band. Sure, that fire and the passion is present within his dark lyrics, but personal taste prevents me from embracing his musical fits lovingly. I leave it to you - this one is open.

P.S. The cassette and CD version contain an extra track
(SST / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Rod

THE FUZZTONES-Creatures That Time Forgot

This is one of those "enema" type records, where a band that's been around for a while purges the bowels of their vaults for historical material to make their fans feel good. And I suppose that if you're a Fuzztones fan, you'd find this blue vinyl record to be a heapin' helping of your number one leather-clad garage rockers. Demos and rare tracks come as more of a joy to devoted fans than to neophytes like myself. In other words, these aren't the best introductory recordings, but your Sky Saxon types will love it. (Psonik Records / P.O. Box 2727 / Lehigh Valley, PA 18001-2727)---Brian

DAVE GRANEY WITH THE WHITE BUFFALOES-My Life on the Plains

This melange, psychedelic West Coast 60s country-rock, doesn't do much for me. It's true that many of the songs are based on odd chord changes, but these are boring, odd chord changes. Once in a while, the ingredients gel, as in "I Can't Want You," producing a surprisingly good pop song; but, for the most part, I get the feeling someone here's trying to be The Burritos and ending up more like America instead.

(Fire Records / 472 Greenwich St., 5th Floor / New York, NY 10012---Les

GUN-Taking On the World

Absolute rubbish! Some stadium-anxious corporate mistake that's sure to flop even in the pathetic world of commercialism. I'll never understand the purpose of major label spending on this pretentious, formulated fecal matter outside of randomly selecting a tax write-off. Yes, it's that bad!

How anyone could even pretend to like this is beyond me - but then, look at "Winger." We're in a sad state.

(A&M)---ungratefully, Rod

HELIOS CREED-Boxing The Clown

Giving this guy a guitar is like giving Ted Williams a baseball bat, if you'll pardon the Jim Murray-esque analogy. Take the opening track, "Master Blaster". These are some of the wildest chords I've heard since I first heard the openings to "Chromosome Damage" and "TV as Eyes" (see Chrome re-issue reviews herein). He always puts the most effective chords at the beginning of his albums. Plus, Helios has now got Ray Washam, most notably of Scratch Acid, backing him up on drums. "Hyperventilation" and "Sister Sarah" are also standout tracks. This is cyborg "Ummagumma."

(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Brian

HELIOS CREED-Boxing The Clown

Helios Creed is like a monolith on the horizon of music. Like the monster in the film "Kronos," relentlessly marching and destroying everything in its path Helios Creed twists and pounds his guitar to create his own wall of noise. He does a cover of "Got Me Floatin'" but does not cop-out on any Hendrix rip off. He makes it his own. I also liked "Hyperventilation" and "Sister Sarah"; good feedback and backward sounding guitars. He is the unsung hero of guitar effects and as far as I can tell is the only person to have mastered the electro harmonix micro synth. Maybe we should dig them out again for another try.

(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---"The Queen Jacqueline"

IMMEDIATES-Right Now

This band combines the rockin energy of the Partridge Family with the charm and spontaneity of Herman's Hermits. It's hard to believe these guys are adults, let's hope they're just preteens being groomed by a sleazy producer for Tiger Beat fame.

(Pop Records / P.O. Box 13216 / Tampa, FL 33216)---Rocky

INSTED-What We Believe

Posi-core to the max, and about the best of the genre. A powerful sound and dedicated stance set them apart from others. There's a lot of reworking of Minor Threat (not just M.T., but bands like DYS) themes, lyrics, ideas, phrasing, etc. from shouted over vocals to riffs. Derivative, yes. A recreation, maybe-but they do it well, with all out energy and only a very minute hint of metal, and rap. For such a positive band they certainly come out swinging on anyone who doesn't agree with them. While they claim their message is "change yourself first" they seem to be doing a lot of preaching, something Minor Threat avoided, but were attacked for anyway. They do appear committed to their ideology, which includes a no-meat eating stance. To restate my attitude, some



L-7, in the dog house!

of the lyrics and lack of originality I have a problem with, but some of the music I can appreciate. Fans of the genre should be moshing up a posi-storm.
(Epitaph / 6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 111 / Hollywood, CA 90028) -- Thomas

the JESUS LIZARD-Goat

White acid-freaks with body blemishes will love this LP, which sees the Jesus Lizard slow down and get HEAVIER. Like that's possible.
(Touch & Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Brian

JUDGE-"Bringin' It Down"

What was once perhaps a powerful form of negative expression is now nothing more than a blackhead on the ass of alternative music.
(Revelation Records / P.O. Box 1454 / New Haven, CT 06506-1454)---Brian

KING CARCASS-Blind

I think the cover of this album is really cool, truly disturbing, a collage of open hands, eyes and teeth. I like it. Sorry I can't say the same for the noise inside. These songs drone on in an unfocused and noisy way that sounds almost improvised to me. I guess the doped-out death rock Elvira

clones will dig it, so I don't have to. Like the song said, "Noise annoys..."
(No. 6 Records / 611 Broadway, room 311 / New York, NY 10012)--- Richard

L-7-Smell the Magic

To label L7 as a great all female band is a massive understatement. These veterans of countless sweatfests at Raji's and many other dives around Los Angeles have hardened their gritty metal/core attack to become one of the most potent groups playing music with true ferocity.

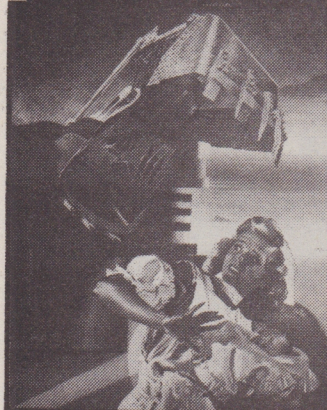
The opening track "Shove" is the first of the six headbanging anthems. With three of the four women powering out the vocals and displaying a myriad of influences that range from the Chamber Brothers, Subhumans, to the Runaways, the music is aggressively driven and held together by an omnipresent grunge factor that give L7 their distinctive sound. Recorded and self produced in Seattle and at Radio Tokyo in L.A., the fine production quality enables cuts like "Fast and Frightening" and "Til the Wheels Fall Off" to stand as blistering biker ballads of the '90s.

Until hearing "Smell the Magic," I've thought L7 were a great live group that were on their way. With this ep they've arrived. For a dose of wall to wall intensity, ex-

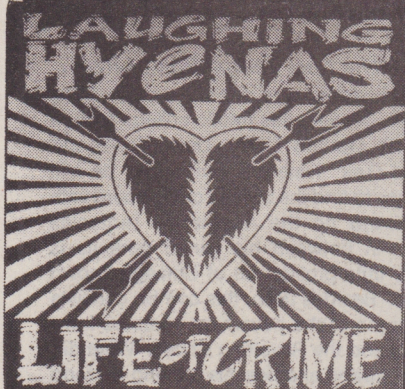
perience L7 as they motor through your Burg on their "Smoked Kielbasa tour."
(Sub Pop Records / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)---Steve

LARD-The Last Temptation of Reid

Mr. Biafra is sure one busy dude these days. In between his hectic college lecture tour with Gordon Liddy, David Duke and Charles "Tex" Watson's twin sister, he still manages to find the time to cut a record with every band on the Alternative Tentacles roster. In between his varied pursuits is another little project out of Chicago known as Lard. Besides Jello, this combo consists of a couple of the pavement scrapers from Ministry and the Revolting Cocks. What differentiates and enables this offering to stand out is the fact that this isn't simply a one man show or an ego with a backing band. This lp delivers a serious dose of industrial throbbing with a level of intensity that Biafra hasn't captured since "In God We Trust." The tune that goes straight to the skull and could launch a new dance craze is "Mate Spawn & Die." For those of you who feel that the world would be a better place if Jello had ended up sharing a prison bunk with G. G Allin instead of becoming the Richard Simmons of the '90s, I recommend adding a little Lard to your



L
A
R
D



The Laughing Hyenas—John directs the pit,
while Larissa cranks out the tunes.

diet.

(Alternative Tentacles / P.O. Box 11458 / S.F.,
CA 94101)—Steve

LAUGHING HYENAS—*Life of Crime*

The Laughing Hyenas are a great band to
see live. On record they're magnificent as

well. The Weirdos song covered here is a
crunchingly powerful number and, like the
rest of their material, it's intense, man! On
other songs they can be intricate, subtle,
hypnotising and just plain loud and noisy.
Some of these songs I could just listen to
over and over again. Maybe you'd dare to

try some too.

(Touch and Go / Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Thomas

THE LEAVING TRAINS-*Transportational d.vices*

The Trains are a real dodgy proposition. Often infuriatingly indifferent live, their albums never fail to grow on me til I start playing the fuck outta them. "d.vices" has the same sort of "flat" sound as the last couple of Trains albums, which is a little off-putting at first, but it's an idiosyncrasy I can live with when the songs have the excellent lyrics and integrity these do. Keep doin' what yer doin', baby.

(SST / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Mark Walker

LEFT INSANE-*Toolbox*

Wow, a band with some musical punch. Left Insane include former members of Saccharine Trust and play some very heavy and harsh metal-tinged rock/punk. The sound has a lot in common with Black Flag's pain and angst period. They say in the press release that their influences range from Zappa to Motorhead. I'd also put a bit of Hendrix, jazz, blues, B.O.C. and even some bouncy All/(end of career) Descendents. The drumming is some of the more pounding I've heard in a long time. When combined with the loud mean guitar/bass, and the excellent arrangements, you're Left Insane with a terrific record. One, which I'm sure, they'd like in your hands. If you like that "pound your head against the wall" sound, stop whacking the wall with your skull and get Left Insane.

(Nemesis)---Thomas

The LEGENDARY PINK DOTS-*Crushed Velvet Apocalypse*

Everyone keeps screaming "Syd Barrett! Syd Barrett!" and I know it's lazy but it is a valid reference point. I CAN tell you that I hate 99.999 percent of flowery poetry (song lyric or otherwise) but I can more than tolerate head DOT Edward Ka-Spell's inspired eccentric utterances. Plus he doesn't need to get his lyrics by being a drug-induced basketcase like Sydney did. Music is neat dreaminess meets Renaissance Manner. I'm not talking Jethro Tull so don't go running away. Although I bet the Dots' stage attire can't match the Tullsters cod-piece action. You win some, you lose some.

(Wax Trax! Records / 1659 N. Damen Ave. / Chicago, IL 60647)---Narod Drol

LETHAL GOSPEL-*Equals Jihad*

A jihad, friends and neighbors, is a holy war, just one of the myriad topics Lethal Gospel tackle on this overall very cool record. The music is raucous biker metal, reminding me of grass-roots heavy metal bands like Steppenwolf. A lot of concerns, such as the state of the Earth, child molestation, the plight of the American Indian and war, are handled quite well. Production is excellent, and there is generally more going

on here than the typical metal fare. The occasional lapse in taste is present (like on "Give It a Lick"), and the lyric sheet offers safe sex guidelines and even a free condom (you've got to send a SASE for it) so your average metalhead needn't despair, it's not completely moralistic. But it's fun rock and roll, and I can dig on it, man.

(Salmon Eye Records / P.O. Box 410099 / San Francisco, CA 94141-0099)---Richard

LOOK AT ALL THE CHILDREN NOW...-*A New York Hardcore Compilation*

This is a very well-done compilation, from the assembled bands to the informative booklet enclosed with it. Each band is represented by a page in the booklet, and background info, credits, lyrics etc. are abundant. Just about all the songs are good, and they range from old-fashioned hardcore to a Token-Entry-type skate/thrash. A very well-written piece by someone named "Sam Against" bemoans the decline of what he calls "Shit City" and outlines some ideas for revivification of the New York Hardcore scene. Sam quite accurately criticizes the gradual commercializing of the "NYHC" ethic, resulting in overblown bands like Anthrax and a total disregard for the origins of the true New York punk. Thankfully, this record shows that a viable and quality scene still exists on the street level, which is hardcore's birthplace and the one area where it can flourish, without being diluted by a plastic, heavy-metal mentality. This album is highly recommended, both for the intrinsic quality of the music and for its value as a journal of New York's scene as we enter the 1990's.

(Venus Records / 596 Broadway, Suite 1216 / New York, NY 10012)---Richard

LOS LOBOS-*The Neighborhood*

These guys are becoming well known for the fact that no one can guess what their next record will sound like. This latest effort demonstrates more of their country and blues influence. It has a slow simmered, undeniably American sound. Unfortunately none of the songs really grab me like many of the tracks on "How Will The Wolf Survive" did. I am not daunted, though. No band can incorporate as many aspects of the American experience into their music as Los Lobos. They still have a lot to say and a lot of ways left to say it. It's nice to see some guys from "The Neighborhood" make it. Peace ese.

(Slash Records / P.O. Box 48888 / Los Angeles, CA 90048-0888)---Rocky

LOST-Cut Out the Heart

The cover of this record features a wonderfully disgusting cartoon of a person being ripped into bloody pieces by a number of household implements, such as a chainsaw, scissors, Swiss Army knife, broken bottles, nails, a circular saw, a meat cleaver, even a sword. It's really something to see. As for the record inside, it's pretty

o.k., but not great. It's basically hardcore with a metal tinge. Better than average production and vocal work, but the songs themselves are a little run-of-the-mill to be truly standout. The acoustic ballad "Trump, The Man" works well as a change of pace. These guys definitely show promise.

(Takeover / 777 Nagle Rd. / Erie, PA 15611)---Richard

LOSTGEN-*Censored*

This is pretty cool speedmetal/punk crossover stuff. Shades of the old Token Entry, and maybe Pennywise--thrash/hardcore, you know the type. There are even Naked Raygun touches, such as the "ooh-ooh" backing vocals and melodic guitar licks. The song "Outcast" is an all out speed attack, while "Won't Go" is a catchy number with some good chord changes. The production is punk-perfect, and more than compensates for the bargain-basement packaging. A faster and heavier Sludgeworth sound--yeah, that's who I'm thinking of. I like this record. My hardcore pick of this issue (along with the "Look at All the Children" comp.) is Lostgen. Good stuff, and if anyone knows what the name is supposed to mean, please write.

(Incas Recs. / 272 Benham Ave. / Bpt., CT. 06604)---Richard

(Richard-I think it means Lost Generation, like Chron-Gen = Chronic Generation---Thomas)

(Thomas-Wow, so that's what it means. Color me impressed. Thanks, now I can sleep again---Richard)

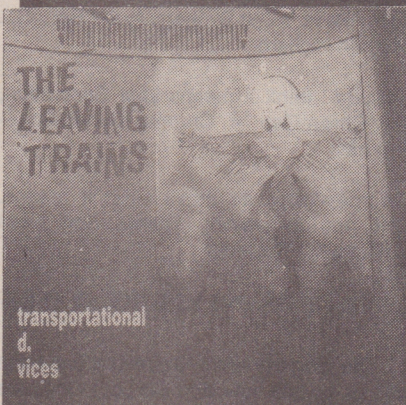
LOVE GODS IN LEISURE SUITES-

The long dreaded 70's revival has been with us a while now, and the Love Gods are here to make fun of it. Well, to make fun of Elvis and synthetic fibers, anyway. And if you never thought a cover of that 70's AM favorite "You Sexy Thing" could rock, this may be the album for you. Really. Even as they trash the more National Enquireresque side of the Me Decade, they manage to salvage some of the fury of guitar heroes long since lost to the Malibu condo scene, fuse it with last decade's speed thrash, and serve it up with a side of original rhythm work, especially on the last couple of tracks. Keep your ears open for the Zeppelin riffs.

()---Mark

LUNACHICKS-*Babysitters On Acid*

Besides their pursuit of the ultimate rumble, these New Yorkers are out to have wild fun. Unlike a number of those out there who have mastered shock value to sell you their new album the Lunachicks have wallowed in a healthy dose of T.V. brain annihilation leading to an undying love of our pathetic popular culture. Although the humor oozes forth from your speakers, there's also a seriousness that washes this barrel over the falls. It's a real love for the Brady Bunch, horror images, 70's regalia



and loud noise. While almost all the songs from their previous two 7 inchers appear here there are also some new mind bending tunes such as "Born 2B Mild," "Mabel Rock," and the title track "Babysitters On Acid." Not only do they microwave the babies, but they do it with plenty of lyrical hooks. While "Theme Song" crawls, delving a little too much into rock and roll's metal territory, most of the tunes move along with a thick distortion smothered guitar, sometimes reminiscent of the Misfits or S.N.F.U., but always creating quite a racket. (Blast First / 262 Mott Street, room 324 / New York, NY 10012)--- Thomas

MAELSTROM-Step One

Astounding-I listened to the whole record and didn't get pissed off. I mean, the funk, speed metal, rap, rock genre is not one of my favorites. Give me a few pointless solos and some shit for brains lyrics and I'm tuning out my grey cells. While Maelstrom have enough pointless solos to gag a dozen punk rock purists, their music contains so much variety, talent, and power they're hard not to at least tolerate. At times Faith No More and Public Enemy come to mind. On one song the vocals have effects, on another there's a radio broadcast instead of vocals. Like a lot of speed metal bands they like to groove on a riff, for quite a while, but the next song can have snappy changes. One tune even seems like a Meat Puppets song. To top it off they have ideas and thoughts in their lyrics, not just repeated slogans. Hey, they also really seem to have a good positive attitude. And the slick playing is matched by the excellent production. I was grooving to parts of songs, those more in love with these genres will have reason to be delighted. (Taang! / P.O. Box 51 Auburndale, MA 02166)---Thomas

MANO NEGRA-Putas's Fever

Pastiche City by way of a bunch of French/Spanish bad boys who whirl everything from Latin American reggae to Arabic balladry and beyond into worldbeat slick and maniacal. The lyrics (those in English, at least) are thoroughly asinine, all style and no content, but the execution is flawless for being so wild. File this between The Bonedaddies and Tupelo Chain Sex. (Virgin Records / 9247 Alden Drive / Beverly Hills, CA 90210) --- Les

THE MANSON FAMILY SINGS-The Songs of Charles Manson

This selection of previously unreleased tunes from our favorite kill cult was recorded in 1970. Manson was not a particularly outstanding song writer, but there is a cleverness in his simple folk tunes, his charisma is not apparent in these fun loving hippie camp songs. This music evokes the image of good Christians singing a daily hymn, and not the blood thirsty image of the Manson Family. And what seems to be the most creepy part of this realization is that any group of our fun loving Christians might have a little Manson in 'em. Buy for curiosity and wonderment,

but for musical value Bob Dylan is a better bet. As quoted on the album cover, "The materials contained herein are not presented to provide you with cheap vicarious thrills. Beyond MANSON -- the media circus, the creepy-crawly mega-monster -- there remains the man and his family. For these end times they have a message, be it good or evil (...or, perhaps beyond this) -- WHO REALLY IS IN PRISON, AND WHO IS FREE?"

(Send \$10.00 + \$1 U.S., + \$3 Canada allt others countires + \$6 Cash or Postal money orders -only- to A.N. Productions / P.O. Box 93982 / Hollywood, CA 90093)---Harry Scary

MARSHMALLOW OVERCOAT-Beverly Pepper

Painfully feeble attempt to shove a limp square 60's peg into a shiny new round 90's hole. I'm not even going to comment on their name.

(Skyclad Records / 6 Valley Brook Drive / Middlesex, N.J. 08846)- --Mark Walker

THE MEATMEN-Crippled Childeren Suck, plus live and demo material

The reissue of "Crippled Childeren Suck" shows their early raw roots, and certainly doesn't prove that the Meatmen could transfer their recorded vinyl music muscle to the stage. Despite some tough punk music, the Meatmen lived and died with the quick witted Tesco Vee, whose between song banter is what will attract Meatmen fans to this record. The Michigan-turned-Washington D.C. act were kind of molded in the Fear school of offensiveness. Tesco and company attacked everyone, but especially delighted in giving the music business and underground a collective melvin. Personalities, bands, and attitudes all received some shaking up from Mr. Vee. Considered reactionary and sexist by some I usually found the clown prince of punk to bring a smile, to my and most of my friend's faces. Master of the colourful adjective and sexual reference, Tesco's almighty vocals cast sentence on those objected to, with a refreshingly blunt directness. As opposed to most funny punk, Tesco shot up the Meatmen with attitude and the no nonsense music followed. Here the music is a little on the weak side, but Tesco is still one hell of an entertainer. If you're new to the Meatmen you may want to check out their purely studio lp's before venturing into this territory.

(Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Thomas

MEAT PUPPETS-No Strings Attached

As of this writing, rumor has it that the Puppets (like Husker Du before them) are ready to abandon the SST ship for the greener pastures of a major label. That may be the motivating factor behind this greatest-hits album, SST figuring that they may as well milk the Puppets for all they're worth. As a collection, this double LP is okay, covering the Meat Puppets' career pretty well. But it seems like a fairly listless moneymaking at-

tempt, offering the consumer no information on the band, no discography, nothing. Both records are even squeezed into one sleeve, we don't even get a gatefold. (Hey, I'm a child of the 70's. I like gatefold sleeves.) So, is this collection worth your money? If you're a Puppets fan, you probably already have this stuff. If not, this album is probably a decent start, though the crass commercialism may turn you off. As it did me. (SST / P.O. Box 1 / Lawdale, CA 90260)---Richard

THE MIDNIGHT MEN-"Mondo Teen Experience"

A likeable Belgium rock-pop combo, the Midnight Men even have a little edge. They sing in English and unless you listen close you may not realize it's not their first language. At times they almost approach a Kiss sound, but more often they mix up a Ronettes, Monkees and Beatles type blend. They even do a Danzig cover. They tackle two basic themes: the unoffensive love song and the mild Sci Fi/horror genre. Alright stuff for a change of pace, but it'll be unlikely to cause a spontaneous pit.

(Punk ETC / P.B. 41 - 1800 Vilvoorde / BELGIUM)---Thomas

MORAL CRUX-"The Side Effects of Thinking"

Ironically enough, I'm writing this review immediately after having done the new Mr. T Experience record. Both of them are very similar. Moral Crux offers up a batch of 3-chord, late 70's-type punk sounds. Is it a good record? Well, I like it, it's certainly competent enough. But if there's such a thing as retro-punk, this has got to be it. If one looks at the true punk artists who have been at it for a long time now (like Bad Religion, Ian MacKaye, Mike Watt) one will observe that these people have all evolved. Punk rock does not mean what it meant ten years ago. So for a new young band to recreate the old hardcore sound, well, it's nice to hear, but maybe Moral Crux and their ilk should get more in step with the times. There will always be an audience for this stuff, but the punk/alternative umbrella is a lot bigger than it used to be, and the artists competing for our attention are a lot more diverse nowadays. It's not just Minor Threat or nothing anymore. Let's keep that in mind. (Polemic)---Richard

MOREFIENDS-"Toad Lickin'"

To my ears, Morefiends is the best Philadelphia band I've heard (they have at least one up over Fresh Prince). Despite the growing homogenization of alternative music, the Morefiends still maintain a unique with garage roots integrity. Thankfully, they are not complacent.

"Toad Lickin'" combines their Peel session on side Incest with a Southern Studio session on side Excess. The Peel session registers the absurdist element of the band, culminating with their unique version of "Yellow Spades" ("Ace of Spades" with the lyrics

from "Yellow Submarine"). The Southern Studios side has three longer, slower songs highlighting their guitar duo with Luna Ticks cranking out her cool slide. Although the album is short (only 7 songs), it's sweet. If you miss the originality of early punk, and are sick of over-used musical cliches, chuck the heroin and go straight for the Morefiends.

(Rave Records / P.O. Box 40075 / Philadelphia, PA 19106)---Ant

MOVEMENT EX-

If you like rap and you're tired of the meaningless bull shit lyrics of the MTV and AM rappers then these guys are up your alley. Forget the sexist lingo cause here's the movement, Movement Ex. They are a pair on a par with "Public Enemy" not only because they have a revolutionary message, but also due to their scratching and dubbing experimentation. This rap scratch duo has the creativity and the point down, so go out and buy their music.

---Miss Print

THE MR. T EXPERIENCE-"Making Things, With Light"

As with just about all MTX stuff, this is good solid punk with a sense of humor. I like it fine, but I think the same old riffs are beginning to wear a bit thin. Of all their product, I still like the "Big Black Bugs" ep the most, because I think they said all they had to say as far as three-chord punk goes. Now it's time to expand. A couple of songs on this new one, like "I Don't Get It," illustrate the more diverse direction I'd like to see them take. Lyrically, they're on as always, with the high-point being "The Girl who Still Lives at Home." So, in fine, this is a good record, but it is a credit, not a criticism, that I expect a bit more from this band. Keep it up, guys.

(Lookout c/o Mordam / P.O. Box 988 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Richard

MY DAD IS DEAD-"The Taller You Are, The Shorter You Get"

A one person band usually seems like an ego trip gone awry. Often these projects are pointless and self indulgent, but when someone has the guts and skill to pull it off I'm amazed. Such is the case with Mark Edwards who is My Dad is Dead. The music and general style are very straight forward. The vocals have an Ian Curtis (ex-Joy Division depressant) ring to them- spoken in monotone, hovering between suicidal and bored. Not only does the man have some cool atmospheric death numbers but he has a nice cutting edge somewhat like Mission of Burma. There's a lot of gray feeling, but I like gray days. Often the music sounds repetitive as it blends subtly and changes form. Sometimes he'll have more of a Sonic Youth type clamour with some sparkling, straining chord work. And while a few songs on this double l.p. set drag and the vocals sometimes drone too much, the mixing of passion with warm pop sounds, a good edge and nice progression make the majority of his

numbers memorable.

(Dutch East India Trading / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Thomas

NAIVE-"From Moscow (Maximum Rock N Roll presents)"

Naive are a Maximum Rock N Roll find from Russia. Also helping put out this Naive disc is Moscow's Rock Laboratory. The Rock Laboratory is a kind of BYO type of organization, "dedicated to helping struggling, non-commercial musicians," and others, with equipment and shows, etc... The resulting collaboration is this Naive LP. These ex-Soviet tank drivers play a slower grinding punk with a heavy Sex Pistols influence, complete with Rotten-esque vocals (sung in both English & Russian). This comparison to the infamous punks of Britain is heralded all over the place on the liner notes and bio sheets, and was bound to lead to little let down. They do have some good tunes though, even if not breaking any new ground and wearing a bit over a full LP. Since all the profits from this record go to the Rock Laboratory organization you could help float them a few bucks and get a few decent tunes to boot.

(Maximum RnR / P.O. Box 288 / Berkeley, CA 94701)---Thomas

NOFX-"Ribbed"

NOFX play fast tight punk rock with a comical-twist. For example, the record cover is a NOFX condom package. With songs like "Moron Brothers," there's no denying their humorous bent. They even include a fifties style song that's about 30 seconds long. "Ribbed" is a joy, with a good, fun, punk rock attitude.

(Epitaph / 6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 111 / Hollywood, CA 90028)---Benny

NO TALKING-"Ride"

This is a pretty O.K. 4-song EP. It's not super distinctive, but it's well-produced and energetic and these things do count, you see. Resembles Naiomi's Hair in its straightforward bar-band approach to rock. It's basically college radio material, but it's not bad for that. Anything more than four songs might get a bit boring, as the style is pretty much the same throughout. This is the kind of band who wouldn't seem too bad if you happened to see them opening for FIREHOSE or someone. Could be better, could be worse, is my final word on the subject.

(Chickenboy Records / 1615 Wilcox Ave., Ste. 1354 / Hollywood, CA 90078)---Richard

OLIVELAWN-"Sap"

After two 7 inch releases Olivelawn have put out a full album of their big heavy sound, entitled "Sap.". Besides my previous comparisons to the Prevaricators and Cosmic Psychos the Olivelawn sound shows marked similarities to that of Sub Pop. On "Future Now" (MC5) they show their roots in Detroit rock and in "Piltown Man" Olivelawn admit, proudly, to these roots. "Kent State" features



a Stooges type rock counter punch sound. On songs like "College Volume Pedal" they really roll along with some nice melodic touches under the rumblings. Punk edges and clear confident vocals round out "Sap." Olivelawn are a band that updates retro-rock and breathes new life into the genre with a variety of strong influences. (Nemesis c/o Cargo / P.O. Box 9055 / La Jolla, CA 92038-9055)--- Thomas

PAIN TEENS-*Born In Blood*

Alternates between fuzzy droners with simple, pounding drums (mixed way high) and ambient, tape-looped industrialness. "The Way Love Used To Be" is particularly melodically mesmerizing and makes me think of a Syd Barrett with ovaries fronting Throbbing Gristle. Both sides of this band are very cool and should get the stamp of approval from any noise-lover. From Houston. (Trance / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Brady

PALE SAINTS-*Half-Life*

"Does anybody remember laughter?" (4AD / 611 Broadway, Suite 311 / New York, NY 10012)---Mark Walker

PARASITES-*Pair of Sides*

There are a lot of influences evident in the Parasites' pop punk. The Ramones seem to be one of the big ones, but everyone from the Descendents, to Beatles, to Stiff Little Fingers can be heard. The group's pop punk attack consists of a fairly straight forward sound which is best when it gets a little heavier like on "Dee Dee" and "My Demon Eyes." There's a lot of switching of instruments which leads to an uneven quality. Some of the lyrics are also really poor (check out the rhyming on "Good Grief," "You broke my bic, you make me sick.") However, the Parasites also show a lot of promise, especially for those fond of happy punk songs concerned mainly with broken hearts and getting your girl. "New Voice" and "772," with the heartache backing vocals, transcend the album's lowpoints and make this a band to watch out for and an album worth a listen. (Shredder c/o Mordam / P.O. Box 988 / San Francisco, CA 94101)--- Thomas

PEGBOY-*Three-Chord Monte*

From your speakers a very big mean sound just kind of rolls over you like a locomotive-straight on thru with nary a jolt to those on board, but the impact is something to be reckoned with if you're in the path of destruction. John Haggerty, recently parted from Naked Raygun, joins his brother Joe (drums) and two other decent chaps as they soup-up the family car into a Pegboy power-head muscle machine. I'd like to hear what they do next, but you can't go wrong here, unless you don't like your music to beat you over the head. Besides, they're the only band I've ever heard of that thanked a public library branch. (1/4 Stick / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL

60625)---Thomas

PISSED HAPPY CHILDREN-*Pissed Playground*

I don't know what relation Pillsbury Hardcore have to these guys, if any, but sharing the same initials doesn't seem to be the end of it. This bunch play some nasty Negative Approach type ultra hardcore. While they throw in some Boston type of H.C. like SSD, the Negative Approach comparison is more apparent as seen by their choice of covering "Ready to Fight." With faces of stone P.H.C. belt out their numbers, sounding as serious as can be, with a gruff "I gargle with nails" singer. Without a hint of a tone that would imply a smirk on their faces they sing about some ridiculous subjects. It's this contrast of playing it straight while singing songs like "Cup o' Java," "Mr. Magoo's Revenge!" "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "Avenging Grandmother" compared with their more usual type of pain and disgust topics that give Pissed Happy Children a sandbox of their own to play in. If you'd like to play with them just remember it's more than sand you have to deal with, they may wear on you like sandpaper on your face. Harsh stuff.

P.S. They put a message on the inner groove which I give bonus points for. It could be a Charles Adams quote, but I'm not sure. I know I've heard it before. (Kane Productions / 1147 E. Broadway, Ste. 436 / Glendale, CA 91205)---Thomas

PITCHFORK-*Eucalyptus*

I would like to say that Pitchfork are the next up and coming band to jump on the wagon with, but unfortunately they appear to have broken up. The San Diego group's multidimensional sound touched on everyone from Led Zeppelin to the Replacements to Fugazi to Firehose. Each Pitchfork song has character and vibrance that sets them apart, not only from other bands but from other songs on "Eucalyptus." The lyrics contain some unique images and ideas, sometimes quite oblique, but the feeling is there to bring them across. Good stuff that covers the range of emotions and sounds. (Nemesis/Cargo)---Thomas

PLAGUE / ROVSVETT-*"Distortion Head/Sallan Studsar En Termos"*

Plague are a Cleveland band that have been around since 1982. When they were signed by Punish, a Swedish label, in 1988 the result was their being teamed with Rovsvett on this release. Both play very fast hardcore. Rovsvett start off with an ominous sounding tune, but quickly lapse into ridiculously fast bass lines which just kind of seem silly. They have a better sound when slow-with a sort of G.B.H. feel. The singer has a mean voice. In general they create a noisy racket with little in the way of power or memorable riffs. I suspect their lyrics probably suffer in the translation as well.

Plague are also ultra fast and have a thin tinny sound. When Plague try to kick it up a

notch they usually degenerate into fuzz. Some of the songs make me think of what really bad Adrenalin O.D. and S.O.A. out-takes would be like. Or maybe it's the production which gives their side of the record the fidelity of a live band in a really shitty sounding hall. I like the over the top "Distortion Head." On this cut Mike's vocals are really impressively shot out of his mouth at unbelievable speeds. But these two points of interest are about it. (\$7.00 from Punish 577 Crescent Dr. / Wil- lowick, OH 44094)--- Thomas

POI DOG PONDERING-Fruitless

Nice sound, friendly and fruitful. Their flexible nature allows each song to have a different sound. Although all their tunes can be described as in the folk-rock genre, they are also quite creative about their use of fid- dle/violin in the more rock oriented tunes. "Falling" has some beautiful violin riffs. "Love Vigilantes" is a sappy country type tune, with an ironic narrative. "Going up the Country" is an upbeat zydeco jig. (CBS Records / 51 W. 52nd St. / New York, NY 10019)---Jane Good

PRE-MOON SYNDROME POST-SUMMER (OF NOISE) CELEBRA- TION WEEK!-A Bunch of LIVE Bands at d.c. Space

PMSPCSW is a benefit album for a local Washington, D.C. Free Clinic and features live tracks from a wide variety of bands. Most are from the general area, with a couple from further flung East Coast cities and one from the West Coast. Hi-lights include Chris- bald 96 who play an industrial reggae rock- er, "Double 9," an Ignition song "never performed." The Juliana Luecking Ex- perience is one woman who does a spoken word poetry show, which features slices of life, and commentary. Some of her stuff is quite intriguing, especially the parts about violence on the D.C. streets. Others of inter- est include three noisy outfits, Unrest, But- terglove and the Reverbmotherfuckers. There are also cuts from the Honeymoon Killers, Pagans and Lungfish. Most of the material is mediocre, and the live production doesn't help much. Still, there are a few points of interest here and it sounds like a worthwhile cause.

(\$8.00 ppd. in the US. \$10.00 outside U.S. to Sun Dog Propaganda / P.O. Box 9743 / Washington, D.C. 20016)---Thomas

PRONG-LIVE AT CBGB'S

If memory serves, one of these guys was in the Swans, who I thought were fairly boring. Well, this continues the tradition w/3 Metallica-like "new" metal songs including a Chrome cover to show their underground roots and which seems to go on forever. The best song is an instrumental. 1-sided w/etched vinyl.

(EPIC Records)---Mark Walker

ROYAL TRUX-Royal Trux

Neil Haggerty of Pussy Galore in a

scenario playing that No-wave sound peculiar to N.Y. with a country/50's influence and at a much lower volume. Kind of a cock- tail-lounge, sheet-kickin' Mars. Slightly inter- esting, but not over a whole album. If u must. (Royal Records / P.O. Box 20300 / NYC, NY 10009)---Mark Walker

SATYRICON...The Album

Overall, this is a really good record. A great range of music that you rarely get even among compilation records. The album is a document of a Portland nightsport called Club Satyricon which, to judge by this disc, is a pretty cool club. Well-known names like Poison Idea, Greg Sage and Sweaty Nipples share the spotlight with bands new to me, but with cool tunes. Napalm Beach's "The Plague" rings of Edgar Winter's "Frankenstein." "Begin Again" by Killing Field is a nice, melodic pop ditty that is one of my favorite tracks. Some moments remind me of Flipside's "City of L.A.," such as "Answer Me" by the Obituaries, which sounds a lot like the Creamers. Crzy 8's and the Jackals have good songs as well. "Satyricon" is not perfect; some of the ele- ments that probably make the club itself in- teresting only serve to taint the record. A couple of pseudo-artistic spoken word pieces can take a collective flying leap, for all I care. I'm also a bit put off by all the hype on the back cover, detailing the would-be myths of this place. Come on, it's a club for Christ's sake. The music itself only lags in a very few places. The Dharma Bums, whom I don't really care about, have a pretty uninteresting song. The Greg Sage song is O.K., but it's a little slow. And there's one in- dustrial- noise type song that can kiss my ass. It's the only really out- of- place moment here. But, as I said at the outset, overall this record is recommended, for it is a good bunch of songs. As far as being a "thin black slice of history" for the "outlaws" who buried their brain cells at Club Satyricon, only said outlaws can know about that.

(Juggler Records / 1101 SW Washington, Suite 134 / Portland, OR 97205)---Richard

SCREECHING WEASEL- Boogadaboogadaboogada!

The Weasel got a lot of positive reviews and even made it on to all the Maximum R&R staff top tens. On the other hand Brian, walk- ing by, deemed this "real bad" and generic.

Screeching Weasel play basic funny punk, supposedly rivaling Adrenalin O.D., but I guess Chicago is just not as funny a place as New Jersey. When bands try to be funny they often sound stupid instead, or boring, which is more the case with Screech- ing Weasel. Despite some good songs, most of these don't make it. Some have good music, others good lines, but only a couple have enough of both to make them memorable. "I Wanna Be Naked" based on the Ramones' "I Wanna Be Sedated" is one of the better tunes along with "Supermarket Fantasy." Fun stuff, but like most comedy al- bums of this type the question is, are there enough good songs to demand repeated lis-

tenings?

(Roadkill Records / P.O. Box 37 / Prospect Heights, IL 60070- 0037)---Thomas

SOLOMON GRUNDY-Solomon Grundy

Van Conner, vocalist of the Screaming Trees, is the man behind this project, having formed the band and written all the material. I've never heard the Trees, but apparently Conner created Solomon Grundy to be a more roots-rock counterpoint to the Trees' "neo-hippy shit." This record is definitely back-to- basics rock, and it works pretty well. It's not too pretty or finessed, and it would go over well in the clubs, so I guess Conner did what he set out to achieve. Slovenly is one comparison I might make. The same guitar sound and basic production are present on "Solomon Grundy." All together, it's a pretty okay slice of rock 'n roll.

(New Alliance / P.O. Box 1389 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Richard

SPERMBIRDS-Common Thread

Very melodic, catchy hardcore with plen- ty of punch and variety keep this Spermbirds LP from dragging. They go from slow and heavy to fast and hook laden as they nicely vary their arrangements. The TY review in the press release says the singer is American, which would explain why a band from Germany has no accent or awkward- ness with English lyrics. The boys in the band look like they could be a Boston Hardcore outfit of old on the back cover photo, but sound more like Code of Honor with some of their metallic edges. S.N.F.U. and Government Issue are other bands which may come to mind. I went and recorded a couple songs for my brother, even if I don't know what the hell the band name means.

(X-Mist / Buller 5-7277 / Wildberg 1 / West Germany)---Thomas

SPONTANEOUS CONSUMER FRENZY!-The TERMITE presents a Compilation of goofy songs and out- takes...

Typical college-radio snooze-dom. Like listening to the soundtrack of MTV's 120 minutes.

(The Termite / 2519 McMullen Road, Suite 510-117 / Clearwater, FL 32621)---Mark Walker

SPOT 1019-Still...Again

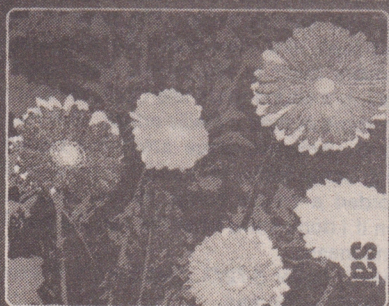
Spot 1019 are a weird bunch, playing some truly demented rock on tunes such as "Five Meals from One Chicken," "House of the Rising Bigfoot" and "This World Owes Me a Buzz." They're not bad, but they're not truly memorable either. They do a few pseudo-comic bits, like short, atonal jams that were somehow more charming when the Minutemen did them. The song "Noth- ing But Good Things" is better, and repre- sents the quality present on maybe a third of the album. Very good production and some bizarre comics round out this effort. While

PEGBOY

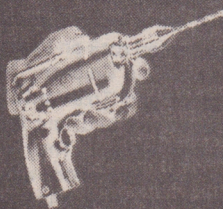


THREE-CHORD MONTE

olivelawn



BS



ultra vivid scene: special one

it's not the Dickies, it's not too bad either. Definitely worth borrowing from someone. (Frontier Records / P.O. Box 22 / Sun Valley, CA 91353)---Richard

SURGERY-Nationwide

Surgery is THE typical Reptile band. Lotsa feedback, wah- wah, really loud, there's nothing particularly noteworthy about them; could've just as easily hated them, in fact caught a bit of their set and it was very so-so. On this record tho, they put it together, somehow in a manner I can't explain and the results quickened my heart-rate considerably. A rad record. (Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicolet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Mark Walker

SWALLOW-Sourpuss

Swallow play pop/punk crossed w/a dose of Soul Asylum. The vocals are mixed high and the words aren't bad, but not a lot of smoke was rising from my speakers. Somewhat atypical release from Sub-Pop. (Sub Pop / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)---Mark Walker

SWAMPDOLLS-Six Pack

Ho-hum basic, semi-rootsy type rock from Belgium. Pretty tame stuff indeed, with the standard borrowed riffs. Below average songwriting (e.g. "Get Down and Lose," "Born to Lose," huh?) quickly induces boredom to these ears. I don't know, maybe something's lost in the translation. Perhaps they'd be better off singing in their native tongue and/or playing cover tunes. (V.Z.W. Punk Etc. / P.O. Box 41 - 1800 Vilvoorde / BELGIUM)---Rod

TAD-8-Way Santa

See the tape review. (Sub Pop / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)

TASTE TEST #1-Various Artists (A collection of live performances on Splat Winger's "Brain Cookies," as broadcast from the studios of KXLU-FM, Los Angeles.)

Now this is more like it. A 2-record set of performances culled from the KXLU radio show "Brain Cookies". The quality here (Universal Congress Of, Lawndale, Wanda Coleman) far outweighs the weak moments (Paper Bag, Always August-Grateful Dead boredom-rock). It would be cool tho to hear a compilation of more of the non-SST/New Alliance acts like the Holy Sisters of the Ga-Ga Da- Da and the Nymphs. (New Alliance / P.O. Box 1389 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Mark Walker

TELEVISION PERSONALITIES-Privilege

These guys got kicked off a tour with David Gilmour a few years back for their song "I Know Where Syd Barrett Lives." They've been around forever and it shows.

They play that whimsical horseshit for which the English are so beloved. They also have a song about Salvadore Dali, which in my eyes is a BIG step down from Syd Barrett. (Fire Records / 472 Greenwich St., 5th Floor / NYC, NY 10013)--- Mark Walker

TREE PEOPLE-Time/Whore

Well, the flow of the primo seems to never end from the Seattle connection. A ton of radical rock n roll hits you from this one here. Loud and heavy yet uniquely melodic. Does show the signs of future sucking a la Soul Asylum (what a shame about them, huh?) but no sense worrying about that now. (Silencer / 1206 E. Pike, Suite 671 / Seattle, WA 98122)---Brady

ULTRA VIVID SCENE-Special One

The great song "Special One" has soaring, powerful guitar chords that precede Kim Deal's (Breeders/Pixies) chorus, "How do you think it feels?" This, my friends, is a wonderful moment in song. The other 3 on the 12" are a bit on the slower side, seeming almost "industrial" at times. There's a slow, heavy version of "Lightning". Damn good entertainment. (Columbia / 4AD)---Brian

UNCLE TUPELO-No Depression

Wiry college rock with folky flings and wistful populist leanings. I like them; I'd probably even go see them. (Rockville Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571)---Les

URBAN DANCE SQUAD-Mental Floss For The Globe

One of the great mysteries of the universe is the ability of Europeans to take distinctly North American musical styles and completely outdo their contemporaries across the Atlantic. Meet Urban Dance Squad. Although their hybrid of rap, blues, funk and rock is not entirely original, they do it damn well. This Holland based group is one of the first bands in their genre to do their schtick with live instrumentation which draws heavily on the blues tradition (spiced with a little Hendrix). In "Deeper Shade of Soul," they put the dance beat behind some Delta slide guitar, a move I've been waiting for a long time. But why did it take Europeans to do it? I almost take it as a challenge for us to become more aware of our own roots, but at the same time it goes to show that no one group can own a style or a voice. Captain Beefheart once said that he had trouble charging money for his music and art because, where it came from it is free. In the age of global culture, and the album's title clearly suggests an awareness of it, the distinction of ownership and property of ideas and information is breaking down. Urban Dance Squad is clear evidence of this. If you want to get down to an excellent melting pot of musical styles with an interracial band, Urban Dance Squad provides the model from which future rock music should take it's

cue.

(Arista / 6 West 57th St. / New York, NY 10019)---Ant

URBAN DANCE SQUAD-Mental Floss For The Globe

Rapping over everything! The list on the back thanx Charlie Patton, the Beatles, Hendrix, and Beethoven, the Bad Brains, and the album has pedal steel on it ta boot. Really musical and highly fuckin' entertaining. From Holland (!) which may account for the goofy name. I'm keepin' this one.
(Arista / 6 West 57th St. / New York, NY 10019)---Mark Walker

VERTIGO-Vertigo

The flip side of the Surgery review. I enjoy this record like I enjoy getting my dick caught in my zipper. About the only thing of interest here is a cover of Hawkwind's "Master of the Universe".
(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicolet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Mark Walker

VICTIMS FAMILY-White Bread Blues

Victims Family is one of those unique, impossible-to- categorize bands that makes sifting through the piles of review records all worth the effort. This is my first sampling of their sound, and I was damn impressed. Traces of jazz are present, but it's the sort of twisted, mutated jazz that the Minutemen used to play. There's also a super-frantic, tight and explosive side to them that can only be compared to No Means No. As it happens, John Wright of No Means No co-produced this record, so one wonders how much that may have had to do with the sound. No matter-it's a really excellent record that leaves you breathless. Lyrically The Victims Family are strong, hitting on a

variety of topics and writing intelligently and sarcastically about all of them. This album may be too much for a lot of people, but if you think you may have the tolerance, then prepare to be engulfed. Two enthusiastic thumbs up.

(Mordam / P.O. Box 988 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Richard

WHAT STUFF-What Stuff

One of the first and one of the few L.A. labels to dare release local punk records was What. Chris Ashford sought to put the raw and vital sounds of L.A.'s underground onto vinyl. Bands like the Skulls, Dils, Germs and Eyes put out 7 inch records on What, which are as hard to find as any. The What label has been a little more mysterious than their nemesis in crime Dangerhouse. It's not for lack of excellent groups, many of whose members became prominent in bands such as X. "What Is It," was an early effort at compiling the best of What releases. Now, "What Stuff," allows you to hear those sounds without finding ultra rare singles and gives you some bonus tracks not on the first What compilation. Not only that, but several tracks were previously unreleased, including the Eyes song "Kill Your Parents." If you're not blank, you'll want this.

(Iloki Records / P.O. Box 49593 / Los Angeles, CA 90049)---Thomas

WHERE THE PYRAMID MEETS THE EYE-A Tribute to Roky Erickson

How wonderful and appropriate an idea for such a diverse array of artists to pay tribute to an inspirational figure such as Roky Erickson. Not that the idea itself is original as such, but in this case the proceeds aid in supporting Roky financially, as he has recently run into more problems. But the story behind that you'll have to find elsewhere. As for the music

(the new renditions), this disc is pretty damn good. True, some cuts are better than others - some stink, some shine brightly - but there is so much diversity that it's interesting to hear all sides of the spectrum drawn from one source. ZZ Top kicks ass on "Reverberation (doubt)" and John Wesley Harding & The Good Liars do a fine job with "If You Have Ghosts". Others include: Poi Dog Pondering, Judybats, Primal Scream, Bongwater and Julian Cope, doing fair to mediocre renditions. Doug Sahm & Son's do "You're Gonna Miss Me" thrashy and all (Why weren't the Lazy Cowgirls on here?), but not up to par. REM sounds really nice with "I Walked With a Zombie" and Butthole Surfers shred on "Earthquake" - Yeah! As does Lou Ann Barton (Who?) with "Don't Slander Me". Sister Double Happiness goes balls-out on "Red Temple Prayer (two headed dog)" while Thin White Rope stays pretty true to the original with the hilariously evil "Burn the Flames". Also, Chris Thomas featuring Tabby Thomas (They suck really bad, though), T-Bone Burnett and The Jesus and Mary Chain. I highly recommend this disc if not for Roky, for any artist on here that interests you. For what it's worth, everyone on here gives it their all. It's touching, in a weird alien way, that would make Roky proud.
(Sire/Warner Bros.) ---Rod

THE WINDBREAKERS-At Home With Bobby and Tim

Veterans return to produce "timeless" pop. This is well produced and has a couple of good songs, but basically bored the dick right off'n me.

(DB Records / 432 Moreland Ave., N.E. / Atlanta, GA 30307)---Mark Walker

Records:

45's
7 inch
E.P.'s
Singles

ALICE DONUT-"Demonologist" / "My Boyfriend's Back"

First thing I've heard by these guys, and they mix it up purty good over a catchy riff on the A, whilst the B is a pretty funny rendition of the Angel's classic. A good investment.

(Alternative Tentacles / P.O. Box 11458 / S.F., CA 94101)---Mark Walker

ANTISEEN-"Cause I Love You" b/w "2 Headed Dog"

Raw punk, dirty sound, should've canned the cowbell. Two cover songs (Roky, Screamin' Lord Butch). Pick it up.

(Ajax Records / P.O. Box 146882 / Chicago,

IL 60614)---Brady

THE AXEL GRINDERS-"Apparatus of Love" b/w "Don't Hurry, Be Sappy"

This single is apparently Volume One in Dionysus' "International Grunge Series." That misleading name does this single a disservice, because the Axel Grinders are anything but noisy grunge. They are actually a very spooky-sounding mournful death-rock type of band. I guess New Zealand has the crawling, drawling sound too. The A-side is pretty O.K., although it could be a little more interesting. The B-side is faster and noisier, with a punk slant to it. It's not bad. Two dif-

ferent sounds on this single make me wonder what

an LP would be like. Maybe we'll find out. Cool translucent blue vinyl, too.

(Dionysus / P.O. Box 1975 / Burbank, CA 91507)---Richard

BABYLAND-4 Song 7" EP

The worry with industrial music is that you'll just have some idiots randomly banging on metal and pathetically attempting to use power tools. That is not the case with Babyland. Their industrial rap is very musi-

cal, even poppy, with some harsh moments. The four songs here never become monotonous in the least, yet don't jump wildly from style to style either. They are adept at sampling (see the Mac amid their pile of heavy equipment. Also they have some English musical influences like Killing Joke, the Human League, and the Cure as well American acts like Devo. Bits of English style

don't it.
(Maximum RnR / P.O. Box 288 / Berkeley, CA 94701)---Thomas

BENT-"Actual footage" / "Black and Dreams"

Not the Guerin bros., but a Seattle band playing a truly shitty rendition of the dreaded

down on your head. It's not too pleasant. Very harsh, and a little like Napalm Death. Lyrics about sacrifices, machettes and blood are kind of groovy. Not really my thing, but it's interesting. Rather listen to it than Napalm Death.
(Nemesis)---Thomas



are also present in the vocals, which are very harsh and form a nice contrast with some of the bands more melodic moments. The lyrics are excellent, especially for a young band. Lines like "All I want is a purpose / All I get - The paradox / Manufactured lies" sound like they've been written by a well versed group of oldsters. Comes with an impressive lyric sheet/fold-out poster drawing. Congrats to Al for putting these guys on vinyl.

(Flipside / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)---Thomas

BAD RELIGION / NOAM CHOMSKY-Maximum Rock N Roll presents: New World Order: War #1

There are two songs here by one of L.A.'s favorite punk rock bands, Bad Religion. The other side is a brief excerpt from a Noam Chomsky talk. Both attack the notion of a wonderful Gulf war. Chomsky, does it with historical and political analysis, cutting down the idea that this war was just some idealistic moral crusade against a fascist dictator, while Bad Religion do it with spirit and song. The Bad Religion cuts include "Fertile Crescent" and "Heaven Is Falling," classical rocking numbers with a message. While everybody is celebrating our nation's return to "greatness," and the kicking of some thug's ass, maybe this will remind us to think about all the people who died in the process, all the people who are suffering, all the suffering to come, and all the environmental damage as a result of our technically brilliant war-bombing Iraq into the pre-industrial age. Four more years of Bush will give us plenty of time to think about it, while the war jubilation winds down.

Bush will now have new ability to pursue the ripping-up of Alaskan Wilderness (among others-under the guise of a new energy policy), build more weapons, and further mortgage our future to the betterment of a few. Kind of makes you feel patriotic,

"post-punk". An overwrought singer and a competent and boring band add up to zero. Forget it.

(GSL Records / 12345 Lake City Way N.E. #245 / Seattle, WA 98125)---Mark Walker

JELLO BIAFRA Spoken Word-"Die For Oil Sucker" b/w "Pledge of Allegiance"

Not wasting any time, Biafra is back with another spoken word record of poetry and politics. The first side is a timely piece about our latest national celebration-The War. The B-side is an acerbic and entertaining alternative version of the Pledge of Allegiance. Biafra has a good voice and a large personality which works well in the live setting. On record he's not bad either. The "Die For Oil" package also comes with a fold-out poster/information sleeve. The best Jello observations would include; 1) People are gonna forget about the veterans of this war after it is over, and 2) the line, Have you ever noticed "the more they give freedom over there, the more they take it away over here?" (Alternative Tentacles / P.O. Box 11456 / S.F., CA 94101)--- Thomas

BLACK CLOTHES POINTY SHOES-Buyer Beware World Beat Music Shit

These guys sound like some Eastern European polka rockers. The lyrics are fairly tame, but the sound has a real freaky circus quality. I don't know about its sticking properties though. Like the sticky substance that made Post-it, discovered by mistake, the idea of how to properly use this stuff will probably come later on.

(BlackJack Records / P.O. Box 2503 / Goleta, CA 93119)---Thomas

BRUJERIA-Demoniac!

Demonic garbage disposal vocals sound positively cruel, while the metal is raining

CASUS BELLI-"Punishment" b/w "Going Poundin'"

This comes extremely close to that Big Black wall of aggression/drum machine anxiety that has shocked the mid west into a frightening dystopia. And it sounds fucking great! The single format gives a tease, but doesn't drag the concept through the gutter. Lots of small melodies combine for one big hellacious sound.

(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN. 55404)---Ant

THE CATTLE-Cattle Call 7"

A-side "On the Patio" is an excellent song like something off of Neil Young's recent "Ragged Glory" LP. More typical cowpunk on the flip with a slight psych edge.
(Dionysus)---Brady

CHEMICAL PEOPLE-"The Rap" b/w "Blo Me Fatti" & "1490"

The A-side here is a pretty stupid comic rap song, in the tradition of Anthrax' "I'm the Man." Although the Chemical People did lean toward a funkier, scratchier sound on the "Right Thing" LP, this song is still pretty well out of their niche, but as they are clowning types anyway I can understand them writing such a thing. That doesn't mean I have to like it, however, and I don't. "Blo Me Fatti" has some funny and crude lyrics, but it unfortunately lapses into the pubescent arena that was refreshingly absent from their last LP. "1490" is an atypical acoustic ballad. It's not great, but it's the best thing on here. The "Ask the Angels" single is better.

(P.O. Box 6964 / Beverly Hills, CA 90212)---Richard

CHEMICAL PEOPLE-"Ask the Angels" b/w "Been Here" & "Faust"

The A-side sounds like a cover song, but I don't know who originally did it. The Chemi-

cal People version is okay, it's got their trademark sound, but it's closer to "So Sexist" than their newer stuff. The two songs on the B-side are a lot better, they both are quicker and catchier and they sound like they could have been straight out of the "Right Thing" sessions. Maybe they are. In any case, this single will probably please any Chemical People fan, and is a pretty good introduction to them for the uninitiated. I like it.

(P.O. Box 6964 / Beverly Hills, CA 90212)---Richard

CHEMISTRY SET-"Look Over Your Shoulder" b/w "Failure"

Side one is an attempt at an anthemic pop-punk song, but gets too repetitious for these ears. B side gets close to MTV power-ballad territory and, again, drags on and on. (?)---Brady

COFFIN BREAK-"Lies" b/w "Pray"

This is o.k., neither truly wretched or really good and a typical retro-70's Sub-Pop release. The lack of tunes brought back unhappy memories of Bloodrock. (Sub Pop / 1932 1st Ave., Suite 1103 / Seattle, WA 98102)---Mark Walker

COWS-"Slap Back" b/w "One O'Clock High"

It's hard to beat the Cows for sheer fuck-upness and this one doesn't let up a bit. The A-Side features an abused bass amp about to blow while the B-Side works a subtler, nerve-deadening psychobilly groove. These guys are getting prolific and this single is a good place to start. (Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN. 55404)---Brady

CRANKSHAFT-Upscale

Not to be confused with the infamous Crankshaft with Leno at the helm, this is a new band of no relation. There are several instrumentals here and the first one "Bites" is a bit like No Means No. The second song "White Funk Shit" has lyrics and is more comparable to herky jerky Minutemen songs. "What It Be" has a slower sound in the Fugazi vein. While they have a ways to go before they really make the grade of these comparisons, (better production could help) these six songs have made a good start. There's no duplication process going on here. No xerox band, just some young men reaching for a deeper hardcore sound and deserving of support for that effort. (Nemesis)---Thomas

DEAD WHITE & BLUE-"Play it Safe" b/w "Something To Do"

Asinine street-level rawk buried by poor production. Like late TSOL if they still lived at home.

(Ram / P.O. Box 40262 / Long Beach, CA 90804)---Mark Walker

DIDJITS-Fuck The Pigs

Strong in your face rock n' roll has become synonymous with Chicago bands. Side one's "Headless" has that mean sound. The flipside is a cover of the Dickies' classic "Give It Back." It's done in a rather straightforward manner and is pretty damn good even if missing Leonard's vocal zaniness and Stan's solo. Will the Didjits ever play a giant protest in Washington D.C. 'causing naked coeds to run wild in the streets? I doubt it, but they've got a pretty good sound and would probably be great live.

(Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Thomas

DIDJITS-"Goodbye Mr. Policeman" / "Dead Hippie"

Oops...Shoulda been reviewed last time around. The A-side is straight ahead 77-ish punk and the B-side is a little more Sub-Pop like. While not capable of inducing spontaneous orgasm, it is not entirely devoid of a certain charm.

(Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Mark Walker

DRUMMING ON GLASS-"Tear It Down" b/w "Trip"

Ethereal, dreamy, melodic, velvet-like combined with pop hooks and dissident episodes (sitar and all).

(Aurora Records / P.O. Box 2596 / Jamaica Plain, MA 02130)---Ant

DRUNK TANK-Hayride with Mary Worth 7"

"Leadfoot" / "Scissors"

2 seconds into side A I'm thinkin' Big Black and I still am at the end of side two. Growly vocals, not too exciting.

(Radial Records / SW. 75 (1B) / New York, NY 10023)---Brady

FU MANCHU-"Kept Between Trees" b/w "Bouillabaisse" & "Jr. High School Ring (7 Karat)"

Fu Manchu! Loud, aggressive, heavy, over bearing-this 7" could make your ears bleed. Its slow and dragging death rock-dirges. Basically it's ugly music, and if you're ugly (like me) you'll dig it. I only wish it was longer, 3 songs are not enough. I want more Fu Manchu. You can order this for \$3.00 and I suggest you do soon. I got mine, and I ain't giving it up. If you had stopped me in the street a couple of months ago and asked me I probably would have said that I didn't like this type of sludge rock, but after hearing the Melvins' last record, and now Fu Manchu I just may have changed my mind.

(\$3.00 ppd to Chris Dodge / P.O. Box 843 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Bob

GARLIC BOYS-E.P.

The liner notes calls this Japan's first funny-core band. Since we can't understand Japanese, the notes continue, oi-metalcore will suffice. Of all Public Bath releases, this is the least interesting, for it's hard to expand

on the genre of hardcore, although these guys can rock. But, as Public Bath takes us on our aural tour of Osaka, we do learn of that scene's diversity. In this sense, I don't mind being enlightened.

(Public Bath / P.O. Box 2134 / Madison WI 53701)---Ant

HAPPY HOUR-"Horny Sonja" b/w "Welcome to My World" & "Million Idols"

German band singing in English, more hard rock than punk. The first song about a sexually frustrated fraulein is most notable for rhyming Sonja and bone ya and the second is utter shit. Things pick up a bit on the last, but not near enough to redeem it. Very average.

(Destiny / Oranienstrasse 198 / 1000 Berlin 36)---Liz & Mark Walker

HARDCORE 1990-East Meets West comp. 7"

Six macho bands that shred recorded live at the Country Club (aka "Mosh Central"). For better or worse, this is hardcore today. Only 600 of these pressed; so all you have to do is blink and it's outta yer face.

(Nemesis / 1940 Lakewood Blvd. / Long Beach, CA 90815)---Brady

HELMET-"Born Annoying" b/w "Rumble"

"Born Annoying" has a fairly intense feel, but has more changes than your average Sabbath song, flattening the momentum. "Rumble" is an instrumental (not the Link Wray one) which doesn't really do me. Passable.

(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Mark Walker

IGGY and the STOOGES-"I Got A Right" b/w "Gimme Some Skin"

This is one of the classic singles of the "pre-punk" era. These versions were released before, both as a single and on the "I'm Sick of You" LP. In the wet dreams of your Hollywood rocker types, they are Iggy and they're singing one of these songs.

(Bomp / P.O. Box 7112 / Burbank, CA 91510)---Brian

JACK SCRATCH-Candy From A Stranger

An all star cast including Earl Letiecq, former Effigies guitarist, and Dave Bergeron, former vocalist with Bloodsport, drill some loud punk with a rock edge into your skull. Heavy bass lines, powerful choruses, memorable guitar parts, dynamite drumming all combine for a very heavy and appealing rock sound on this double single package. The vocals on "Hold Me" even sound a little like Tony Kinman of Blackbird. That's not the vocal norm here, but it points out that each song, while continually hard hitting, takes a slightly different course to its mark. "Candy From a Stranger" comes on

two colored vinyl slabs that only a sucker would pass up.

(\$4.00ppd. / P.O. Box 146702 / Chicago, IL 60614)---Thomas

JAPAN BASHING-Volume II

Although Japan Bashing Vol. I is better in representing new sounds, again we learn of the ever expanding Osaka scene. Side A

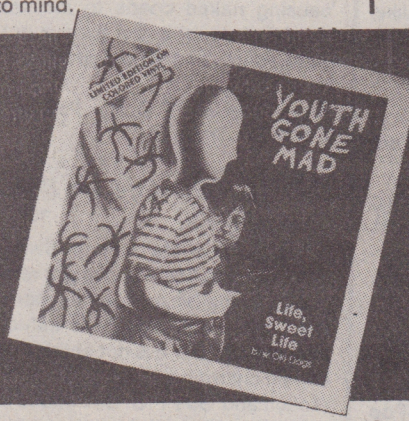
made) is a two song, one sided slab (with a silkscreen on the other) that was given away to fans at a show in Minneapolis. The first song is appropriately "Torpedo" spelled backwards. This short number starts off with a U-Boat movie intro and a multitude of backwards instruments. "The Mind's Eye" has a heavy bass intro, booming drum rolls, fast guitar licks and confident singing. S.N.F.U. come to mind.

produced and will probably be college-radio type hits. Yes, they're that bland.

(Limited Potential / P.O. Box 268586 / Chicago, IL 60626)---Richard

MONSTER MAGNET-Murder

Brady says this is one of his picks this issue, but he lost his review. So, I guess you'll just have to buy it.



opens with Subvert Blaze, an early '70s reincarnated (not retro, as the notes suggests) power trio. This band proves that Seattle does not have the copyright on hedonistic rock and roll. These guys serve up some mean punch.

Side B features the Playmates, an all women outfit with antithetical energy to their contemps, Subvert Blaze. Unlike their other Osaka amigos, the Playmates' popcore sound leans heavily on controlled melodies and tight riffs. This is one band I'd love to see in some version of "Blade Runner."

(Public Bath / P.O. Box 2134 / Madison WI 53701)---Ant

THE JESUS LIZARD-"Mouth Breather"

"Don't get me wrong, he's a nice guy, but he's a mouth breather," he says. Their second single, fourth record overall, sees the Jesus Lizard doing the same old sort of thing, which is the musical equivalent of Steve Lawrence shanking Mama Cass atop a ham slicing machine at the Oscar Mayer factory as it would have been seen in a 1928 Fritz Lang movie.

(Touch & Go Records / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Brian

LIBIDO BOYZ-Childhood Memories

This is the European release of the "Childhood Memories" single and it includes a different B side consisting of two live songs, recorded in Cologne. The title track is a Die Kruezen- like number of scraping rock. The new cuts have experimental spacy chords, rocking parts and melodic interludes. I like them.

(First Strike c/o 2541 Nicollet Ave. So. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Thomas

LIBIDO BOYZ-"Odeprot" & "The Mind's Eye"

This limited edition 7 inch (only 600

(Red Decibel / 2541 Nicollet Ave. So. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)--- Thomas

LIQUID PINK-"Climbing Vine" b/w "Pretty Lizard"

I didn't get any info on this band, so I don't know anything about them, except for the bandmembers' names, but that's okay, I liked them anyway. The 2 songs are very well produced. "Climbing Vine" features haunting backup vocals, and keyboard sounds that give it a lovely effect. There isn't much I can compare this to, and well, that's a good sign. The song "Pretty Lizard" kinda sounds like Bono from U2 singing an old David Bowie tune. Is that weird enough for you? Well give this a listen and judge for yourself. I'll give it a 92, cuz it has a good beat, and you can dance to it. Yahoo!

(Susstone Records / P.O. Box 6425 / Minneapolis, MN 55406)---Bob

LOST-Lost

This single is an excellent example of how good solid songs can out shine even a bad recording, in fact, the raw, rough production on these 4 songs kind of adds to the charm. The two tunes on side A are both quick paced, with a few tempo changes and good vocals. "The Clown" on side B is a slower number, which is a good change of pace and the record ends with another fast rocker. I guess I'd call this modern punk rock, seeing as we are in the 90's. This is fast paced, raw and aggressive stuff. I like it, check it out. (Lost / 777 Nagle Rd. / Erie, PA 16511)---Bob

THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL-"Hook, Line and Sinker" b/w "Looking Glass"

This strangely-named band is basically mid-tempo mainstream pop, a bit faceless and overall not too exciting. It reminds me of the Chills, and possibly the Gunbunnies, whom I only heard once but who struck me as pretty uninteresting. Both songs are well-

(Primo Scree / 114 W 26th St. / New York, NY 10001)

THE MR. T EXPERIENCE-"Sex Offender" b/w "The Last Time I Listened To You"

As usual, MTX gives us two slices of tuneful punk on this single. At the moment, these guys can't really do much wrong, at least in my book. The A-side is a rocking cover of a Blondie song. The B-side is a typically catchy MTX original. There's nothing too blazingly different here, but for a single it's just fine. It's on nice baby-blue vinyl too, or at least our copy is. Good stuff from the always-dependable Mr. T Experience.

(Vital Music / 81 Second Ave., New York, NY 10003)---Richard

MY SICK FRIENDS-"I Wanna Feel the Sweat" b/w "Last Night"

Herky jerky "new wave" punk like the Voidoids or something. Sounds like a long, lost, unreleased Stiff record maybe. On Baylor records straight outta Brooklyn, NY. (Baylor Records / 48 Monitor St. / Brooklyn, NY 11222)---Brady

THE NATION OF ULYSSES-"The Sound of Young America" b/w "Channel One" & "AtOm Bomb"

The band's name and liner notes mockingly make them out to be some kind of violent radicals-a movement with an agenda to fulfill. For instance their names have been put into a list of terrorists actions. Their image as a fringe group, is mirrored by the music which takes its own course around the fringes as well.

The sound is chaotic and bashing with hints of the Screamers (an early L.A. punk band which did amazing things with synthesizers), Wire, and Fugazi. It's kind of experimental, but not usual-a more wide open punkyness which early New Wave had when

there was no one telling us all what it had to sound like. There's also a refreshing lack of slickness to the sound. James Canty plays drums on this-is he related to Brendan Canty of Fugazi? This unusual collaboration between Highway K and Dischord is worth a listen.

(Highway K / Box 7154 / Olympia, WA, 98507)---Thomas

NIGEL & THE CROSSES-*Wild Mountain Thyme*

A one-sided pressing 7" taken from the upcoming release, "Time Between - A Tribute to the Byrds" and I won't argue with that - it's strictly for the birds. Supposedly featuring members of the Soft Boys and REM means nothing to me. It's fluffy, candy coated "folk rock" and it stinks!

(The Communion Label / P.O. box 95265 / Atlanta, GA 30347)---Rod

NIMROD-*Cunttrol (soundsheet/flexi-disc)*

A flexi packaged like a single with only one song is certainly a rare item. Nimrod are from Japan and a very noise oriented outfit, with quite a bit of death dirge sound that works at both 45 & 33. There's plenty of screeching here to go along with the noise. The vocal effects give a demonic note to the proceedings, but I can't figure out what they're singing about, what the cover and title mean, or even if they're Japanese. With last names like Asher I wouldn't bet on it.

(Born / 2-10-7-506 / Shimoshinjo / Higashiyodogawa / Osaka 533 Japan)---Thomas

NUISANCE-*Humboldt * County 7"*

Pretty versatile combo that go from thrashy punk to Sub-Pop throb to sincere College rock-often all three in the same song. Sounds like them, no one else-so that means good.

(Kirbdog Records / 2217 Nordyke Ave. / Santa Rosa, CA 95402)---Brady

OMOIDE HATOBA-*"Surfin In UFO" b/w "Mother II" & "Gara"*

Omoide Hatoba- Harbor of Memories- started as an improv unit. The members are intertwined with various Osaka projects/bands whose names I'm only beginning to learn. "Surfin' UFO" sounds like early sci-fi punk a la Chrome, and "Mother II" explore a funkier groove, bordering on the Minutemen. Side 2 sounds like pure improv, representing their elemental sound. One of the highlights from Japan Bashing Vol. I, Omoide Hatoba is one of the better bands out the Public Bath label.

(Public Bath / P.O. Box 2134 / Madison WI 53701)---Ant

OUTCRY-*The Buffalo EP*

Outcry is a band, according to the press release, that existed in various incarnations through 1988, releasing only one LP. The four songs on this EP apparently were recorded for a never-released second LP.

The music is a hybrid of hardcore and metal, with solos and different sections strewn about. It's pretty good, certainly more sophisticated than a lot of other music, but it doesn't quite grab me. I think it's trying to be sort of "epic" punk, and it doesn't quite work. "Eternity" has a bit of a Bad Religion tinge to it. It's all decent, but not great. As a bit of Twin Cities-area history, however, it serves a useful purpose.

(Red Decibel / 2541 Nicollet Ave. So. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Richard

PLAGUE-*Just Say No*

Plague are much meaner sounding here than on their split 12". The copy of "Just Say No" we received is a 7" in a ten inch sleeve. This is back to basics prototype hardcore played at a manic pace with grit and unhindered by an overabundance of talent (like my writing). On the generic side, but loveable nonetheless.

(577 Crescent Dr. / Willowick, OH 44094)---Thomas

POCKET FISH R MEN-*"Dead Dog" b/w "Sodom & Gomorrah"*

Off-kilter punk heavy on the weirdness and effects. Could get popular, but burdened with anachronistic geek vocals a la Eugene Chadbourne or something. They're from Florida, though so you gotta give 'em a break.

(Dutch East / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Brady

POINT BLANK-*Point Blank*

The intro, which starts this off, is very metal oriented, but most the noise here would be better compared to Slapshot. The music sounds allright at slow speed, but when it jumps, usually with little transition, to a very fast pace it really doesn't hold up. The lyrics are at such a base level, with so little humor that even when I like the sentiments, such as on "Shit on Minitrucks," it doesn't work. Worse yet, a good portion of the lyrics lean toward the reactionary. It's ironic that they speak about openmindedness in one song, while singing about revenge (such a close minded emotion) and hate of (and even killing) the homeless and those without jobs in others. The amount of negative energy (which can be a great force) is the only thing that drives Point Blank, but it's not directed in a constructive way.

(Nemesis / 1940 Lakewood Blvd. / Long Beach, CA 90815)---Thomas

POOCH-*"Any Way The Wind Blows" b/w "One Sunny Day"*

Like, I dig that twangy guitar. Pooch is a wildman. "Any way the Wind Blows" has that Easy Rider, "get out on the highway" theme. The "let's go to the beach," midweek kind of attitude. I know, I'll probably end up like Albert Brooks in "Lost In America," but hey, gotta take that chance. "One Sunny Day" is definitely more so-cal, sun baked pop, for those willing to let their hair down and live a little. Pooch surpasses his last single by a

country mile. (Just one question, how can this guy even think of leaving the so-cal playground? Maybe too much sun).

(Flipside / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)---Thomas

POP DEFECT-*"Puro Des Madre" b/w "That Was It"*

Pop Defect are really becoming a favorite of mine. Their surf rock, punk meldings really groove. They do progressions that build up steam then change direction completely. The guitar tones are very nice when full or thin. The rhythm section is solid, powerful and warm. The structures are intriguing. These two songs, one an instrumental, are just good stuff.

(Flipside)---Thomas

PROFAX-*Profax 7" e.p.*

Like Rise Above, reviewed in the last issue, Profax are an American style Swiss hardcore band with a straight edge/veg. edge stance. It's fast stuff, sometimes reminding me of S.N.F.U. or Minor Threat. The lyrics, sung in English, may suffer a little in the translation but are better thought out than most of the existing U.S. bands with this style. Included is a nicely done hand written sheet explaining, in depth, each song (in multiple languages). Whether you like their themes or not the reasoning is sound and clear. While a lot of the riffs and sing-a-longs don't seem very original there is a positive spirit and energy that comes through, one which many American bands only report to be their guiding force.

(Speed Air Play c/o Robert Zollinger / Bir-mensdorferstr.91 / 8003 Zurich, Switzerland)---Thomas

PUBLIC HUMILIATION-*Doin' It the Zimbabwae*

The band who love to be stupid are back making the PH unbalanced. Ridiculous, very. Wacky, only slightly, but they are the band which is most likely to send you out of the room screaming. These guys have taken over from Flipper in the "annoy your audience department." I've heard the goons described as "a musical shitfest." People usually roll their eyes at the mere mention of their name. Anti-music that is anti-anti-music. Hi- lights include a remix of "Bar Chord Baby" featuring sampling and crazy effects. Then there's "Punk Music," a song about how much they like this brand of noise, but it's done in more of that fifties R&B style, like Eddie Cochran or something. Comes on ugly jelly bean vinyl. They can't fool me, it's not that ultra- hip Rastafarian vinyl.

(Goon Records / P.O. Box 5892 / Orange, CA 92613-5892)---Thomas

ROCK STAR AUTOPSY ROCK-*Split 7"*

-Includes Bullets For Pussy & Theatre of Ice-

Well, one side is great. BFP used to be Drunk with Guns and sound a bit more like



Sandy Duncan's Eye, now you know who they are!

Killdozer here. Very, very heavy shit to rattle your cranium. The other band is not really good at all. Sort of Bauhaus-Strangers with squiggly keyboards. No thanx.
(Orphanage / 1702 W. Camelback #315 / Phoenix, AZ 85015)---Brady

ROT GUT-4 Song 7"

Energetic non-thrash punk in a Stooges/Pistols vein. Great stuff. If you like punk at all, you can't help but like this.
(Potty Queen Records / 4721 Larchwood / Philly, PA 19143)---Brady

SANDY DUNCAN'S EYE-"525NTSC" & "Sub"

Schooled in the Big Black college of noise and grind exploration, SDE unleash their first single after only five years in the making. Both tunes deliver enjoyable doses of high voltage, twisted obscure-rock with just the right measure of distortion added to the mixture. In lieu of waiting another half decade for one of the few bands in L.A. that matter to release another smattering of vinyl, scoop this up and file it in the Screamers and Mau-Mau's non-output section of your record

vault.
(Flipside / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)---Steve

SCHLEPROCK-"Do It All"

The name of this band kind of turned me off, but the songs are high powered punk with a good spirit. A comparison would be Youth Brigade (the deceased L.A. band). They have a little of the English Oi sound in their basic punk singalongs. My socks are still on, but I like it.
(Nemesis)---Thomas

SEA MONKEYS-"Theme Song" b/w "Everything's Archie" & "Food Emporium"

I think Thomas did this on purpose. This is the third consecutive single I've opened that was on blue vinyl. I'm starting to hallucinate. Everywhere I see blue. Anyway, the A- side is forgettable except for the intro quote from "White Room." The two songs on the flip are O.K., but they hardly merit distribution on any major basis. Sounds like assorted relatives decided to help these kids record a single, 'cause it might be fun. Well,

I hope it was.
(Vital Music / 81 Second Ave., New York, NY 10003)---Richard

SISTER DOUBLE HAPPINESS-"Don't Worry" b/w "Wheels A' Spinning"

The Ink Disease copy had a Nirvana single in it! This is not the first experience like this from Sub Pop...c'mon guys no bonghits while collating the records! Anyway, I heard another copy of this once and I remember one heavy "rocker" and one acoustic "blues" number. Pick it "up" I guess.
(Sub Pop / 1932 1st Ave., Suite 1103 / Seattle, WA 98102)---Brady

SNAKE RIVER-"Spinach" 7"

Another slow mega-sludge band with shit-poor production. A real singer with this band, though not the usual shit. Try a different studio, guys. Green vinyl. Whoopeeee.
(Bonehead Rex / 925 Post / San Francisco, CA 94109)---Brady

TERIYAKI ASTHMA VOL 3.-

Various Artists

A 4-band, 4-song record featuring the acts, Babes in Toyland, L-7, Frightwig and Dickless. The Babes' song "Fleshcrawl" starts off with a cool guitar riff, but uses it as a foundation to merely plod along evoking not too much excitement. L-7 though, does a pretty rockin' job covering Agent Orange's "Bloodstains". Then there's Frightwig's tongue-in-cheek homage to AC/DC, "Hellway to Teeth". Oh boy. Slightly amusing. And lastly, Dickless' "Sweet Teeth" metal sludge, complete with raspy, screeching vocals. Not exactly music supreme, but passable.

(C/Z Records / 1407 E. Madison / Seattle, WA 98122)---Rod

THIS GREAT RELIGION-"Now" b/w "Night Song"

Care was certainly taken on this nicely put together package by Intermission Records (a label that plans more quality releases in the future). The liner notes are nicely typeset and on a high quality translucent paper. Included are a statement of purpose for the label and a short band biography.

I know many of my staff members who are gaga over This Great Religion. I on the other hand, while being impressed at times, am going to express a few reservations. The B-side, "Night Song," highlights what I don't like about this band. Their talent for creating the sound they want is very apparent. I just don't really like that sound on this song. It's slow, passive and has very flowery new age type lyrics-about the sun and starry night. Yuch. Haunting passages can be taken too far, and underlying emotions the words hint at are swept away with the tide.

However, on "Now" they do turn the music up a notch and become much more expressive with that added aggressiveness. The sound on "Now" makes this single worth getting. That direction of musical punch with some added darkness in the writing would be where I'd like to see them go. As is this bunch is bound to impress a lot of people. I'll keep this for glimpses of greatness the A-side shows.

(Intermission / P.O. Box 4876 / Whittier, CA 90607)---Thomas

THE THROWN-UPS-Melancholy Girlhole Box

Pretty typical, if unremarkable, Reptile release presented in the unusual form of 3 7-inch e.p.s crammed into a box, totalling 13 songs. Sounds like mid-period Pussy Galore (without the raging hatefulness) crossed with the Cows (minus the groovy lyrics) with a wee bit of Flipper. Much as I would like to lend a sympathetic ear to a poor buncha guys who named one of their songs "Our Ladies Are Bitches", I feel duty bound to

say their stuff sucks.
(Amphetamine Reptile)---Mark Walker

TUMOR CIRCUS-"Swine Flu" b/w "Take Me Back Or I'll Drown Our Dog"

Yep, yet another Biafra side project. This one is with Steel Pole Bathtub. Does this guy ever get tired? Tumor Circus are comparable to Lard-nosie oriented wailing alien guitars, a heavy beat and a side order of hardcore. "Swine Flu" sounds kind of ho hum. The flipside is a song about headlines from the tabloids. Not bad for a laugh, but like the other song, there's not much attraction in repeated listenings.

(Alternative Tentacles / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Thomas

TVTV\$-Television Religion

Live these guys have a good time commenting on our advertising mad world and television culture, which are the themes of this two song 7 inch. Their first vinyl offering (other than a cut on the FlipSide "City of L.A." sampler) is co-produced by Geza-X, the man who gave "umph" to the sound of many West Coast punk bands. The Coke side features "Television Religion" which is a rocking number. The Pepsi-side, "U.S.ing Us," features some fast choppy guitar work which is really cool, and uplifting "I won't buy this crap" vocals. Both tunes are medium paced, but well arranged. Excellent first release, I look forward to more.

(Posh Boy / P.O. Box 4474 / Palm Desert, CA 92261-4474)---Thomas

THE VOODOO GLOW SKULLS-The Old of Tommorrow ep

No gloom band, cow punk, or psychedelic here, just plain H.C. from this Riverside quartet, three of which are brothers. Live they come off pretty well, but on record they are a bit weak. Nothing here hasn't been done before. "Nic Fit" by the Untouchables (on the Dischord "Flex Your Head" comp.) is about a 100 times better than their song "Nicotine Fit." Maybe they'll progress, but right now they could use some sprucing up. Though, it is nice to see local bands from smaller scenes get some vinyl out.

(Goon Records / P.O. Box 5892 / Orange, CA 92613-5892)---Thomas

WEDGE-"A Four Song Compilation of 4 Washington Area Bands"

This D.C. area compilation kicks off with an excellent Husker-Du-ish version of "I Am A Rock" by Hated which I played about 20 times (that's no lie). The other 3, originals by Lungfish, Edsel, and Geek paled somewhat against this, but all 3 are pretty creative with the Lungfish song having the edge. Good record.

(Simple Machine / 3510 North Eighth St. / Ar-

lington, VA 22201)---Mark Walker

YARD TRAUMA-"Eyes"

Loud and fast-Yard Trauma rock out. Sometimes they're powerful and others they have more a straightforward rock sound like some of Marginal Man's more mainstream material on their last record. Often they have a good psych-guitar punch, although Walter Neel tends to dive off the deep end with some of his leads. This one is almost as good as the "Pressure" single and like most Dionysus records this is on colored vinyl, a cool translucent yellow.

(Dionysus / P.O. Box 1975 / Burbank, CA 91507)---Thomas

YARD TRAUMA-"Pressure" b/w "Alibi"

Yard Trauma are a real rockin' band with that kick out the jams sound. There's a lot of personality in the vocals and a nice distorted edge to the guitar sound. Damn good stuff and on blue vinyl as well.

(Dionysus / P.O. Box 1975 / Burbank, CA 91507)---Thomas

YOUTH GONE MAD-"Life, Sweet Life" b/w "Oki Dogs"

"Oki Dog" is a classic punk rock song. Youth Gone Mad have resurfaced after years with the fun sound of "Oki Dog," which harkens back to the days of hanging out in Hollywood (I think this is a new recording of the original). "Life, Sweet Life" has that fun sound of old style punk rock, but also adds some rap type singing. The production pushes the vocals way out front and in your face. The back cover has some playfully mischievous youths. The front cover of a faceless little boy with a gun was done by artist Mark Kostabi. And if you're not convinced yet it's on purple vinyl, adding to this issue's bananza of colored singles.

(Posh Boy or Y.G.M / 560 W. 43 St., # 30G / New York, NY 10036)---Thomas

YOUTH GONE MAD-Flexi

With Flipside #69 comes this five song flexi. Both make lovely additions to any home. Comparisons could be made to L7, 45 Grave and even the Butthole Surfers but Youth Gone Mad's sound recalls old punk rock as well. Although "Send Bobby to A Rehabilitation Camp," "Weekend Punk," and "Laughing Louder" have many strong points my personal favorite is the fabulous instrumental "U Rite the Words." Get your Flipside and get your Youth Gone Made Flexi now, and a Ginsu knife, and the Ronco miracle vacuum, and tarnex, and...You'll be glad you did.

(Get it with Flipside Magazine or write Y.G.M. / 560 W. 43 St., # 30G / New York, NY 10036)---Thomas

360'S-Illuminated

Rather uninteresting Sonic Youth-styled garage rock with a GOD-DAMNED girl singer! Just kidding -- contrary to popular belief, I don't hate female vocalists. It's just that most of them are in pretty lame bands (like this one), and for every Juliana Towns or Marcy Mays there are a hundred starlets like the Patti Smith clone who fronts this band. Anyway, did you really think Warner "Communications" (fire your proofreader, Warner!) would deign to distribute anything of real quality? Of course not. This is a shining example of an out-of-touch label's idea of "alternative." Keep your eyes peeled -- the 360's will probably show up on MTV's oh-so-cutting edge "120 Minutes" or the like. Sorry, 360's, but after playing your album I was just as flaccid as when I started, and as always I must write accordingly. To you I say "nay." But it's not a hostile "nay."

(Link/Elektra/Warner / 121 W. 27th St. / New York, NY 10001)--- Richard

BIG BASH-Kings of London

What begins as a sprightly journey through the mecca of Midwest pop soon becomes a grating of the senses. The songs are very "samey." The lady's voice doesn't vary much at all, and the impression I get is that of a complacency to play wimpy music. Mind you, I'm not saying that nice music is bad (even though it usually is), but there is a spark of emotion that separates those who are simply playing the music from those who are truly connecting with the feelings of the listener. (Pinhead Records / 627 W. Pleasant / Villa Park, IL 60181)--- Brian

BUFFALO TOM-Birdbrain

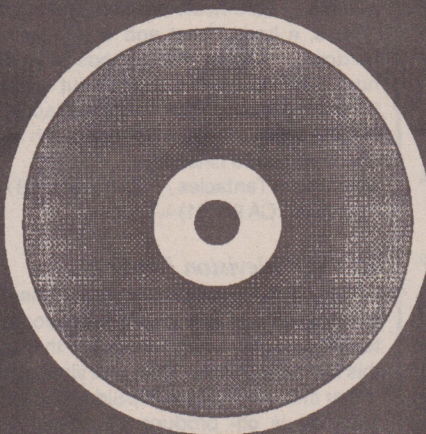
Basically, this sounds like a non-descript, personality-less group of musicians doing Dinosaur Jr. cover tunes. Yes, the songs are there, but the voice, playing, and lyrics are so blah. Let's give 'em a break though, 'cuz J. Mascis himself stared blankly at the controls in the studio. (RCA)---Brady

CARCASS-Symphonies of Sickness

Just when you thought you'd seen it all. Just when you thought you heard the worst-along comes Carcass knocking down the walls of what we used to consider extreme. I used to think I was pretty hip, and there was nothing that could really shock or upset me, then I saw the cover of Carcass' first album, and I was seriously disturbed. I almost puked. And believe me, if my reading level was high enough, the lyrics would probably really fuck me up. I mean, "Excoriating Abdominal Emanation" or "Cadaveric Incubator

of Endoparasites"! (These guys are into medical terminology-read "The World According to Bob" article/interview for details...ed) And those are just the titles! Ahh, ignorance is bliss. Anyway, this stuff is ultra- hard, heavy, ugly grind-core. It picks up where thrash leaves off and ends up somewhere between complete noise and the sound of an airplane taking off. I seriously think that music could not possibly get any more extreme or heavy than Carcass, but then again, that's what I used to think when I was listening to Kiss 15 years ago. So, don't quote me, God Dammit! (Combat/Earache)---Bob

Compact



Discs

CHAMELEONS UK-The Peel Sessions

Putting the Chameleons on the stereo is like walking from a bed of hot coals onto deep pile shag carpet. This CD proves that this band was greater than any of you could have imagined. The production on this (and most every other) John Peel Session brings out the intimacy and urgency that may have been somewhat lost in the band's other recordings. The first 4 songs, recorded in 1981, showcase the band's early

sound with drummer Brian Schofield. "Looking Inwardly" and "Things I Wish I'd Said," like the '81 demos released on the "Fan and the Bellows" compilation, sound more like The Jam than anything

Chameleons later did. The vibrato guitar on "Here Today," coupled with the supposed thoughts of a dying John Lennon ("I'm draining away!"), make a completely eerie masterpiece of a song. The version on the "Script of the Bridge" LP never seemed as frightening as this. "Nostalgia" is also a phenomenal work (maybe their greatest song), with Mark Burgess pleading to an unknown person, "Absorbing your worst/Battles raging within me/Absorbing your worst/Is gradually tearing my soul in two/There isn't much I can do". Few bands could communicate these emotions so clearly. Listening to it, there's no way you can brush it off as just another tale of a broken heart. Which reminds me: Chameleons may have been the pinnacle of all rock'n'roll. Listen to the chorus of "Perfumed Garden." The Peel version isn't bathed in echo as on the LP "What Does Anything Mean? Basically." What a chorus...and guitarists Dave Fielding and Reg Smithies sound as clean and crisp as a head of iceberg lettuce. (Dutch East / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)--- Brian

CHRISTY McCOOL-Lovelier Than The Queen of England

Interesting '90s prog-rock in a Jane's Addiction/Buttholes mold with creepy, indecipherable vocalist. Great material,

but is that Steve Vai on guitar? Could be worse, could be a lot better.

(Doctor Dream Records / 60 Plaza Square / Orange, CA 92666)---



Brady

COPERNICUS-Null

Everybody ought to get caught up in a freaky art excursion once in awhile, and this here CD will do the trick nicely. The doodle noodle music would be perfect beddy time music if it wasn't for some really serious old guy getting all hot and bothered about "feeling the magic of nonexistence." Philosophy class on acid. (Nevermore / P.O. Box 170150 / Brooklyn, NY 11217)---Brady

THE CURE-The Peel Sessions

John Peel, for those who don't know, is the British D.J. who had the best new bands record for his BBC Radio 1 show. Of special importance is the early documentation of bands just getting started in the late '70's. Now many of those sessions are being released. One of the best reasons for buying these new releases is to see the humble beginnings of some of the powerhouse new wave, pop and punk bands. Peel Sessions have some nice raw qualities, but all were excellently recorded, which is not the case for much of the other archive type material being released. The Cure, in particular, are an interesting band to hear, because they have become very popular. Four cuts from 1978 show the band at their primal best, slower, reserved-kind of like inspecting the skeleton of a dinosaur. There's something about the basic building blocks of life that is inherently intriguing. These tunes only hint at the lush pop they produced later on as their songs evolved and others were written. The basic three piece, playing at the Hope 'n' Anchor (appears to be a real hole in the wall) lack their trademark keyboards, look really young, and remind us all that those on stage at the arenas are just regular people no matter how good their music. The songs are superb and well worthwhile for fans and even worthy as an introduction to the band. (Dist. by Dutch East)---Thomas

DAG NASTY-Can I Say & Wig Out At Denko's

One of the first to meld large quantities of pop with HC to make happy-core, Dag Nasty feature some heavy Minor Threat influences on their first disc, "Can I Say" (tracks 1-10). Brian Baker's guitar may have had a lot to do with those similarities, but the lyrics & themes also do. Still, they had a positive attitude before it was in, and they didn't have to tell you they were positive to make you believe it. Dave Smalley (previously from Boston's DYS, and now frontman for Down By Law) has a impassioned voice and a good heart. They also had punchy songs, good hooks, and sing-a-long parts complete with backing vocals. "What Now" and "Values Here" are the kind of songs that will stick in your head. Two line up changes were made between the two LP's featured on this disc. There were complaints about Peter Cortner's singing on "Wig Out At Denko's" (tracks 11-20), but while not the best singer to pick up a microphone, he does a decent job and pulls off a couple really good songs like "Exercise," which also shows some outstanding bass work by Doug Carrion. A CD likely to appeal to fans of the new pop-core so prevalent on the west coast in bands like All, and Jawbreaker. (\$10.00 Dischord / 3819 Beecher St. NW / Washington, D.C. 20007-1802)---Thomas

D.A.M.-Human Wreckage

This is pretty generic-sounding thrash metal, a lot like Anthrax or

possibly Testament, circa "The New Order." Great booming production, of course, monstrous guitar sound, as required, but the songs just don't do much. Compared to the Combat/Earache grindcore stuff I've heard lately, D.A.M. sounds positively tame. Funny how your frames of reference can be distorted. I think the typical metal-head will dig on this band, it's got the proper number of headbang-

ing parts per song, but otherwise it doesn't do much. I do like it more than Anthrax, however. Cool cover artwork. (Noise/BMG / 5 Crosby St. / New York, NY 10013)---Richard

DUCK and COVER-An SST Compilation of Cover Songs

The Husker's classic rendition of "Eight Miles High" blasts this puppy into space. There are a few good cuts, and a few bad ones, but the point of putting these tunes on CD is unfathomable. It seems like many of these songs were already released. I wouldn't be surprised if they all were. There just doesn't seem to be a purpose for this other than crass commercialism. If they had been unusual or unreleased cuts I could see the point, but it's just a rehash and an inconsistent one at that. Hearing Saccharine Trust do "Six Pack" is kind of amusing, but for one listen only. I guess you do get an idea of these bands' weak points from these covers, but that's not enough to really get excited about. Instead, buy the band's album with the cover song you're interested in. (SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Thomas

THE FALL-458489 A Sides

One of the few things they haven't ruined yet: The Fall. Marc Riley left 'em. Didn't hurt 'em. Well, on second thought, maybe it did. But forget that for now. This is a compilation of the post-Riley singles. When he left, The Fall changed their sound substantially, from the dirges of "Hex Enduction Hour" and "Room to Live" to the lighter "This Nation's Saving Grace", etc. The era(s) chronicled here are probably the most accessible of all. Good old Mark Smith never seemed to be short of new ideas, always a step ahead of his fans and 3 steps ahead of his critics. I consider myself a fan, thank you. 17 tracks in all. The B- sides have been issued on a separate 2-disc set. (RCA)---Brian

FOSTER & LLOYD-Version of the Truth

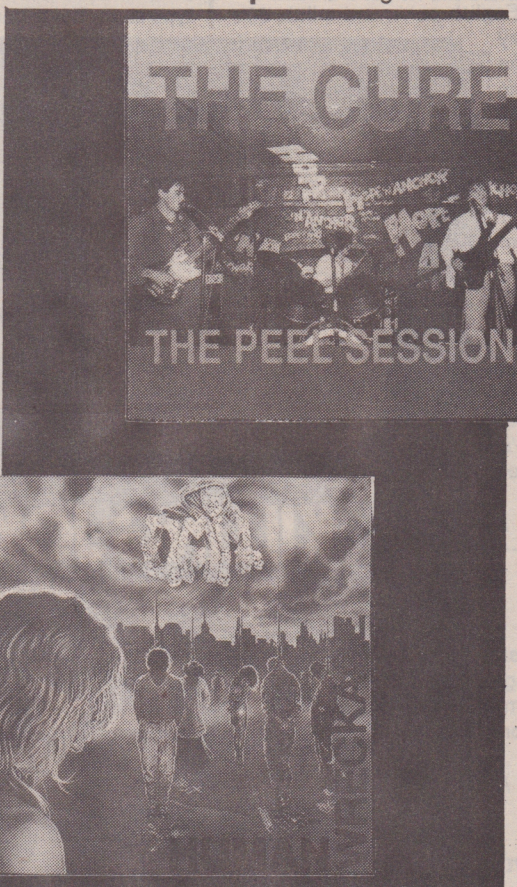
Radney Foster and Bill Lloyd may look like misplaced yuppies, but what they have going for them is a no-bullshit approach to modern country that distinguishes them from many of the newer Nashville money-makers: nothing here will make history, but there's no outright crap either. The most interesting cut's the instrumental that features both Duane Eddy and Albert Lee. ---Les

FRESHLY WRAPPED CANDIES-I Like You

Not a bad Bongwaterish cover of "Age of Aquarius" for three minutes, but the remaining 67 minutes are quiet, new age folk-dirge with geeky vocals ala Eugene Chadbourne or the rest of the Ralph groups. Would've been a keepable single. (Ralph Records / 109 Minna Street, #391 / San Francisco CA 94105)---Brady

GRAY MATTER-Food for Thought + Take It Back

Now you can get all of Gray Matter's previously released material,



an LP, EP and 7", all on one CD compilation, plus a couple of demo tracks. There are only two demos, "The Spy" is a very short number, and a different version of "Phobias" which was released before on the "Food For Thought" 7inch compilation. Steve, hard to please, Alper even liked these guys. Their material shows the first signs of Dischord branching out, recalling early English punk, and a little 60's garage sound as well (with that fuzzy guitar). While they continue with the personal relationship lyrics, the music takes a little different tack than the H.C. standards of the time, with a bit of a darker sound, more pop and a cleaner exposing of the heart. Comparisons could be made to Rites of Spring ("Shutes and Ladders") and Scream. Sometimes the vocals are a little weak, but songs like "Walk the Line" are catchy enough to make up for any of their faults. Those of you who didn't catch these guys the first time can now avoid blowing a second chance. Or maybe you'll just be making sure you have all your good stuff on CD, either way here's your opportunity. Comes with a booklet and is only \$9.00 ppd.

(Dischord / 3819 Beecher St. NW / Washington, D.C. 20007-1802)--- Thomas

GUN-Taking On The World

Being too much on the commercial side of hard rock/metal, the only thing these Glaswegians have going for them is a lack of wanky lyrics. So much for that.

(A&M Records / 1416 N. La Brea Ave. / Hollywood, CA 90028)--- Brian

KILLING JOKE-Extremities Dirt and Various Repressed Emotions

This band is back with the fire and anger that once made them the greatest disco punk band of all time. You don't even have to hear this thing to know they mean business. Song titles like "Money Is Not Our God," "Inside the Termite Mound," and "The Beautiful Dead" convey a message of, well...let's just say you wouldn't want to spend the weekend at Jaz Coleman's house. The photos on the back show the members of the band (including the returned Raven on bass, and Martin Atkins on drums) with fabric wrapped tightly around their faces. The caterpillars over Coleman's eyes seem to be alive. This is totally uncommercial and uncompromising. It's over an hour of noise from the band who still look forward to armageddon for its entertainment value.

(Noise Int. / 5 Crosby St. / New York, NY 10013)---Brian

KINGHORSE-Kinghorse debut lp

Kinghorse are basically your throw-away Danzig type band, which not surprisingly is produced by the Evil Elvis himself. Too typical for my tastes, but one thing that shouldn't be overlooked is the production, which is very clean but, somehow retains that raw edge. For the time being, if you like this sort of stuff, listen to Danzig; he's pretty much got this style wired.

(Caroline / 114 West 26th St. / New York, NY 10001)---Rob

MANCHESTER-SO MUCH TO ANSWER FOR (The Peel Sessions)

Manchester, replete with more closed factories per city block than anywhere you know of, belched up this concoction of geographically fitted Peel sessions. It starts off with a pleasing version of The Fall's "Eat Yourself Fitter," which apparently will not appear on their upcoming Peel LP. Then we get into Buzzcock's "What Do I Get?," which has been, by now, long available. The Smiths do a song that's at

least as homosexual as anything on their first LP. Then there are many lesser known bands (17 to be exact), some of whom sound completely righteous, like Dub Sex. The Blue Orchids are, I think, former members of The Fall (that narrows them down to some 50 people). But I don't like this Happy Mondays and Inspiral Carpets type stuff. These bands aren't nearly as horrible as The Stone Roses

or the godforsaken Charlatans (neither of whom appear on this CD), but this whole "Manchester sound" of the past few years is enough to make a person vomit. The drummer only knows one type of beat. And those Morley wah peddles...all wahwah pedals should be outlawed, with the exception of the ones owned by Captain Sensible (who's also not on this---he's from Croydon). The rest of this CD appeals to somewhat specialized tastes.

(Dutch East / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)--- Brian

MINISTRY-In Case You Didn't Feel Like Showing Up (LIVE)

A pretentious assault on the senses that's almost overwhelming. The techno beat with loud guitars is a bit on the repetitive side, and the songs are too long. This also appeals to those with specialized tastes. You know, the ones who like shitty music.

(Sire / 75 Rockefeller Plaza, 20th Floor / New York, NY 10019)---Brian

NAKED

RAYGUN-

Raygun...Naked Raygun

The last record from Naked Raygun was so good it almost made you want to cry. Expecting a better one, especially since they've changed guitarists, is hoping for the impossible (although many of my friends think this is their best

album since "All Rise"). The impossible didn't happen, but Naked Raygun keep chugging into your life, like a stinging cold winter gale hitting you in the face. You can't ignore them. Songs like "Home," (also on their recent single), "The Grind," "Jazz Gone Bad," and "Strange Days" ring out in true NR style. They experiment a little with a slow number, "Holding You," featuring a saxophone, but most of the tunes continue with their catchy and blasting punk rock noise. A disc anybody should be proud to own.

(Caroline / 114 West 26th St. / New York, NY 10001)---Thomas

NEIGHBORHOOD TEXTURE JAM-Funeral Mountain

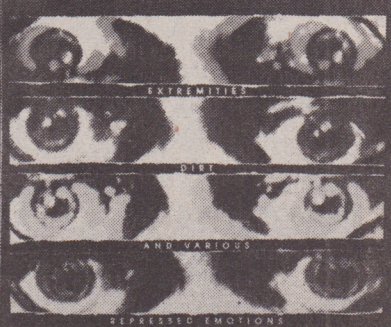
There's something I like about this. Maybe it's the paradox of crassness with intellectualism. The Neighborhood Texture Jam give you slices of American life with experimental rock. The music is something along the lines of a tame Talking Heads meets Bowie meets Meatloaf meets Beefheart meets Zappa. Or maybe Public Humiliation meets the DK's. I would say there's even a bit of Biafra in the vocals. But the music is only adequate. It's the images from their booklet and what their lyrics conjure up which sell me. "Mall Boutique" is hilarious and deadly. As they are exposing the white trash along with the rest of America's yellow underbelly, they jam. The result is more of an image and idea jam than a musical one. (Feralette Records / 2012 West End Ave. / Nashville, TN 37203)--- Thomas

POTATOES (VOL. 1)-A Collection of Folk Songs

They certainly can pack a lot of weirditude onto one lil' ol' CD, and when Ralph Records does folk music, the results are weird indeed. Here, we have some treated hammer songs, blues with dog noises and cello, and genuine country gospel, not to mention Snakefinger's ineffably creepy "The Ballad of Sawney Bean (Sawney's Death



KILLING JOKE



Dance)" and the twisted skiffle of The Tinklers' "If You Want Nice Kids Be Nice To Your Kids." Other improbabilities include The Residents' interpretation of Hank Williams, while the Jimmie Rodgers tribute by Half Japanese is something else again. I think that Negativland are being silly with their Galloping Gourmet schtick, but I love the Mark Mothersbaugh contribution, "My Home Town," which I imagine is how The Seekers might have sounded if they had been from Akron. And the amazing "Billy Bee Song," by some female Artist Unknown, seems too nifty for further description. A self-contained package, this even comes with its own sampler, "The Mashed Potatoe," a scratch-mix medley of some of the highlights. Listen and be confused.

(Ralph Records / 109 Minna Street; #391 / San Francisco CA 94105)---Les

SCORPIONS-Lonesome Crow

Oh, the tides of time sure do work in mysterious ways. Once there was a time when jung Klaus Meiner was the only mensch around who could break a glass like in that Memorex commercial. He was the Roger Bannister of the German metal scene. Real wunderkind, you know? Then this British guy, Bruce Dickinson, comes along and puts him to shame. Now there's at least 40 or 50 guys in Hollywood alone that could shatter a crystal with a belt of the old cords. That just makes this old album seem even sadder.

(Rampage Records / 2225 Colorado Ave. / Santa Monica, Ca 90404)---Brian

SHOXSIE and the BANSHEES-The Peel Sessions

The eight songs here are very polished for '77/78 when these were recorded. Like other Peel Sessions you often get songs that are not necessarily the hit makers of today, but are still great tunes. Besides the polish and the very much developed state of Siouxsie's yelping, there's an extremely cutting guitar sound here. While the guitars have been very good on Banshees' albums in the past, this document sees that early raw punk edge exposed in all its splendor. On top of how much I'm impressed with this material, I also hear things which make me think this band was very influential. In any case, the Siouxsie and the Banshees CD, like all the Peel Sessions I've heard are well deserving of a recommendation.

(Dist. by Dutch East)---Thomas

SOULSIDE-Soon-Come-Happy

Soulside's previous releases are combined on this compact disc. "Soon-Come-Happy" is definitely in the Dischord tradition of soul-searching, gut-wrenching songs. Strong material that has some comparability to later period Scream, Fugazi, or even Big Black, as on "God City." There are also some hints of reggae and funk. Like a lot of bands these days they don't really connect with me all the time, but when they do they are brilliant. The music is usually very

strong with a great pulsing bass sound, as on "What" or "Clifton Wall." And that's not all: you also receive this compact disc at a low price with great packaging (the excellent Dischord booklets that come with CD's are filled with excellent graphics, new photos of the bands, unusual perspectives on objects of all sorts, commentary and lyrics as well).

(Dischord / 3819 Beecher St. NW / Washington, D.C. 20007-1802)---Thomas

SUPERCHUNK-Superchunk

A collection of loud, slovenly vocals smeared on Husker Du melodies and dipped in a light chili sauce served face up with a generous helping of baby corn, found in the buffet of your local university cafeteria, with a membranous film on top.

(Matador Records / 611 Broadway, Suite 712 / New York, NY 10012)---Brian

THE TELLING-Blue Solitaire

This stuff is so damned boring, it makes me want to SCREAM! I think I WILL! Ah, I feel better. The Telling is a super-pretentious New Age husband-and-wife duo. Now, I state emphatically that I do actually like some so-called "New Age" stuff, and my record collection features several Kitaro discs as well as other stuff which other Ink staffers would laugh at unceasingly. So, I'm not unfamiliar with this genre, and in my estimation this CD is Bland, with a capital B. Every song sounds the same, they're slow and slight, no recognizable memorable parts or melodies or anything! After three listens through the whole thing, not one song stuck with me. This stuff fails even as elevator music. Of course, super clean production is

here, as with most New Age stuff, and of course The Telling are above putting their music on dirty vinyl, so this is a CD/Cassette release only. Why in the hell Ink Disease got this bit of fluff, I don't know. May it return to the cappuccino house from whence it came.

(Music-West / P.O. Box 9429 / San Rafael, CA 94912)---Richard

TINY LIGHTS-Prayer For The Halcyon Fear

This is one of those strange bands that I like pretty well, and I will review positively, but I know I will never listen to them again. Why is that? you will ask. I don't know. But it happens. This is interesting alternative rock, with a lot of acoustic guitars and some pretty varied instrumentation such as violin, cello, trumpet, and sax. It's a bit more on the college-crowd side and therefore does not exactly set my scrotum aflame, but it's still pretty good. One problem is that, after a while, the songs start to sound alike. Also the lyrics, as with many hip underground "artists", are pretty pretentious and essentially meaningless. However, in the end, I still liked this more than a lot of other drivel I heard for this issue. I guess that can be construed as a compliment.

(Rough Trade / 326 Sixth St. / San Francisco, CA 94103)---Richard

This is Not T.V.

Videos + cards

BIBLE OF SKIN

Like Gwar, this video artist attempts to deal with the darker side of the American Dream, a common theme in today's art world. The subject matter—dogs fucking women, manipulated war footage, a rubber penis masturbated with blood then getting sawed off, dead bodies thrown into a mass grave—might seem tantalizing to cultural vampires attracted to sex and death, but as intellectual fodder, the information seems pointless. The success in Gwar's treatment of similar material is that they use black humor and parody, whereas Bible of Skin takes itself way too seriously. This material ends up as the lowest kind of psycho-sexual dementia that pervades the counter-culture these days. Honestly, what is the point? The world is fucked, there's weird perversion. Please, tell me something new. The first hint that this would be bad was the title. I'm very leery of anything that refers to Christianity, because under the pretense of reacting to it, it somehow ends up being a by-product of it. Freud observed that Western culture would inevitably seek perversion because of the cultural guilt it had built up around sex and the body. By recycling sex and death imagery, rather than purging it, this video bleeds Christian guilt.

()---Ant

DOPE-GUNS' & F*CKING UP YOUR VIDEO DECK-

Volume One (It's a Trip!! Man) made by Atavistic

No doubt about it, this is killer shit. I watched it twice in one day and I don't do anything twice a day, therefore you must buy. Seriously, this is top-notch high quality with profesh-looking videos of Helios Creed, Helment, Tar & Halo of Flies, cheezy cheap ones that are actually much better like the God Bullies (singer in a wheelchair freakin' out). The best of all is Lubricated Goat with a rendition of "In The Raw" that definitely lives up to its title. You gotta see to believe!!! Plenty of between-tune chuckles are served up by Dr. Sphincter and a couple of Saturday Night Live-type commercial spots are genuine gut-busters. Even stupid people will get this vid.

(Amphetamine Reptile / P.O. Box 578266 / Chicago, IL 60657)---Brady

FAITH NO MORE-"You Fat Bastards"

I've always thought Faith No More is much more powerful live than on record. So this is a perfect opportunity for you, with this hour of live Faith No More. Even songs from "The Real Thing" that are kind of weak sound cool here, with all the raw energy and adrenalin FNM display in concert. I only have 2 complaints, one is I wish they would have included more old songs, even if I understand why they didn't. I guess they are trying to show FNM as they are now, which brings me to my second complaint. It seems like somebody (I don't know who) is really trying to sell vocalist Mike Patton 'cause practically the whole video is of him. Granted he's the only one that really moves around a lot, but I would have liked to have seen more of drummer Mike Bordin. Over all this a good package, though. If you've seen FNM live then you won't be disappointed by this excellent tape.

Check it out either way. I'm sure you'll enjoy it.
(Warner/Reprise)---Bob

GWAR-Live From Antarctica

Kiss meets the Muppets meets Spinal Tap. Yes, friends, it's Gwar, with their usual decapitations, gory parodies, and, of course, beastiality. It's the antithesis of everything Bush stands for in His fight against Satan Hussein. Headbangers of the world, UNITE! The revolution has been televised.

Those who've seen these creatures know that words are insufficient in describing the spectacle called Gwar. Yeah, the music sucks (it is getting markedly better), but so what. Since when does music matter when confronted by a truly spectacular orgy of visual discombobulation? Jesse Helm's worst possible nightmare has been realized.

The official Gwar video released by Metal Blade is an excellent recount of their live experience, recorded for British TV (amazing how different their standards of "decency" are). The video's sound quality enabled me to hear the lyrics, which are often lost in the live mix. Editing also appeared to be professional, with some added studio work, providing more than a few comical clips. The concert is shortened, probably for programming, and lacks some of the better theater I've seen them perform live. But as an introduction to their basic live concept, this video fits the bill. Would-be censors, beware, this is not suitable material for your weak and narrow minds.

(Metal Blade / 3300 Warner Blvd. / Burbank, CA 91505)---Ant

MINISTRY-In Case You Didn't Feel Like Showing Up

Actually, I didn't. That's because I've never found anything particularly original or interesting about Ministry. Their "niche" is merely a fusion of heavy metal power chords with Chicago's trademark techno-beat sound. On vinyl, there just isn't much there to be impressed by. That's why the live experience can be so crucial in determining the extent of a group's creative energy.

"In Case You Didn't Feel Like Showing Up" did open a new window into the world of Ministry, albeit a small one. Compiled from a series of shows from their 1989 "A Mind is a Terrible Thing to Taste" tour, the 58 minute video documents 8 of their best songs performed across the country. Naturally the material focuses on their most recent album. The energy was clearly evident with various attendees stage diving and slamming with vigorous energy. The stage was constructed with a fence separating the crowd from the band, and video was employed as a backdrop for some of their songs. The sweat was there, the interaction between the band and audience fairly strong. But sitting at home, watching this on the tube, just didn't cut it. Although the video production towards the end gets interesting, a lot of the live experience gets lost in the transition. Since Warner released the video, you'd think more money could have been put into the production. But then again, the low budget esthetic does keep the veneer of an underground pretension. The constant bombardment of death imagery is as stupid and pointless as death rock, which

this material borders on (especially judging from the audience). The highlight is a monologue by the Supreme Poet of Misery and Despair, Jello Biafra. Which brings me to my final point: Why don't they (whoever the powers may be) release a Lard video, a project that is way more original and interesting than this major (pun intended) bumner. To all you vamps out there: my apologies. I just don't get it.

(Warner)---Ant

Video reviews end here

CARDS



MONDO SUBURBIA TRADING CARDS- *Trading Cards* (26 Artists, 26 Cards)

If you haven't been to a comix store lately, you might not have noticed the merging of the comic book and trading card merchandising industry. It was a natural, baseball cards fulfilling the same anal urges as comic book collecting; but as with comics, an underground has emerged. Twenty-four artists, including such past and present underground artists as Peter Bagge, Dennis Worden, and Spain, contributed to this set. Of course, all this is nothing new: remember Wacky Packages?

Instead of satirizing consumer goods, though, these cards satirize the vapid life-style you had when you bought them. No gum!

(\$5.00 from Starhead Comix / P.O. Box 30044 / Seattle, WA 98103--Mark Thompson



THE MALL RAT



CARDS



DINOSAUR JR

GREEN MIND

The New Album

Featuring the song

"The Wagon"

Available Now on Sire/Warner Bros.
Cassettes and Compact Discs



BLANCO
Y NEGRO

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TAPES

RIKK AGNEW'S YARDSALE-*Emotional Vomit*

Geez, this was a disappointment. I love the Adolescents and thoroughly enjoyed Rikk's first release "All By Myself." Some of those classic melodic, straining, O.C. riffs with crying solos are here, but, they're too few, and when they do appear are offset by some weak lyrics and vocals. His vocals were never brilliant, but they seem very worn on this latest offering. Songs like "Read Between the Lines," "LSBILSD4LSD," and "Better World" have moments, but there's really not enough to give this a hearty recommendation-unless you're a such a big fan of the Agnew clan that you'd also be interested in the family bulletin board featured on the sleeve (which includes some really young photos of the O.C. tots).

(Triple X / 6715 Hollywood Blvd., suite 284 / Hollywood, CA 90028)---Thomas

CANNED HEAT-*Reheated*

Admittedly, there's none too many of the original members left, and the prospect of doing the endless boogie with these fellers isn't inordinately alluring, but the surprise is that the album's lean and mean and rockin'. "Bullfrog Blues" is the band's tribute to the old days, but among the other cuts (almost all covers) are a jazzy "Hucklebuck" and a sparse treatment of Tom Waits' "Gunstreet Girl." There's all kinds of great guitar work: the sum total's better than you'd think.

(Chameleon / 3355 W. El Segundo Bl. / Hawthorne, CA 90250)---Les

CLUMSY LOVERS

There are only four songs on this tape, but they're all gems. Clumsy Lovers play traditional Irish and Celtic music, and are part of a growing movement in LA and the rest of the country of young musicians relearning their musical heritage. I happen to enjoy this kind of music, which, if you listen closely, forms the basis for much of North America's music, such as country and bluegrass. For more info, write to Pat Collins at the given address.

(13161 Braeken St., Pacima CA 91331)---Ant

DAIRY QUEEN EMPIRE-*N is for Knowledge*

This is the famous \$1.89 tape that has sold 300 copies. They want to become famous,

but apparently not rich. If they get sued for the name, it could definitely further their cause. Because of my interest in Bongwater, DQE insisted that I review this tape, a format I don't normally like. But hey, it's only once a year I get this kind of request, so I was somewhat honored (where's the payola friends?). Anyhow, this is a great fucking tape. Indeed, it is similar to Bongwater in that it is quirky and eclectic. DQE's sound is smaller in that they are mainly acoustic, but they fill out the aural space nicely with intelligence, emotion and excellent song writing abilities. Like the Violent Fems, DQE take barest instrumentation and travel to the far reaches of the fast food empire. If any of you record labels are reading this and want some fresh material, check this one out.

---Ant

DAMNED-*The Best of*

Unless you've been brain dead since 1976 this essential bit of history requires no further comment!

(Emergo / 225 Lafayette St, #709 / New York, NY 10012)---Steve

DAMNED-*Machine Gun Etiquette*

"Machine Gun Etiquette" is a classic punk rock album with great melody, and drive. When our own Brian Trudell says this is one of his favorite punk records or Jack Rabid writes the liner notes you can't take it lightly-it's time to stand up and listen. The Damned's souped-up rock n' roll has been a source of inspiration for many, whether it is all out romping punk or beautiful pop these guys have a knack for catchy riffs. The colorful characters that make up the Damned, Rat Scabies, Captain Sensible, Dave Vanian (whose Vampire Elvis look has been a trademark) and Alasdair Ward played and wrote many classics, such as "Love Song," "Melody Lee," "Plan 9 Channel 7," "Noise Noise Noise" and "Smash It Up." These songs will be remembered for a years to come.

(Emergo / 225 Lafayette St, #709 / New York, NY 10012)---Thomas

DANZIG-*Lucifuge*

Even Satanists have to go grocery shopping. Someday these men will look back on this band and wonder where their shirts went. "Long Way Back From Hell" would scare the pants off any evangelist, but none will ever hear it. These guys haven't realized

that you have to say things backwards to get Christians to notice. Forward masking has

never worked. In spite of such drawbacks, these guys are still the only tolerable metal band in the world, even enjoyable at times.

(Def America / 9157 Sunset Blvd. / L.A., CA 90069)---Brian

DIVINYLS-*Divinyls*

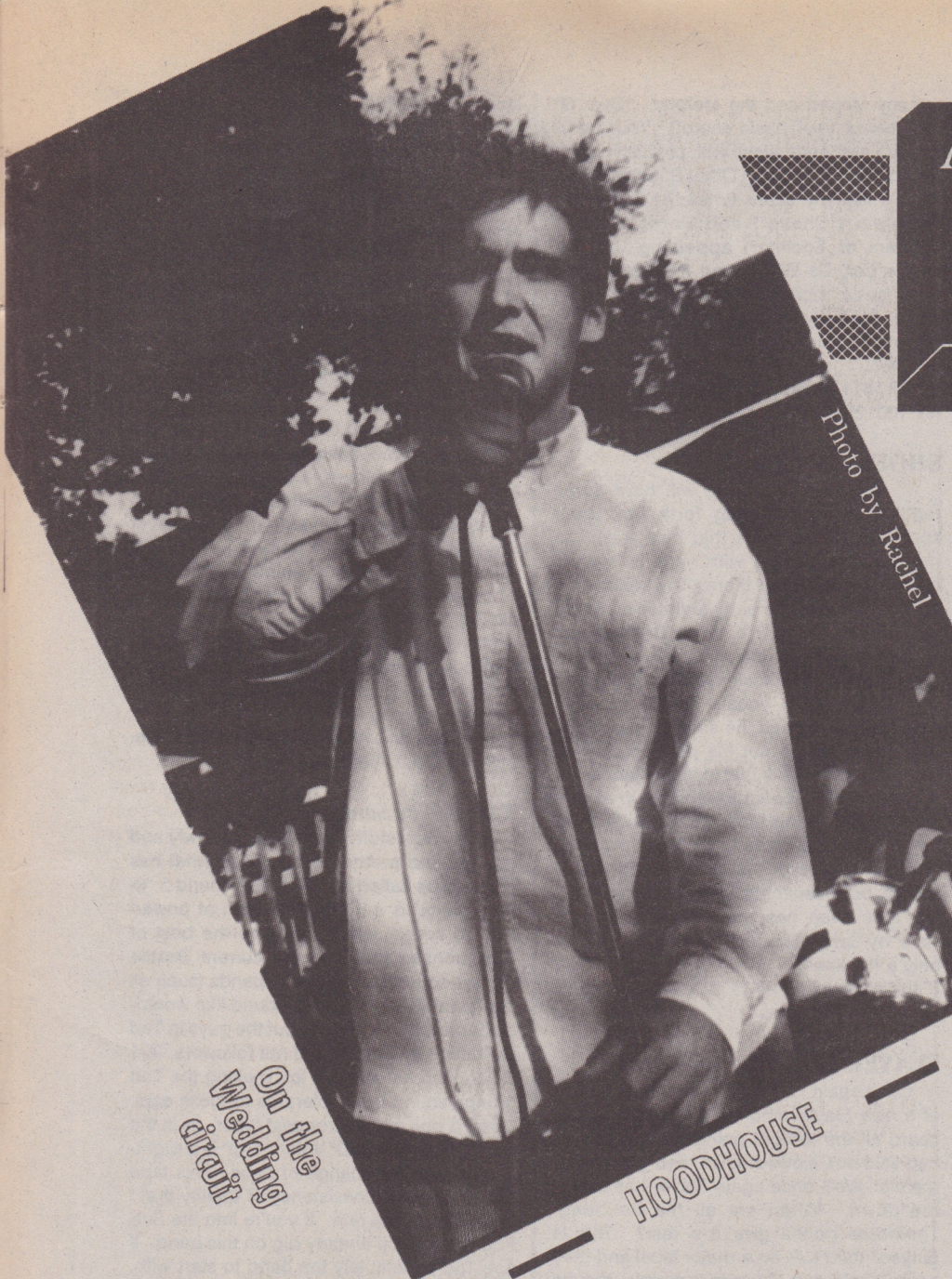
The Divinyls have been around a long time-an Australian group mining a rock n' roll vein that recalls everyone from Steve Miller, to the Beatles, to ACDC, to the Pretenders and between. The Divinyls have this depth of familiarity, but remain original. Will they make it big with this album? Could be. Their sound is slick, and shows the refinement of a band that's been around. The structures and lyrics are filled with tantalizing hooks lending themselves to commercial success. The vocals of Christina Amphlett are sultry and husky, going from breathy gulps to hiccups, to yelps, to soaring passionate overload. Her yearning voice and lyrics are both seductive and extremely calculated. The press release talks about guitarist Mark McEntee first seeing Amphlett singing at a religious concert in Sydney's Opera House, but the rocking numbers and steamy subject matter seem about as far away from that image as could be.

(Virgin)---Thomas

TAV FALCO'S PATHER BURNS-*Return of the Blue Panther*

It's funny about this guy. He can barely write or play; he's execrable as a singer; witnesses of his live performances have ample reason to suspect him of idiocy, and I hope to God he never turns to acting as a career. Year after year, he puts out these sillybilly crap albums, attempting to distill from American gutter music what he once, in a revealingly foppish epithet, termed "com-media dell'antier." He's not entirely to be dismissed. Here and there, in fortuitous flashes of genius for which, I'm sure, not even he can account, he'll soar beyond mediocrity and grab a little greatness.

During this latest excursion, for example, there's a heaping portion of the mundane, as in the graceless vocals on the otherwise rockable "I'm Moving On," and in the lamentable choice of "You Believe Everyone But Me" as a cover -- now, with all that good Charlie Feathers material to select from, who but a simpleton would pick up this lumpy meadow-muffin? But, then again, there's something on here called "Knot In My Pocket," a country-soul sizzler with guitar like a lazy chicken frying alive in bacon grease. There's the raw blues riffing of "I Got Love, If You Want It" and "Rock Me Baby," and there's the hellacious "Fun Mob," a thrashabilly punker that'd fit in pretty well on



Sin Alley, vol. 72. So, where's the verb -- should you check this guy out, or what? Yes, of course you should.
(Triple X / 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 284 / Hollywood, CA 90028) ---Les

THE GETO BOYS-*The Geto Boys*

Geto Boys like to yell real mean. This is Rick "Beastie" Rubin's first rap record in a great while. All of the raps are quite over-the-top. Topics such as corpse-fucking and hobnobbing are touched upon. Hey, these things happen. Samples of Al Pacino in Scarface are in every other song. "You die, motherfucker!!!" Seems to sum up their point. Geto Boys are cool by me, and this record is great.

(Def America / 9157 Sunset Blvd. / L.A., CA 90069)---Brady

GODFLESH-*Street Cleaner*

Pretty weird, this one; sounds like a drum

machine with the guy from Napalm Death singing. I don't know who's in this band 'cause I got the promo copy from Combat, but it's kinda interesting in a way. They could easily pass for a weirdo industrial band were it not for the barfed-up death metal vocals. Check this out if you like industrial music or even dirgy-death metal. I like them, maybe you will too.

(Combat)---Rob

GOO GOO DOLLS-*Hold Me Up*

Yes, indeed, it is a tad slicker-sounding than their other records, but the truth of the matter is it's great, not a bad cut on it. The Goo Goo Dolls aren't easy to classify -- are they punk metal? Melodic thrash? Speedglitter? I'd say they're among the best new pop groups around; their writing's getting stronger all the time, and the fact that they can come up with actual tunes doesn't mean they've lost any of the edge. Perhaps the

A:

mood's a little more serious now, as themes like despair and misery and yet also redemption recur in the songs, but frenetic angst anthems abound, "Out Of The Red" being only the most frenzied. The Incredible Lance Diamond's back, on a magnificent "Never Take The Place Of Your Man," and the tight, businesslike "Million Miles Away" also shows that these guys still know how to handle their covers. Just a fine album from a swell band.

(Metal Blade / 18653 Ventura Blvd., Suite 311 / Tarzana, CA 91356)---Les

HERE'S YOUR MEAT (VOL. 1): *TAKE HOME TREATS FROM I.L.A.*

Try as I may, I can't find a whole hell of a lot to say about this Independent Label Alliance compilation. Live Skull's on here, with the atmospheric but not entirely unforgettable "Mr. Evil;" bands like Ritual Tension and Out Of Order bother me, and only The Nails, with the reasonably entertaining "88 Lines About 44 Women," which sounds like Lou Reed reciting poetry over an electronic version of "Love Is Strange," could lead me even to consider keeping this.

---Les

HOODHOUSE-*Hoodhouse*

Hoodhouse is a Northern California band with a lot of bite. This four song tape includes "Homeboys" a song about addiction, "Release It" about energy and aggression, "Mandela," their political tune of course, & "Scrap" a funky rock/punk rap number. The basic Hoodhouse sound is funky punk rock. The singer (Ben) has a rappy punk style of vocals. Bass player Monty has lightning quick speed, and a bass slap that will blow your mind. Drummer Larry keeps a mean beat & Jer is on guitar with his whistle-along leads and riffs. They play a high intensity show that is very tight. They're a must see band. Look out for their live shows. Also look for an interview in an upcoming issue.

---Benny

HUNGER FARM-*Hunger Farm, Demo Cass.*

Promising demo from this O.C. band. Well-produced songs with a Fugazi influence. Energetic, tight and structured tunes-I know some people who might really dig this.

(Slugfest Music / 17294 Los Jardines West /

BRENDA KAHN-*Goldfish Don't Talk Back*

At her best on the energetic, angst-ridden skiffle cuts, Brenda Kahn's capable of both witty social satires and evocative love songs. Everybody knows the genre -- bohemian folkie singer/ songwriter stuff -- and there are a couple of cringe-worthy moments on the album, but there are also more than a few memorable turns of melody and phrase. (Community 3 / 438 Bedford Ave. / Brooklyn, NY 11211)---Les

MORBID ANGEL-*Altars of Madness*

These guys have been around for a long time, and are made up of ex-Terrorizer members. This album is very good, if you're into this type of intense grindcore. One thing I found to be dated was the overtly satanic lyrics, which we all know went out years ago with the demise of Frisco's Possessed. Some real cool riffs on "Chapel of Ghouls" and "Maze of Torment," which is rare when you consider the amount of shitty-jump-on-the-death metal bandwagon loser bands. A real big seller for Earache Records in Europe, that will make these guys even huger in the States now that Combat is licensing this stuff. So, if you're new to this type of music this is definitely the record to buy. Real scary stuff! (Combat/Earache)---Rob

MORDRED-*In This Life*

I really hate this band. Let me say that from the get go- they suck! Their first album really stunk. They are so stupid that they even managed to desecrate Rick James' classic "Super Freak" worse than M.C. Hammer did. You understand? Are you getting the picture? I like M.C. Hammer more than these losers, and I hate M.C. Hammer. Someone at Noise Records decided to torture us with yet another LP by them. Let me explain the concept. Take a commercial thrash band. Tell the bass player that he can play slap, get a D.J. to spin some discs and scratch some noise in the breaks, and, voila, you have Mordred. Oh, don't forget the Rump-Ranger on vocals. You know, I've only really gotten to like The Red Hot Chili Peppers in the last couple of years, but I remember when everyone used to talk shit about them. Now, everyone is trying to sound like them. These guys are so phony. They're trying to be original and they failed. Do you hear me, Mordred? I know deep down inside you were hoping to start some new trend of thrash-funk-rap bands, but, I'm sorry, it's not going to happen. Go back to playing Iron Maiden covers in your garage. You suck. (Noise)---Bob

NEW YORK SCUM ROCK-*Live At CBGB (Compilation)*

So, here's the latest return of '77 punk, I guess, featuring about 20 N.Y. equivalents to

Johnny Moped and the Morons: "Over 60 minutes of your basic scum!" Your basic Lunachicks enthusiast will probably want this for "Making It (With Other Species)." Me, since I like my scum tuneful, I find Hammerbrain ("Cheap") and Porno Dracula ("Reject of Society") appealing, but Ed Gein's Car, Da Willys, and PMS also have their basic moments. It's all good clean scum, basically, but sometimes it's hard to tell one of your basic scum rock bands from another.

(ROIR / 611 Broadway, Suite 411 / New York, NY 10012)---Les

SHOEFACE-*Demo*

Bob Durkee's band will have some familiar sounds coming forth from your speakers. It's obvious that he's listened to many many bands, with various sounds creeping in here and there. The basic component seems to be early eighties hardcore like maybe the F.U.'s (from Boston) and Government Issue, mixed with say a Fugazi sound, and a little Dickies thrown in for good measure. Bob's vocals are damn right meant up. I mean, he sounds pissed off. The guy's getting out his pent-up aggression. You got to give that to him. Many other more obscure elements will pop up as you ride the riffs on this tape. I particularly liked the instrumental "Free Dirt." It got my head bobbin'. Some of the lyrics sound a little forced, but overall the effort is a good one. My tape even has them doing "Essence Rare" by Gang of Four, even if it is cut off after only a few lines.

(Fartblossom Ent. / P.O. Box 818 / Pomona, CA 91769)---Thomas

SLAYER-*Seasons In The Abyss*

Once again I eagerly awaited the release of a new Slayer album. And once again I heard all the rumors going around; Slayer had sold out, slowed down, and gone commercial. Well, once again Slayer has not let me down. When are all the doubting-Thomases gonna give it a rest? This is Slayers' third L.P. on a major label and they haven't sold out. So face it people, they're not going to! They can't! I don't think they can write happy, top 40, ballads anyway. They have expanded. I'll give you that, but in a good way. They can now write a song that begins with a clean-acoustic guitar. They can now write songs that don't speed up to 100 mph and still sound just like Slayer. It's cool to have watched them grow up and mature from their first L.P. No one can deny that they've changed, but they're still great. I won't complain about the lyrics which are kind of cartoonish, or that fact that some of the riffs and melodies sound similar to other Slayer songs. I will say, don't worry, Slayer is still just as fast and heavy as they ever were and "Seasons" is a good heavy, thrash album. There aren't many good bands left in this genre and I'm glad Slayer is still churning out their brand of mayhem. Keep it up! (Def America / 9157 Sunset Blvd. / Los Angeles, CA 90069)---Bob

geles, CA 90069)---Bob

SLAYER-*Seasons In The Abyss*

This shit is boring and pretty much sucks. I used to love 'em, "Reign In Blood" is still God or Satan or whatever, but it looks like they've run out of ideas. No better than the 1,001 bands that they spawned. (Def America / 9157 Sunset Blvd. / Los Angeles, CA 90069)---Brady

SOUL ASYLUM-*And the Horse They Rode In On*

I'd always heard of Soul Asylum, but this was the first time I actually heard their music. This particular album is damned boring. I suspect they used to be better, but being on a major label has drained them of whatever creativity they formerly possessed. This is generic rock at its most pointless. A couple of songs did seem to hint at better things, like "All the King's Friends," but most of this is homogenized pop fodder. If you like that, they buy this and be contented. If you don't, buy the Bad Religion record. You'll be a better human being for it.

(Twin\Tone and A&M / 1416 N. La Brea Ave. / Hollywood, CA 90028)---Richard

TAD-*8-Way Santa*

Pretty cool stuff, man. Heavy, growly and grungy, Tad pretty much typifies what has come to be called the "Sub Pop sound." "8-Way Santa" is a good ole bunch of power-soaked songs, which combine the best of 70's monster rock and the current Seattle garage-sound stuff. A lot of bands (such as last issue's Railroad Jerk) sound like would-be bandwagon-jumpers, but the guys in Tad are definitely leaders and not followers. A-1 production helps out a lot, making the Tad grunge sound quite tolerable to these ears. "Jinx" is one of the strongest tunes, as is the sludgy "Candi." "3-D" Witch Hunt" is a slightly more upbeat change of pace. This tape has the kind of consistency of quality that I find to be all too rare. If you're into the Sub Pop sound, you already dig on this band. If not, Tad is definitely the band to start with. Check 'em out, dude.

(Sub Pop / 1932 1st Ave., Suite 1103 / Seattle, WA 98101)---Richard

TSOL-*Strange Love*

What joe would settle for these tender bits of corn in lieu of something a little substantial? I'm completely unfamiliar with the throngs of Hollywood yokels who've enjoyed this band's power love ballads for the past 5 or 6 odd years. (Enigma)---Brian

VALENTINE-*Valentine*

The only tape I own that's bad enough to be potential "Pirate Radio" fodder. In L.A., that's 100.3 on your FM dial. (Reprise Records / 3300 Warner Blvd. / Burbank, CA 91510)---Brian

CHICAGO

Pavement sows & White Castle, just some of the sites in the windy city



Chicago—a very brief glance.

Last year I had a great week in Chicago, hi-lighted by gaining some great new friends, Renee & Matthew (who graciously put me up-and treated me to a wonderful barbecue and horseshoes in the neighborhood vacant). I also got to see a White Sox game at old Comiskey Park, before it was torn down (seen the Cubs at Wrigley too). Chicago is a real big American city. Ah, the mid-west-heartland, culture, and a lot of good people. Such is Jeff Pizzati, of Naked Raygun fame, who gave me the grand tour, including pub crawl (don't miss their interview in this issue).

Yes, they have food in Chicago. Besides pizza, there's Ed Debevic's (classic 50's dinner), McDonald's—the busiest in the world (the owner has it packed with all kinds of collectable odds and ends from Beatle memorabilia to toys and they even deliver pizza—never knew they sold it). The Billy Goat, an old hole in the wall grill (made famous by the Saturday Night Live parody—just say Cheese Burger) is another one to visit, and to boot there are also places to get good burritos. Classic architecture is everywhere you look, as is art, and every kind of museum you'd ever want to go to (including Egyptian mummies, and an aquarium), a zoo packed with babies of every stripe, and three

or four very good record stores. The list goes on and on. It's a big dirty city, with perfect suburbs, ethnic enclaves, and racial tensions. But despite all this I had other motives for going.

Comiskey Park was sort of the center of my trip. The history of this ballpark is not only the history of a baseball club, but it's a history that parallels that of America. The kooky gimmicks used to sell the sport, from short pants uniforms, to a cannon that goes off after every home run, to picnic tables under the bleachers, to having midgets bat, and even disco demolition night, where thousands of fans blew up their 70's gems, transcend the game of baseball and mirror the wild growing America has done in this century. The history is not one of the perfect American dream flawlessly realized. The mistakes in building of the ballpark were many, like a field that did not drain properly. And, of course, there's always the Black Sox scandal which has taken on mythical proportions. Now that Comiskey Park is a parking lot, and the new stadium across the street, built on the spot where baseball legends like Babe Ruth used to wet their whistles when playing in Chicago, there will be some new legends to be made.

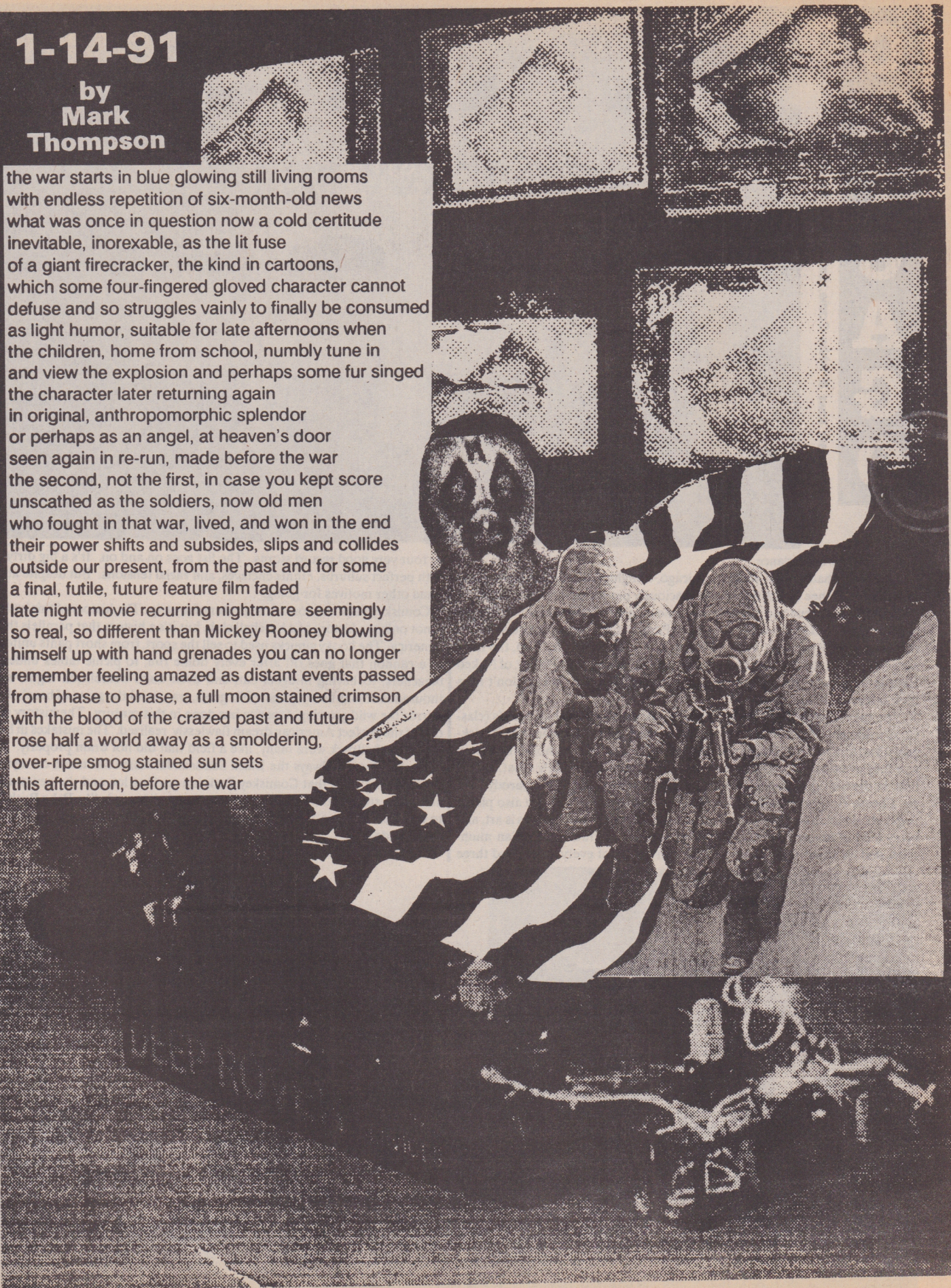
----Thomas



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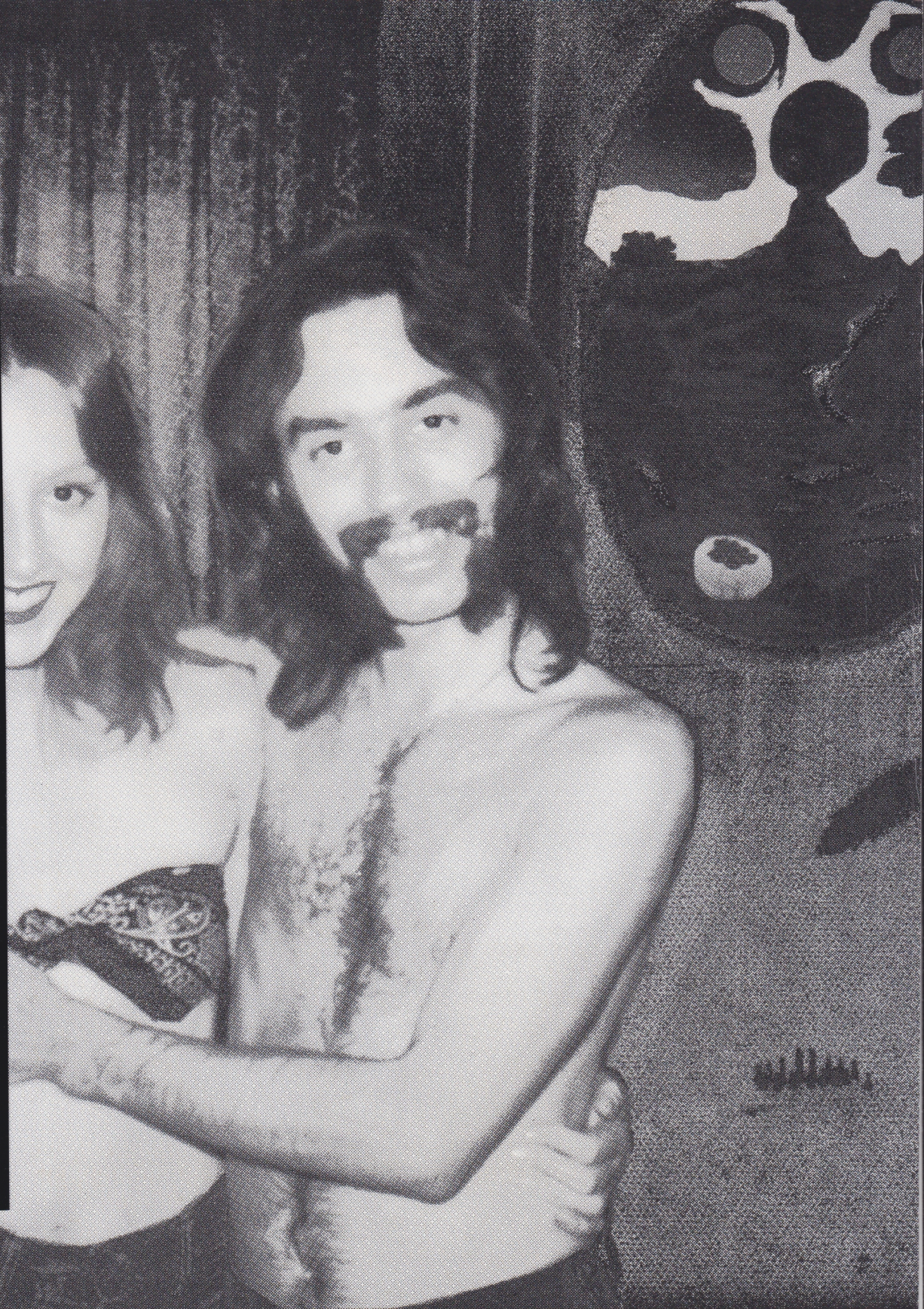
by
**Mark
Thompson**

the war starts in blue glowing still living rooms
with endless repetition of six-month-old news
what was once in question now a cold certitude
inevitable, inorexable, as the lit fuse
of a giant firecracker, the kind in cartoons,
which some four-fingered gloved character cannot
defuse and so struggles vainly to finally be consumed
as light humor, suitable for late afternoons when
the children, home from school, numbly tune in
and view the explosion and perhaps some fur sined
the character later returning again
in original, anthropomorphic splendor
or perhaps as an angel, at heaven's door
seen again in re-run, made before the war
the second, not the first, in case you kept score
unscathed as the soldiers, now old men
who fought in that war, lived, and won in the end
their power shifts and subsides, slips and collides
outside our present, from the past and for some
a final, futile, future feature film faded
late night movie recurring nightmare seemingly
so real, so different than Mickey Rooney blowing
himself up with hand grenades you can no longer
remember feeling amazed as distant events passed
from phase to phase, a full moon stained crimson
with the blood of the crazed past and future
rose half a world away as a smoldering,
over-ripe smog stained sun sets
this afternoon, before the war



TAD

8-WAY



TAD

8-WAY SANTA
LP/CASSETTE/CD

JINX
7" 45

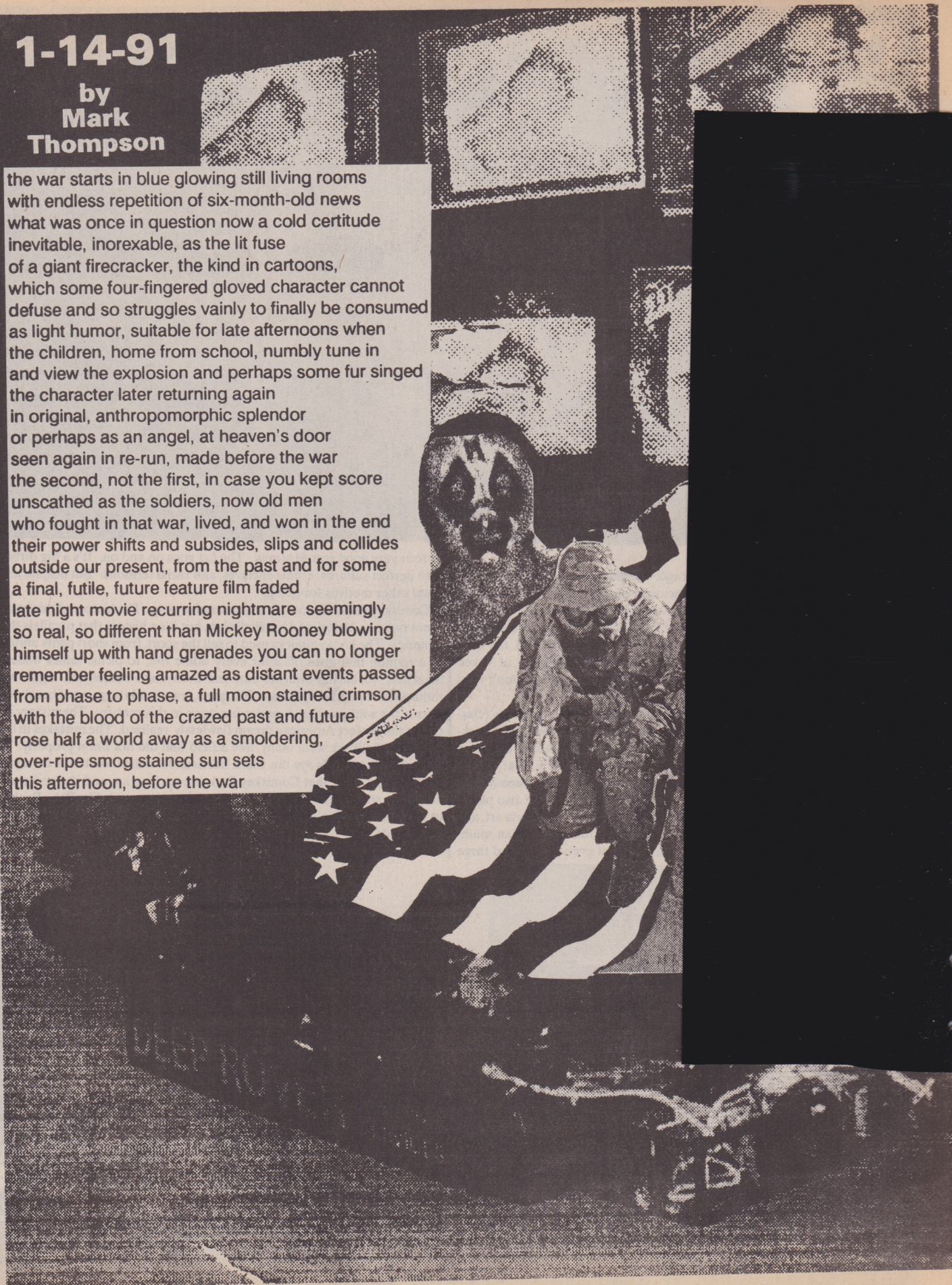
JACK PEPSI
CD SINGLE



1-14-91

by
**Mark
Thompson**

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with endless repetition of six-month-old news
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of a giant firecracker, the kind in cartoons,
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TAD

8-WAY SANTA



TAD

8-WAY SANTA
LP/CASSETTE/CD

JINX
7" 45

JACK PEPSI
CD SINGLE



MAELSTROM

STEP ONE!

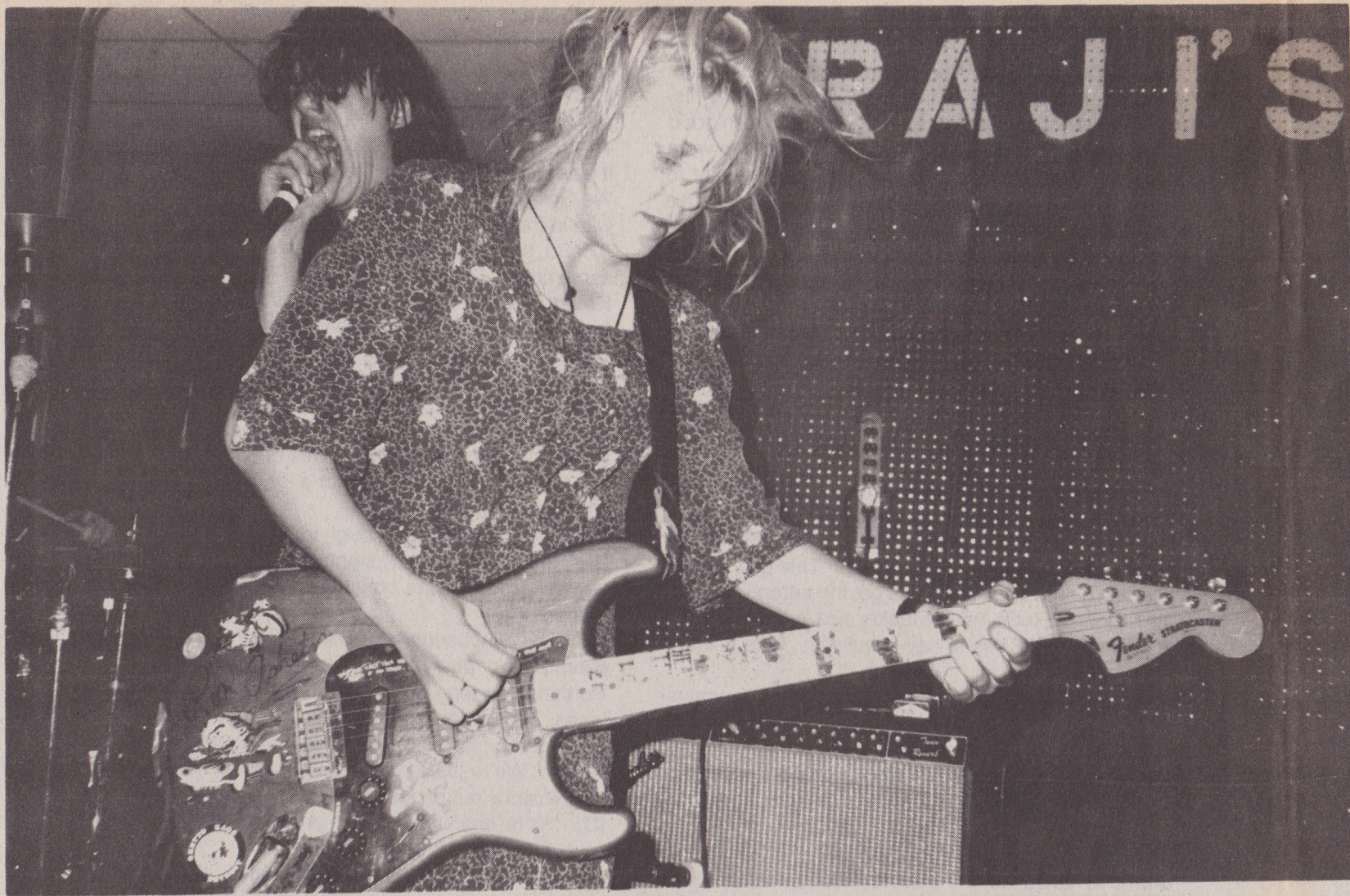


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**Larissa Strickland, guitar goddess extraordinaire.
A sonic delight!**

Kevin: It's really not funny, because we don't get shit.

ID: That's what I'm getting at.

Kevin: What else are we going to do, work at 7-Eleven?

ID: You tell me?

Kevin: I'm sure we could all probably find day jobs if we wanted to, but why waste your life like that. You might as well be poor and happy.

ID: Are most of your songs based on personal experiences?

Kevin: All of them are based on personal experiences, of one person in the band or another.

Jim: Everybody puts there own part into it.

Kevin: Jim writes all his own parts. I write all my own parts. John writes all his own parts. Larissa does her thing. It's a collective. We just have too much respect for each other to be telling each other what to do.

ID: What do you do at home when you're not in the band?

Kevin: I don't have a home. When we get through with the tour, I've got a brother in Scotland, I'm probably going to go visit him for Christmas. Then I'll probably go visit a friend of mine in Boulder. Then we'll work on

Dance)" and the t
Be Nice To Your
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SCORPIONS-

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That just makes
even sadder.
(Rampage Recor
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The eight
polished for '77/78
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developed state o
guitar sound her
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edge exposed in a
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like all the Peel S
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s, and the movie
er night and they
rees before.

rock trees. Fred

Donita: As much as possible.

Dee: I had it for lunch today.

Donita: El Coyote.

Jennifer: I like Gilberts.

Donita: I do too. Big carrots. Car Wash burritos are good too- Sunset and Alvarado. Good eat'n.

Donita: When we got to England we stayed at people's houses, but in Germany and on the mainland they put us up in hotels. In the U.S. we stay on people's floors.
Dee: In Europe the promoters set it up.
ID: What's the worst experience staying at somebody's house?



Female role models, circa 1991

Dee: I like Panchos burritos the best.

Jennifer: Yeah, they have turkey there.

Suzi: Lucy's is pretty good. The drive through.

Dee: Yeah.

Donita: We missed Mexican food in Europe. We had salami and cheese sandwiches every day.

Dee: They eat it for breakfast too.

All: Dallas.

Jennifer: Go Dee, you haven't talked enough.

Dee: We stayed at this house in Dallas and all these people were like speed freaks. We stayed there one year and they had all these cats and the cats aren't fixed. There's tons of cats everywhere. We get there the next year and there's even more cats. And the cats

two-headed cat. we were, we went there were cats better.

Dee: Becuase it

Donita: One time my sleeping bag sleeping bag dur tion. That was a

ID: What would

Donita: Danny L tle. We never stay if that's what you

Donita: People just makes you v come. I'd like to

ID: Where was taken?

Jennifer: Charle like a smaller club

ID: In five years f you four in the ba

Donita: Yes I ca personality wise than it has ever l major shit, so I c through the first y

Jennifer: The fir like a first tour.

ID: Are you still a on the phone wh rehearsals and st

Jennifer: Yeah. having Thanksgiv are going to be in

having Thanksgiv

Donita: Brings a

Jennifer: A lovin

Donita: Abassac

ID: So, you're in

Donita: Except

They're not welc

Jennifer: Nelson

Donita: Nelson's

ID: What about t

Suzi: Well fuck it

Donita: Poison l berry sauce.

Jennifer: If the

Photo by Charles Peterson

VITAL MUSIC SAMPLER

SIDE ONE

1. REVERB MOTHER FUCKERS
"Things are Fucked Up"

PLACE COIN HERE
33 1/3 RPM
STEREO
SHEET SLIP

VMF-1

2. YOUTH GONE MAD
"Dead Meat"

3. RATS OF UNUSUAL SIZE
"Macho Shithead"

4. PIG PEN
"Where's My Shit?"

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NYC, NY 10003

VITAL MUSIC SAMPLER

SIDE TWO

5. FLY ASHTRAY
"Hello Pretty Bird"

VMF-1

PLACE COIN HERE IF
33 1/3 RPM
STEREO
SHEET SLIPS

6. WORKDOGS
"Get to the Point"

7. SEA MONKEYS
"Back from the Dead"

8. THE SELTZERS
"Must be Santa"

VITAL MUSIC SAMPLER

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"Things are Fucked Up"

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33 1/3 RPM
STEREO
SHEET SLIP

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